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VOLUME XLII

JANUARY—JUNE, 1894.

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NEW YORK.

1894.

"FOREST AND STREAM" ANIMAL SERIES.—XVII.

WHITE-TAILED DEER.

(Cervus virginianus.)

Supplement to "Forest and Stream," Jan. 6, 1894.

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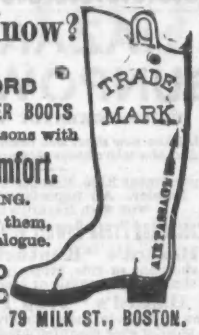

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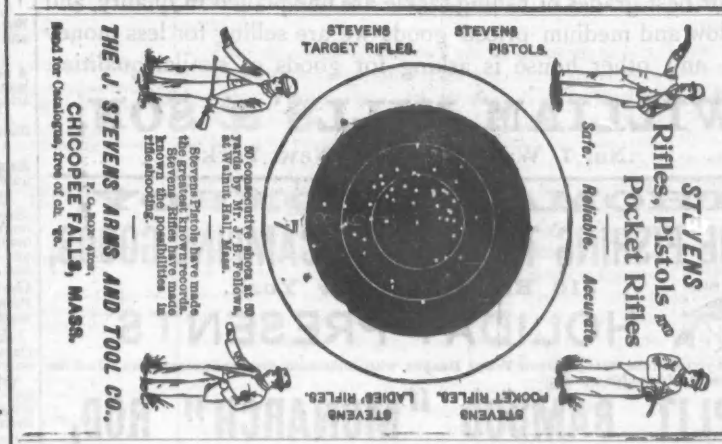

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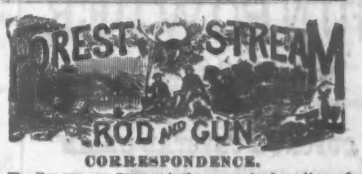

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1894.

VOL. XLII.—No. 1. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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ILLUSTRATION SUPPLEMENT.

THIS number contains as an illustrated supplement a portrait of the Virginia Deer, drawn by Mr. Ernest E. Thompson. This is the last in a series of four. Those printed previously were: The Moose, Oct. 14, 1893; Woodland Caribou, Nov. 11; The Coon, Dec. 2. The dates of the former series, of which copies can be supplied, were as follows: Sept. 8, 1892, The Panther. Oct. 6, The Ocelot. Nov. 3, The Canada Lynx. Dec. 1, The Bay Lynx. Jan. 5, 1893, Gray Wolf. Feb. 2, White Goat. March 3, Coyote. April 6, Antelope. May 4, Fox.

THE VIRGINIA DEER.

OF the wild animals of North America none is better known than the common deer. Its range is as wide as the continent, and in one or other of its slightly varying forms it is found from Canada far down into Mexico.

Unlike many of our best known species of wide distribution, the deer has but few common names. In most sections it is known simply as deer—the only deer. But in the books and in cases where there is a possibility that it may be confused with other species—as in the West—it is known as Virginia deer or white-tailed deer. By the old trappers and explorers, and by the voyageurs of the Northwest, it was called the jumping deer or long-tailed deer, to distinguish it from the mule deer and the elk, which last was in the Northwest called red deer.

Every boy knows more about this deer, its habits and the modes of hunting it than we have space to print here, but perhaps every one does not know of the persistency with which the species clings to oldtime haunts, no matter how much they may have been encroached upon by settlements.

In 1877 Judge Caton, in his work on the "Antelope and Deer of America," said: "It may be found to-day in every State and Territory of the United States. It inhabits alike the dense woodlands and open prairies, the high mountains and the lowest valleys, the arid plains and the marshy swamps." Almost the same thing is true of this deer to-day. While there may be no deer in Delaware and only an occasional stray or some introduced deer in Rhode Island and Connecticut, there is probably no other political division of the United States, except the District of Columbia, where this species does not exist in the wild state; and this notwithstanding the fact that the game is persistently hunted by men and dogs wherever it is found.

How it may have been in the beginning we do not know, but it is certain that to-day the Virginia deer is the wariest and most cunning of any of his tribe, and while hundreds of these animals are annually killed by novices and picknickers with the aid of boats, dogs and jacks, there is no task of greater difficulty than to take up the track of a whitetail deer and kill it by fair stalking.

There is a wide range of individual variation in this species. The deer of the Adirondacks are much larger than those of North Carolina, while those of Florida are smaller still, and a still smaller form is found in Mexico. On the other hand, those of the northern plains and the northern Rocky Mountains are often very large, but not invariably so. We have killed in the Rocky Mountains on the same day two bucks, one of which a man could readily lift on to his horse's back alone, while the other taxed the strength of two strong men to put in the same position.

Albino specimens of this deer are by no means uncommon. Individuals are quite often killed that are more or less spotted with white, and occasionally those that are pure white. As is well known, the young are always spotted, and we once killed a giant buck which had running the length of his back on either side of his spine a row of dappled spots about as large as a nickle five cent piece. The effect was given by a circle of black-tipped hairs about the spots. We have heard of one or two similar individuals, killed, we believe, in Montana.

A number of specific names have been given to forms of this deer, the characters being usually based on size or the length of the tail. There is no doubt that there are well-marked geographical races. To this species apparently belongs the so-called gazelle or fan-tail deer of which the hunter in the northern Rocky Mountains hears now and then. This supposed variety is said to be characterized by small size, small but massive antlers, with many points, and a long and wide tail. It is not known to naturalists, though firmly believed in by many intelligent hunters.

The supplement which we print to-day gives an admirably faithful picture of the male and female Virginia deer.

THE BILTMORE FOREST.

It seems a singular thing that, although for a dozen years past so much theoretical interest has been taken in forestry in this country, no practical application of the principles of forestry has ever been made by Government or individual until within a very short time. Notwithstanding all that has been written on this subject, notwithstanding the establishment of a Bureau of Forestry in Washington and of similar bureaus by a number of the State governments, absolutely nothing has ever yet been done in this direction.

It was left for a private citizen to take up this subject and to apply these principles to a nearly ruined forest. This gentleman is Mr. George W. Vanderbilt, who recently purchased an extensive estate near Asheville, N. C. Its area is over eleven square miles, or, in acres, 7,282, and of this somewhat more than one-half is woodland, and constitutes Biltmore Forest. Up to the time of its purchase by Mr. Vanderbilt, this forest was owned by a number of different individuals, who treated it in the usual American farmer's way. They cut all the timber that was salable either for saw logs, fence rails or cord wood, and turned the cattle into the forest to graze, often burning the wood over for the sake of the pasturage. The evil results of such a course are sufficiently obvious, and the woodland—never in its best days very good—grew steadily worse.

The timber which grows in it is composed for the most part of deciduous trees, the white oak outnumbering other species, and there being much inferior oak, short-leafed pine, chestnut, hickory and other trees. There are about seventy species of trees growing naturally on the estate.

This forest was put in charge of Mr. Gifford Pinchot, as consulting forester, and in a little pamphlet printed in Chicago, in 1893, he gives an account of the treatment of the forest and the result of the first year's work. This first year's work began to be planned in February, 1892, but the first actual cuttings took place in May, 1892. An account was kept with the forest and the statement of receipts and expenses for the year, running from May 1, 1892, to April 30, 1893, shows a loss of less than $400 out of total expenditure of $9,900. This, while perhaps the least interesting part of the story from the forester's point of view, is given in order to show how nearly the work of reclaiming this forest was made to pay for itself, even in the first year when expenses would naturally be largest and receipts light.

Two plans for the improvement of the forest have been undertaken at Biltmore, one of them the regular high forest system, by which greater returns are to be had in the future, but nothing immediately comes back, and the other a selection forest system which entails more labor and less satisfactory ultimate results but quicker returns. For the details of the way in which Mr. Pinchot has treated this forest the reader must be referred to the pamphlet which accompanied Mr. Vanderbilt's forestry exhibit.

In addition to the forestry work done at Biltmore, a very interesting collection of trees and shrubs has been made under the direction of Mr. Frederick Law Olmstead with the intention of planting them when the proper time shall have come, along the line of a road five miles in length which will run through some of the most beautiful portions of the estate. There are already at the nurseries at Biltmore more kinds of trees and shrubs than there are in the botanical gardens at Kew, and the number is constantly being increased. A record of the treatment given to each species is being kept and a forest botanical library to aid in study is being formed. It is also intended at a later day to make considerable plantings of forest trees, in order that something may be learned of the silvicultural character of American and foreign trees, a subject about which little or nothing is as yet known.

On the whole the forestry work at Biltmore is being carried out in the most intelligent and broad-minded manner, and it is a matter for congratulation that Mr. Vanderbilt has become so interested in this subject as to be willing to make experiments and to carry on work which promise to yield results of the utmost value to the general public.

SNAP SHOTS.

If that rabbit relief scheme, originating in the large heart and ever fertile brain of our Chicago staff correspondent in chief, shall be carried into effect, the grateful beneficiaries may fittingly give voice to their feelings in the well known rabbit rhymes of Jonathan Swift. The Dean had been invited to dine with two elderly maiden ladies, who having been told that their guest was fond of rabbits served up the dish to him in generous variety of forms. At the conclusion of the repast Swift gave thanks:

> Rabbits young and rabbits old,
> Rabbits hot and rabbits cold,
> Rabbits lean and rabbits tough,
> I thank the Lord I've had enough.

If the shooters to whom Mr. Hough's suggestions are specifically directed shall show the dexterity and deadliness displayed by Emperor William in a hare hunt in Prussian Saxony the other day, we may look for immense train loads of rabbit meat rolling into Chicago. In this hunt, the dispatches report, the Emperor had a detachment of troops to serve as beaters, and six men followed him handing him loaded rifles as required. In two hours he scored 385 hares, an execution at the rate of three per minute.

A million of them. That is the estimate the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture makes of the Mongolian pheasants in Oregon, sprung from the eleven birds imported by Judge Denny. A trifle exuberant perhaps; but it is enough to know that the birds are past computation in the Northwest, and that they are making their way wherever put out, West or East. The latest report of success with them comes from a point on Long Island, only a few miles from this city. The Wyandanch Club, which is the new named Brooklyn Gun Club, with preserves at Smithtown, procured in the spring of 1893 five pairs of pheasants and a number of eggs. The original eggs and those laid by the birds were hatched under bantams, and the stock at the end of the season numbered 150. Last month, in December of the same year, forty-two cocks were turned out on the club's 800 acres, on a Tuesday, and on the following Saturday the members had their first pheasant shoot, twenty birds being brought to bag. The magnificent plumage of the game and its size and flight aroused much enthusiasm among the participants; and the result of the club's enterprise demonstrates anew the ease and certainty with which a district may be stocked with the imported species. In our game columns to-day, Dr. W. O. Blaisdell, of Illinois, tells an instructive story of his experience with the chuckor partridge, and suggests that from India may be brought this and other species which would thrive in American covers.

The first installment of Secretary Doyle's official report of the Coast Fishery Conference is given to-day. It will be followed by the remainder in our issues of January 13 and 20. This full presentation of the proceedings will be welcomed; and the papers and remarks are likely to constitute a mass of testimony for reference in all future discussions of the subject.

The paper of Mr. Madison Grant, printed to-day, should be read in connection with his interesting illustrated article on the Moose, in the January *Century Magazine*.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

The Forests are leafless, the Streams in their flow
Are fettered and bound in a mantle of snow,
The Storm King comes down with a howl from his lair,
While the cold wintry landscape is naked and bare.

We heed not the tempest, as cozy and snug,
We sit by the fire, our feet on the rug,
Our pipe 'tween our lips, and recall like a dream,
Our many bright hours by Forest and Stream.

For close on our table, in reach of our hand,
Where its many bright columns are readily scanned,
Lies a FOREST AND STREAM, which at once can recall,
The verdure of Springtime, the glories of Fall.

We roam through its pages, no need of a guide,
By the torrent's swift rush, up the mountain's steep side,
And join in our hearts with the comrades unknown,
Who have thus made the pleasures of Nature our own.

Then to one and to all, who our moments thus cheer,
Here's "the best of good luck" and a "Happy New Year!"
And a health, in a bumper of rosiest gleam,
To all readers and lovers of FOREST AND STREAM.

VON W.

PADDLING DOWN THE PATUCA.

A Story of Travel in Honduras.

MY Paya guide halted beneath a giant mahogany, on the edge of a high bank. He slipped back from his wrinkled brow the band of tuno bark that held up the bag of clothing and blankets which he bore on his broad brown back. His fellows followed his example, and let their burdens drop to the ground, and I gladly allowed the butt of my rifle to rest on the damp leaves that carpeted the forest; for, while in the morning that gun was as a suckling pig for weight, long before we stopped it had become as a prize porker. Its 7½lbs. bore heavily on arms and shoulders it had made sore the very first day. When I carried the gun in my hands it seemed likely to pull my arms from their fastenings. It made the miles tremendously long and the hills steep. It made the steady, even pace of those Indians villainously, cruelly fast. And the worst of all was that I could not swear at them, not even suffer a word of complaint to escape me, in face of the fact that those brown rascals had serenely jogged on, with heavy packs on their backs, hour after hour over wooded hill and through somber hollow, with manifest determination to wear out the white man.

Behind us lay full fifty miles of blind trail through a tropical forest. Before I took that little walk I shared with millions the belief, inspired by story tellers like Captain Mayne Reid, by book-taught geographers and by untaught writers, that all forests in tropical America are dense and steaming jungles of bush and vine, of bamboo and thorny palmetto, through which a path must be laboriously hewn whenever any one would go anywhere, reeking breeding grounds of deadly fevers wherein venomous serpents and poisonous tarantulas, centipedes and scorpions vie with the ferocious jaguar and the panther to give zest to life.

But I found those great tracts of virgin forest as cool and clean, as open and easy to traverse, as healthful and as free from snakes and as safe as are the woods of our Northern States. It is true that giant grasses and tangled vines, thickets of bramble and bush wall the banks of the waterways wherever sunshine warmly falls to force to profuse growth. And so they do in our Northern States. But where tall trees shade the ground in the tropics, the undergrowth is small and scattered, and the forest is as open as are our own maple and our beech woods.

Nor is it true of the hill country alone. I have ridden many a mile through cool and fragrant avenues, roofed by lofty arches of bamboo and of palms in countless thousands rooted in alluvium of unsurpassable fertility, where there was no sign of a road. In those vast wilds every passing gust sends whirling down from trees that are forever green showers of the leaves that are forever dying, to join those that carpet all the ground.

From where my Payas stopped that afternoon we looked down on the mountain stream, the valley of which we had followed ever since we sat to eat our 11 o'clock breakfast on the clean rocks, polished by centuries of its rushing floods. Here it widened into a pool wherein the bathing might have been more delightful had not the name of the stream—El Lagarto—been so suggestive. At our right was a broad and placid river. It was the Blanco, the end of our tramp through the woods.

"Well, here we are; what next?" I asked.

"Make watla now and sleep. To-morrow find pipanti perhaps," replied the elder of the Indians.

"Very good. But let one of the men hunt the canoe to-day. Two can get the dinner. See, it is only 3 oclock."

A few minutes later I was swimming in the Lagarto and keeping watch for the ripples that would mark the approach of an alligator and give me notice to quit. A fire had been started and my hammock was slung between two trees. Three grass stalks about five feet long, tied together near their tops, made a pyramidal frame over the fire. A foot or more above the coals three other stalks were lashed horizontally from one to another of the first three, and made a triangular frame on which rested other stalks, and on these lay roasting pieces of the big black monkey that I had shot that afternoon. The Indians squatted around the fire. Each held close to the coals a bit of the monkey, spitted on the end of a sharpened stick. The drawn arms and shriveled hands were most repulsive to me, for I had then never eaten of monkey flesh; but the odor was most appetizing, for I was hungry, and my supply of frijolitas and tortillas had soured, and I had nothing else to eat but crackers. Crackers do not of themselves make a completely satisfactory diet.

The guide came toward me. He held a stick on which was spitted a thigh of the monkey. The other Indians grinned cheerfully as they watched. Their faces said plainly, "Here is one of a race that thinks itself mighty smart, and you will see that he doesn't know a good thing when he sees it."

"Shall it be said that these illiterate, these savage children can do a thing that a Yankee can not do? Perish the thought!" And I took the stick and ate the meat. I have never since failed to pot a monkey when in woods where that delicacy is to be found. I am not prepared to say now that tender babies are entirely safe when left alone with me about dinner time.

A loud yell came from somewhere up the river while we were eating. "Boy find canoe," remarked the guide.

In a minute or two the boys ran the bow of the canoe on the sands at the foot of the bank and said a few words to the guide.

"Boy says that the owner of the pipanti wants two pesos," said the old man, turning to me.

"Two pesos. Well, you agreed to take me and my trastos from Dulce Nombre to Pau for twenty-five cents a day for each man. If you pay the two dollars out for the use of a canoe, that is your mal negocio, not mine," I declared positively.

This was manifestly not to the taste of the old man. He spoke earnestly to his fellows, in the Paya dialect, then said to me:

"We will make a balsa. To make a balsa takes much time, much."

"How many hours?"

"Hours! It is days, two days, no less."

The old fellow had me there. Making a balsa would cost more than the hiring of the canoe, and it would take a week to float to the Patuca, if the raft didn't go to pieces on some rapid—as it doubtless would. Therefore I remarked with an air of indifference:

"Very good. We will sleep now; we can talk better after sleeping."

In the morning one of the men cut from a bamboo a piece some seven feet long and six inches in diameter. With his machete he split one side of this, then flattened it on the sands. It made a sort of board, glossy on one side, downy and white on the other, and full of cracks like those in an old-fashioned split lathing. This was laid on cross pieces fitted across the canoe, and made a floor four or five inches above the bottom of the boat.

On that floor our baggage was piled and made a rest for my back as I sat with my legs stretched out before me. It made a more or less comfortable lounge on which I could lie and dream the sunny hours away when we were not making portages or shooting rapids, which was five hours of every six.

The steersman sat perched on the broad stern that sloped slightly upward over the water. Forward of the pile of baggage the three Payas who were to do most of the paddling sat on little round sticks, cut to a length that let them wedge in between the sides of the pipanti, six or eight inches from the bottom—a torturing seat for one not used to it, and not too luxurious for those whose tough hides are accustomed to rough treatment.

I had cut a joint from a hollow tree, the wood of which is as light as cork, and to it fastened one end of a piece of fish line 20ft. or more in length. The other end I tied to my rifle. Then we were all ready to begin our canoeing. Nothing of interest happened in a long time—fully an hour. I was sound asleep when the guide poked my foot with his paddle. I opened my eyes.

"Tilba, señor, vaca de montaña," he whispered.

"Mountain cow, eh? Where?" I asked softly, rolling over and picking up my gun.

He uttered no word and made no motion, but his glittering eyes showed the way. It was enough. I slowly twisted around in my seat. There he stood, half his slate-colored body hidden by the tall grass that walled the river in. His long, flexible nose twisted about as if he was searching with it for our "wind." I raised my rifle as he turned away and the bullet struck behind his shoulder. He stopped, staggered, then broke through the thick wall of grass behind him.

The Payas had sat as still as stones, but with the crack of the Marlin they yelled like fiends. They dug their paddles into the water as though they would tear the river from its bed. They slapped the surface of the stream with the broad blades of their paddles and yelled again. The heavy canoe grated on the sand, but it scarcely touched before we were on the shore. The Indians ran through the grass, which was higher than their heads. I tried to do so, too, but it was easier to walk. In a moment came another shout that told me that the tapir was saved.

He lay on the ground gasping his life away. The .45 had passed entirely through him and torn a big hole in the side that was furthest from me when I fired the fatal shot. Yet he had run fully twenty rods before falling.

Now that I had murdered the poor beast there came the question; what use is it to me now that I have killed it? But the Payas knew very well what use it would be to them and promptly cut off a hindquarter. I bethought me then that people in these woods might think the flesh of the tapir good to eat and I had the men cut out the loin. The old guide cut off the head and stowed it in the canoe, and we started on our way.

We soon reached a rapid where the river was widely spread among smooth boulders of black granite. A narrow channel, a mere gutter, had been made by rolling aside the boulders, and across this the men laid stiff poles, eight or ten feet apart, the ends resting on the stones on each side. The canoe was unloaded and dragged down the rapid, the poles serving to keep its bottom from touching the rocks. There was in no part of the gutter water enough to help the pipanti down the rapids.

Toward evening a loud, discordant yell echoed through the forest. Again the howl sounded, and was at once answered by another like the first.

"Rain," ejaculated the guide. "The monkey cries because it will rain to-night."

We landed on the first sandbar we came to, and the men hurried to make a big and thickly thatched roof—a watla. Two of them cut down and stripped of their leaves an armful of stalks of grass. They were ten or twelve feet in length and two inches in diameter at the butt. Another man had cut two poles having crotches at the end. These he stuck deep into the sand, and in the crotches laid another pole. From this the grass stalks sloped to the ground. Then all hands brought armfuls of the big leaves of the platanio and with them thickly covered the sloping frame, and our shelter was complete.

While the others gathered firewood, made a fire and set themselves to broiling tapir steaks, the guide was digging a hole in the sand near the camp-fire. When it was a foot deep he paved it with small stones. Then he coolly raked from under the roasting pieces of meat the best of the glowing coals, and on these built a big fire in the pit.

While it was burning he split the head of the tapir, scraped and washed it well, clapped the halves together again and wrapped them in layer after layer of the platanio leaves. The whole he tied together with a thin liana pulled from the nearest tree.

When they had eaten their supper they raked most of the coals out from the pit, put a layer of green leaves on the few embers that remained, and placed the tapir's head on them. The coals, with those from the pit, were pushed back into the trench and covered by big leaves. Then a fire was started over all. The men squatted about the light, and were still murmuring in soft, liquid tones when I fell asleep on my blankets spread out on my hammock lying on the sands.

At 6 o'clock I awoke after a sleep of 11 hours. Sunshine brightened the tops of the trees; three of the Payas were lazily stretching and yawning around the ashes of the camp-fire, while the fourth knelt and with his hands scraped away the sand and ashes from the pit where the tapir's head lay buried. The layer of leaves, toughened by the steaming, lifted what sand he could not scrape off. The bundle was lifted out and opened, and our breakfast lay steaming before us on the leaves. The proboscis was cut off and offered to me, as being the daintiest bit of the dish. I gave half of it back to the guide and ate the rest. It was tender, gelatinous and altogether good to eat. The Indians offered some of the brains, but I did not want anything better than I had.

Scarcely an hour passed before we started down the river before a soft whistle from one of the men instantly stopped every paddle. Every eye intently searched the river banks, but mine could see nothing to call for such attention, even when the guide whispered, "Tigre! Tigre negro!"

I could see no sign of the presence of the jaguar that had come to the river for a drink after a night out. I earnestly wished to see him. In fact the one animal of all others I wanted to see just then was a black tiger, biggest of the cat kind in all the Americas. 'Twas a good time for such a meeting. My rifle was ready in hand, we were a safe distance from shore, my crew could paddle away faster than any jaguar could swim, and no cat often takes to the water to follow foe or prey.

But peer as I might, I could see no sign of the tiger, not even when the men pointed at the very spot where he stood. What I did see was dim flecks of sunshine amid the dark leaves of low bushes on the sloping bank; and when those yellow spots turned to bound up the bank it was too late to do more than send a bullet humming after them.

My men were disgusted. What earthly good can one expect of a man who can't see a tiger when it stares him in the face? What good can reasonably be expected of a white man, anyway? He can scarcely see, and often he can scarcely hear; he can't find his way without a guide, he can't carry a score or two pounds of trastos for himself; he can't smell a waree even when it is near enough to hit with a stone from the hand; it may even be doubted whether he really knows enough to come in out of the wet—when the canoe turns over?

I confess that I was ashamed of myself. But I declare that the spotted skin of that deceitful brute was so like flecks of sunshine falling on the leaves that I could not distinguish between them before it was too late, and he had left me with my disgruntled crew.

They were polite enough to say little about the matter. What they did say was in Paya tongue, but I felt that it was severe criticism. I was relieved when we came near to a place that demanded all their attention. The river ran head on against a wall of rock, the base of a high hill, and disappeared. That it went somewhere was shown by the fact that it did not come back, and by the dull roar that filled the air.

We landed at the head of the pass. The crew scrambled to the top of the rocks to survey the stream. I followed to see what we were coming to. I saw a river whirling and boiling around a sharp bend, then pitching down a steep slope where the rocks hardly cared to keep themselves hidden. At the lower end of the rapids the stream was choked into a narrow passage, below which was a broad and placid pool shining in the morning sunlight. Pathway beside the stream was impossible.

The Payas steadfastly gazed at the rapids for a full minute. I saw their eyes took in every yard of the way, and dwelt a little on the head of the narrow passage at the foot of the rapids. We returned to the pipanti and they took their places while I took off shirts and shoes, tied long pieces of stout fishline to them and to my bag of clothing, which also held my ammunition, and to the other end of each cord fastened a bit of dry wood. The Indians nodded approval, which may have meant that they thought it was well for me to be ready to go in swimming suddenly.

The guide uttered a single word. The men bent forward, their paddles poised in air. The bow of the pipanti swung out a little, and we closely skirted the polished granite. As we neared the point I held my breath in fear lest the current might seize the canoe and slam it against that solid wall upon which the waters had vainly beaten through the ages.

The bow shot beyond the end of the rock. The men before me dug their paddles deep into the stream and strove to swing the canoe around the point. Behind me the guide labored to force the stern out into the channel. They succeeded, and we were flying down through the Ojo de las Aguas—the Eye of the Waters.

Boiling eddies caught at the pipanti, surging waves slapped at it, and cross currents dragged at it, to hurl us on the rocky shore. Green hillocks smoothly rose before us, to drop into boiling pits beyond the hidden rocks. Black heads of granite reached above the surface here and there.

Possibly a quarter of a minute passed while we were rushing down that rapid, toward the narrow gate, but to me it seemed to be an hour. I had time to think that it would have been far better if a whole day could have been used in making the passage. Such haste tended to give a sense of discomfort. There was a lack of repose, a positive hurry that was not well bred, if it was not actually vulgar.

The whole volume of the torrent poured through the narrow crack in that rocky dam. Near its head the surface of the river became almost smooth. In the contrast with the rush through the tumult above one might have imagined that the boat was standing still, but such fancy would have been changed by one glance at the wall of rocks slipping swiftly past.

Every Indian before me sat like lifeless bronze, his pad-

dle held ready above the water. Each knew perfectly his duty, and each was ready to do it as perfectly when the moment for action should come. I sat as still as they and wondered which one of us would crawl out beyond that tumbling wall of white, under which the smooth green steep of water plunged.

Our canoe seemed to me to pause an instant at the crest—then down we went. I had no more than time to note that the surface of the water beside me was marked by fine parallel lines, and that the wind made no ripples on its face. There was a smother of foam, a canoe full of water and empty of men.

It was early for breakfast; nevertheless I thought that it would be better to go ashore at once. Three Indians started to help me as soon as we came to the surface, but they turned to the canoe when they saw me pull for the shore. Fully an hour passed in drying our things, before we were paddling down the river again. The men jested and laughed, and I felt better satisfied than when I looked down on that rapid from its head.

Many a time I stepped overboard and waded among the boulders beside the many rapids in that wild stream, while the men took the pipanti to the deeper water below. As the craft was of solid mahogany, 30ft. long and nearly 3ft. wide, the task took a deal of what an Orkney sailor I know calls "Scotch navigation—main strength and stupidity."

When traveling on wild rivers was new to me, I used to step gingerly from the canoe to the stones at the head of the portage, particularly early in the day, and then pick my way along from stone to stone until my foot would slip, a bucketful of water, more or less, would shoot up my legs and fill my shoes. After that I did not wait to make a landing, but at once stepped into the the river and waded ashore when portage was to be made that day. Later I gave up all thought of keeping my feet dry, and found that my comfort was much enhanced. This is easier in the tropics, where the water in rivers is seldom below 74° F. in temperature, than it might be where the water is colder, and rheumatism tugs at one's legs.

Toward nightfall one day one of my Payas lifted his voice in a loud yell and another fired a gun. Then I knew that we were approaching a house, for these signals were but the ringing of the bell, the sending of a card to announce callers, that the ladies may have time to dress for company. Our paddles stopped and we idly drifted while the men put on their cotten blouses, which were their dress suits. From down the river came the melodious notes of a conch shell and we soon after rounded a bend.

Before us spread the broad Rio Uampu. On the high bank at the junction stood half a dozen leaf-thatched huts without a sign of walls. Before them the ground was clean swept, packed smooth and hard by the passing of bare feet of generations. Beyond the houses was a patch of banana, of yucca and of pineapples, which was a blessed sight for one who had become tired of a diet of tapir and turkey, of lizard and of monkey, and longed for fruit and vegetables.

An old woman stood knee-deep in the river at the embarcadero, her back toward us. She pretended to be too old, and wise and dignified, or too well bred, to notice us. With the juacalita, which is a little bowl made of the half of a calabash shell, she showered water over two or three blankets spread on the sands to bleach in the brilliant sunshine. They had been beaten out from the bark of the tuno, that tree from which a gum is drawn to adulterate the India rubber which these people gather thereabout and sell to innocent traders for stuff that they call rum, for slazy cottons from English looms and for sheet iron shotguns from Birmingham. Each of the old woman's blankets was adorned by a curious device drawn with red coloring of some kind that resisted the bleaching action of water and of sunshine.

As I climbed the bank a group of considerably more than half-naked boys and girls scurried away to various hiding-places, from which to peer curiously at the white stranger. Younger tots, as naked as eels, but lighter than eels in complexion, peeped from behind their mothers' skirts—not skirts exactly, perhaps, but guayapins that reached from hips to knees; such garments as their ancestors made of the tuno bark, or of cloth woven in primitive looms from such cotton as even now grows on perennial trees in those regions. The guayapin is now often nothing more than a couple of yards of denims wrapped about the hips.

A white-headed patriarch shook open the best of the hammocks that was swung from post to post across the house. I accepted the mute invitation and seated myself. His buxom young wife, plump, smiling and shining with a fresh rubbing of oil, dipped from a great olla of red pottery a calabash full of yucca. With widespread fingers she raked from the bowl the woody fibers of the root and squeezed them out, then handed the bowl to me. Surely it could not have been seasickness that I felt as I looked at the milky liquid, but a qualm from some other cause. But rejection of that drink offering would have been a hurt to the hostess, if not a distinct declaration of unfriendliness to the whole household. Down went the drink, and I lived unhurt after. The thin white gruel was slightly acid, cool, refreshing and nutritious.

A bare girl of three or four years—one cannot say summers where all the year is like our Northern June—peeped from behind her mother's guayapin. I untied from about my neck a gorgeous triumph of the weaver's art, a turkey red kerchief of cotton nearly a yard square and tendered it to the baby. She was too shy to offer to take the tempting gift from the stranger and far too timid for any white man to approach nearly. So I handed the present to the mother. She promptly and proudly draped it about her darling. That assured me a welcome in every house in that tribe.

A dainty damsel of ten years or thereabout crossed the room before me three or four times before I noticed her particularly. Men are stupid. But I won her forgiveness of my masculine obtuseness by praising the elegance of her dress, the skill shown in her beadwork, the jetty, glistening beauty of her heavy, wavy hair and shining eyes—so like those of her mother. I mend the good impression by giving to the girl a lovely round mirror that was nearly 5in. across, framed in a zinc case that had a loop of bright, brass wire to hang it by. It was a gift that she will proudly treasure, perhaps until she is old enough to marry. Maybap it will even help to secure for her a wealthy husband, and she'll need such a provider, for she was a dreamy, extravagant coquette when I knew her, and she was but a child.

Then she wore a splendid guayapin, and that was an extravagance, a puttin' on of airs, for a miss of her years should have been content with a palpura of calico at most, or even one of soft bark, if she could not go clad in her native modesty alone, as children of five or six commonly do in her home. But no. She must boast a guayapin that would at once declare her high social standing and wealth of her family, and plant bitter envy in the hearts of all the rest of her tribe.

Her guayapin was a broad yard of cotton from a loom in Yankee land. From the middle of it a glowing golden sun shot its rays to the farthest corner of the red field by which it was surrounded. Around each arm, near the shoulder, and about each leg, just below the knee, was wound a long string of beads of various colors. They were so strung that when wrapped around her plump brown limbs the different colors formed simple devices or patterns.

On her brow orange-colored pigment made a crescent and two stars. Similar designs were on the brow of the mother, but she had on her cheeks crosses and waving lines that were not on the cheeks of her daughter. Possibly the mother's extra adornments were insignia pertaining especially to the family of her husband.

Dinner was served. After I had eaten of the ripe plantains fried in the sweet fat of the black monkey, of yucca roots pearly white and mildly acid, black frijolitas or beans that are better than any other beans, pineapple of vast size and exceeding sweetness, and inguana, white, sweet and tender, I was ready for business. The Indians were astonished. Why one should attend to business after eating dinner and before sleeping was more than they could understand. But perhaps that is the custom of those Americans of the North—anything may be expected of such a strange people. They do not seem to have learned that "manaña es otro dia," and since to-morrow *will* be another day there is no need of hurry, which is undignified.

But I called my crew of Payas and to each of the four I counted out one twenty-cent piece for each day we had been on the way. Each counted his coin, the whole neighborhood generously assisting. I asked each in his turn, "Is it enough? Is it as much as I agreed to pay?"

"Si, señor; it is all," each replied, while the chief of the Sumo wagged his snowy head in approval, and his wife wagged her tongue in gentle approbation and broadly smiled on all; for she was a good-natured woman and most motherly in spirit.

Then I opened a bag that had wrung sweat out of one of those Payas on many a hillside, back there in the woods. Out of the bag I took a kerchief for each of the men. Broad grins spread over—around, to be more accurate—their shining brown faces as they bashfully took the goods. The spectators commented volubly on my generosity, and looked envious. I took from the bag a prodigious wealth of pretty beads, and to each of the crew presented a string, and told him it was for his wife; whereat the women laughed delightedly, and joked the two who had no wives. But when to those bounteous gifts I added a round mirror and a coarse comb—I knew that they needed fine combs far more—a gasp of amazement went through the spectators, while the crew were overburdened by gratitude, and astounded that they had not before suspected that their passenger was a person of such boundless wealth; a man who could squander riches with so prodigal a hand. And that they were sincerely grateful I had ample evidences many a time afterward.

D. E. VERAS.

"FOREST AND STREAM" AT THE FAIR.

THE reproduction of World's Fair photographs published in FOREST AND STREAM bring vividly to mind the vanished beauties of the wonderful "White City," and some of them, such as the "Indian" and the "Cowboy," many recollections of long past days in the Indian nation never to return. I have not learned what is to be the final disposition of these statues, or of those of the game animals which formed such prominent and attractive features on the grounds, but I hope that they may be placed where I can renew my acquaintance with them some day.

I also rejoice that "Billy" Hofer's model lounge has been secured by the FOREST AND STREAM representative. I liked that lounge. It was roomy and comfortable, and took me back to the regions and habitations where the choicest boudoirs are furnished exclusively—or nearly so—with raw or dressed hides. I hope again to lunch on that lounge when I go to Chicago and trust that no objection will be raised if "the neighbors" send in the luncheon.

Yes, the hunter's cabin was a good thing, and I have just begun to get at the true inwardness of that old rifle business. When I first entered the cabin there was in authority therein only a Columbian guard. I asked for Crockett's rifle and was shown a weapon which leaned against a saddle hanging on the wall. I poised the gun and said promptly: "That's not Davy Crockett's rifle, neither the one which was given him in Philadelphia nor that which he took on his memorable and fated trip to Texas." The guard supposed that it was, however, a relic of Davy, and, indeed, I was afterward told by one who thought he knew that this rifle was Crockett's and had been sent as such by Mr. Roosevelt. It now appears that it probably belonged to Kit Carson, which is likely. I have seen and handled scores of such weapons in Carson's time. The Villalonga rifle was in its time a very elegant weapon and did good service in its owner's hands.

Ah, well. Time flies, yet I seem to hear the notes of the marimba under the trees of Costa Rica, and to see the ladies sitting about over their coffee among the FOREST AND STREAM representatives, with the mountain hat of Billy Hofer conspicuously in the midst. (Those city editors didn't seem to mind that hat any more than they did my thick boots.) And Billy was a treasure. I came upon him one day in the forest when he was in the act of offering assistance to a distressed wood nymph. He told her that the hunter's cabin could supply the means to meet any emergency, and proved it; for she departed radiant and happy, having been offered a choice of elk skin or buckskin "whangs," or of more prosaic threads for the renovation of her damaged robe, and I observed that she accepted the loan of Billy's hunting knife to serve the whang, or thread, at the conclusion of her task.

I am glad to see that some among those of us who forgathered at the FOREST AND STREAM's exhibit are giving the less fortunate readers of the paper some of their impressions of the Fair. I had thought to try it myself before this, but illness prevented me, and indeed while at the Exposition I was scarcely in condition to see it to good advantage.

I have been surprised that in no journal save one (and that last spring), have I seen reference made to the very remarkable collection of ancient arms and armor (not to mention many other articles of interest), which was shown in the German village. Had it been practicable I could have passed days in these rooms without being weary of the sight. There are larger collections in Europe, but few if any better selected, and many of the specimens are, I believe, unique.

I passed along the grim array of knights and men-at-arms, gazed on the numberless weapons of other days, of strange and fantastic ornamentation, wondered how men could do good fighting while burdened with such weight of iron; and as the light grew dim I fell into a dreamy mood, and as I departed I seemed to hear "the straining harsh of each crossbow," the "burr" of the wheel-lock petronels and the sound of the great curved trumpets, of which

> "The Kites knew well the long stern swell
> That bade the Romans close."

KELPIE.

HUNT OF THE CATAWAMPUS CLUB.

WHAT lover of the woods does not carry in his mind the fixed resolve that at some time in the not very distant future he will take a vaction in the time of the year which best suits him, and, putting aside the worry and cares of business, will live for a time in closer communion with nature? And how many of us see the years pass in ever-quickening procession, carrying us rapidly toward the time when our capacity for enjoying an outing must necessarily be less, and our pet dream never realized? Unmindful of the words of the poet, "Labor with what zeal we will, something still remains undone," the worker puts off his going till he has nothing else to do, and, as a rule, he never goes. The only way is to fix a date for the vacation and make other circumstances conform to it.

I do not wish it understood that I have fared so very badly for little seasons of relaxation. I had three very enjoyable canoe cruises on the St. John in the summers of '87, '88 and '89 respectively. In July '91 had a four-day cruise in a tight little canoe-yawl, and in November of the same year four of us cruised in canoes over a large portion of the middle St. John, and got in quite a seasoning of duck shooting. But most of all I enjoy an autumn outing in the big woods, and years had passed since I had had that pleasure. Therefore, last fall, when I received an invitation to join a few congenial spirits on their annual camp-hunt, it did not take me a minute to make up my mind that I would go.

How the club comes to be written of under the present name will appear later. It is an offshoot from the Fredericton Gun Club and includes all the rural members of that body.

Moore, genial, broad-shouldered and energetic, was the leading spirit of the party, and he kept it in very good order. Sometimes when he got a little "top-lofty" two of the junior members of the expedition would endeavor to take him down and sit on him for a while, but being of a build that made him an ugly one to "pick up for a scrimmage" it sometimes ended by said juniors getting amalgamated with the dust themselves. The balance of the male members of the party were known respectively as Will, David (the man who pulls the second trigger first) and W. H. Into the outing was introduced what might very properly be called an innovation. Many of us believe that the purity of language and politeness that were markedly characteristic of the crew of H. M. S. Pinafore were, in a great measure, due to the presence of the "sisters, and cousins and aunts" in the party. But it was rather with a view of introducing a new and interesting feature in our camp life than as a precautionary measure against looseness in conversation that two of the party took their wives and one his sister on the hunt. Thus it was that we had three ladies in our party, whom for the sake of brevity we will know individually as Annie, Ella and Bertie, and collectively as "the girls."

In the matter of objectionable habits our crowd came near being a model one Neither liquor nor tobacco had any place in our outfit. But one of the boys, owing, no doubt, to a temporary aberration of mind, has the habit of periodically expunging from his escutcheon the cherry tree and little hatchet, usually emblazoned there, and substituting therefor a bow of prodigious longitude. At these times his speech varies through all gradations between mild hyperbole and aggravated Munchausenism. In this chronicle I shall deal generously with him. So far as possible I shall conceal his identity. But in the interests of strict accuracy, I regret to say it will sometimes be necessary to speak of him as the Prevaricator.

We had four dogs. Moore had a pair of red spaniels—excellent grouse dogs—while David had another of the same kind that was one of the best retrievers from water I ever saw. Then there was a nice liver and white cocker puppy that we called Scott Act, because his owner, a genial boniface, had been disciplined for violating [a law so entitled.

We had a large A shaped wall tent for a general assembly room, a smaller octagon wall tent for the ladies, and a little oiled cotton A tent for a "calamity house," under which we could store supplies of all kinds.

Moore shot a heavy 10-gauge Ithaca hammerless and W. H. a 12-gauge of the same make and kind. David and Will shot English made hammer guns, the one a 10 and the other a 12.

On the eastern side of Passamaquoddy Bay, which borders on the State of Maine, there empties a small river, perhaps seventy-five miles long, known as the Magagudavic (Mág-a-dá-ic), but more frequently spoken of in the vernacular of the country as the "Mac-a-davy." It has its source in a chain of lakes. The first pair of the series, Pequagamus or Lily, and Mud lakes, are discharged by Stony Brook, into Second Lake, which in its turn is emptied into the Big Magagudavic Lake, from which the river flows in a southerly direction. On the eastern side of Mud Lake and separated from it by a little kame, or horseback, from 20ft. to 100yds. wide, is a lake of perhaps twenty acres extent, called by us Catawampus, but so far as we know unnamed, and not even marked on the plans at the Crown Land Office. At the northeast end of this little lake, in a grove of hemlocks, we proposed to make our camp.

Queer specimens of lakes are both Mud and Catawampus. The water is rarely more than 2ft. deep, and over the

greater part of their area not more than 3in. A canoe propelled across either turned with her bow a furrow as clearly defined as if made with a plow. Both lakes are practically bottomless. Moore pushed a 25ft. sapling down its entire length into Mud Lake without meeting the slightest resistance.

On Oct. 8, a beautifully clear, cold morning, we started from Scotch Lake, on the eastern side of the St. John, on our 18-mile drive to Mud Lake. We had a pair of good, stout horses hitched to a lumber wagon, and our impedimenta, with a week's rations for man and beast, in a hay rack. There had been a hard frost the evening before, and the ruts in the road were frozen hard enough to make the driving very rough. We were to pick David up on the road near the western shore of Scotch Lake. While he was awaiting the arrival of the wagon a rare piece of luck came to him. A flock of bluebills went whizzing by in the uncertain light of the gray dawn, and with a lightning right and left he dropped a bunch of them into the lake. Three were retrieved. One fell so far out that he could not make the dog see it, and a native got in a whole forenoon's shooting on a pair of cripples.

Moore drove the team and the rest of us worked any likely patches of cover that lay near the road. We added one grouse to our bag before we reached Bear Island, the point where we were to cross the St. John. The name, Bear Island, has a gamy sound that harmonized well with our experience there. The outfit crossed the river on a large scow propelled by sweeps, and all the while little bunches of mergansers, with their black, white and cinnamon feathers shining in the morning sun, sailed by within easy range. It was useless to shoot at them, as, owing to the rapidity of the current they could not be retrieved.

A few hundred yards up the Bear Island shore we saw three Canada geese. We drove the team within 70yds., and as they arose, a perfect hail of No. 1 followed them. A snowstorm of feathers flecked the surface of the water, and David called to the scowman to gatner them as they came down to make him a pillow. The geese flew across the river, when one let go and fell on a bar. A settler picked him up and he doubtless furnished the base of an excellent meal. Our feelings were akin to those of the man who betteth his money on the bob-tailed nag, when the bay with the blazed face and white heel captureth the race; and raketh in the spoils. Alas! that Moore's big 10-gauge was securely corded up in the center of a blanket roll.

The channel, on the western side of the island, was dry save for a few ponds. Scanning these with a glass, we saw in one of them a flock of black ducks. Our party divided, W. H. and I taking the highland side of the channel, while David and Will approached them from Bear Island way. We thus sandwiched them between two lines of guns, and if they did not rise straight in the air some one was reasonably sure of a shot. We ran into a flock of grouse in a strip of woods a little distance from where we left the wagon, and killed a pair. At length W. H. and I found ourselves looking down on the ducks from the top of a 40-foot bank. This was a new point of view for both of us, and looking at the broad backs of the birds, we adjudged them to be only 40yds away when they really were 60. When they flushed, W. H. gave them one barrel before he took in the situation. Then they swung to the other boys, who received them with a volley. But this was one of the occasions on which we sowed liberally and harvested not. However, Will and David added somewhat to their stock of natural history lore. They saw a mink, like the smooth, polished shyster of civilization, evidently intent on securing a victim. The ducks did not seem to be troubling themselves much about him; but all the same, they took precious good care not to let him get too near. Sometimes he would slide out on a rock and make a spring at the nearest bird, but the latter would generally manage to be two or three feet away when he alighted.

David thought there was less of the fool about these ducks than about some men. Our road now lay at right angles to the course of the St. John, and as the team had to climb a steep hill all of the boys jumped out and walked on ahead. A young fellow with a light express and pair soon overtook us, and we all got on board and rode several miles, till, at last, as we came to good bits of cover, one by one the rest got out and left me alone with the driver, a lad of about sixteen. He proved to be, like most boys of his age, a regular traveling interrogation point, and had I not laid myself out to give him as little information as was consistent with civility, he would have known our names, ages, occupations and how much money we had if persistent cross-questioning could have elicited such facts. He looked slightly askance at me when, in response to his request for David's name, I explained to him that his father died when he was very young and did no leave him any name. His mind seemed not entirely frae from doubt, when an inquiry as to the part of the country from which we hailed, brought him the information that it was the part where all the best men and women were reared. When, however, I made a practical application of the homeopathic principle, "Like cures like," and poured the questions in on him thick and fast, dodging a return here and countering there, a hopeless resignation seemed to settle over him, and he answered in a dull, mechanical way that might have indicated a broken sprit. It is strange how inquisitive the average citizen is. The question, "What might your name be?" is nearly as common as the salute, "Good morning," but as a rule I never impart the information it calls for. It is not good policy to repel it with a snub. Good-natured chaff, judiciously applied, will stave it off better than anything else I know of.

The Prevaricator says that a request for his name, prompted simply by idle curiosity, invariably brings the reply that it is Smith. He says that there are enough black sheep in the Smith family to preclude all possibility of your disgracing the name, and yet there are sufficient illustrious persons connected with it to make it no dishonor to its owner, and lastly, and best of all no one will undertake to unravel your pedigree. When it was pointed out that this plan involved a flagrant disregard of fact, he retorted: "Doesn't the Prince of Wales travel under an assumed name sometimes, and do you expect me to have more regard for fact than he? And haven't I as good a right to an *incog.* anyway? And don't they insert the aliases of a burglar in his indictment, thus recognising his right to all of them? And has a reputable citizen fewer rights than a criminal?" It is no use to reason with a man who talks that way.

At length the paths of the teamster and myself diverged, and about a half mile further on I overtook Will and David. On our way through the old Magundy road we had up several birds, but only scored on one. Will killed that. We crossed the Poquiox, and its tributary, the Magundy, the last of the St. John waters, when, as it was nearly noon, we deemed it expedient to wait for the wagon. It came along in about ten minutes. In less time than it takes to tell it the kettle was boiling, and three birds were skinned, drawn and in the frying pan. The style of cooking drew out several healthy protests from the girls.

That dinner by the roadside is one of the pleasantest of memories. What spirits we were in! What appetites we had! What a mellowing influence on the soul had the surrounding scenery, bathed in the yellow light of the midday autumnal sun!

Dinner over, every one was in motion in five minutes. David and W. H. whistled up the dogs, and started up the valley of the Magundy. Some skirmish line firing a little later proclaimed trouble for the grouse family, and when they rejoined us, two miles on the road, they had three birds. Will and I saw a snipe alight in a field near by, and started over to gather him in. We marked him by a little bush, and bore to the windward to get him just right as he arose. But he had not been idle in the meantime. He had run 40yds. right across our line of advance, and finally rose behind us, which same was a scurvy trick. We each got in one barrel, and the snipe got in some mighty good work. He flew over to the wagon, and, as if to show his contempt for the whole outfit, took a look at the rest at about 10ft. distance; and then rising high in the air, struck out for Magaguadavic.

The dogs got up a bunch of grouse in a little wood at the foot of Blaney Ridge, but we failed to reduce any to possession.

Near the outlet of Mud Lake is a large, wild meadow. An astute settler of Blaney Ridge purchased the block of land on which it is situated at nominal figures, and worked a rough road through from the settlement by which he could haul out the hay. It thus happened that we had a not very passable, but a tolerably "jackassable," road to within a half mile of our camping ground. At Black Brook, the first of the Magaguadavic waters, there is a poor bridge, and just beyond it a slough. The latter is capable of giving an immense amount of trouble in wet weather, while the former compels the unhitching of horses, and hauling the wagon over by hand. I was obliged to make a journey almost back to the settlement to recover the bean pot and frying pan, which had dropped from the wagon. The girls and W. H. waited for me. In this way it happened that tent pitching was well under way before I arrived at the place that was to be our home for the next week. On our way in Frisk, David's dog, put up a Canada grouse, which W. H. harvested.

We left the team on the lake shore, near the outlet, a half mile from camp, and the details of gathering hemlock for bedding, fuel for the night and making the horses comfortable, occupied till 9 o'clock, when we had supper and turned in. There was then a faint drizzle which did not amount to anything, and in the morning the clouds showed signs of lifting.

During the night, what the novelists term an "eldritch screech," in the woods by the shore of the lake, had attracted the attention of the campers. Some, like myself, were asleep, and but dimly conscious of the sound; while others were wide awake and heard it in all its hair-raising distinctness. Around the breakfast table, speculation was rife as to the manner of animal that was the cause thereof. The Prevaricator took no part in the discussion until, at length, in a moment of thoughtlessness one of the ladies asked his opinion. "Oh! that?" said he, as if his train of thought on some other subject had been suddenly interrupted, "that was a catawampus." When pressed for a description of the beast, he proceeded to evolve from the recesses of his imagination a truly remarkable creature, built on the same general line as a panther, but (like a liar) with more jaw-power. According to this veracious authority, no menagerie had ever been able to keep one of these animals, on account of their propensity for eating up the steel bars of the cage. But the crowning glory of the brute was its tail, which was long and tapered to a point like a buggy whip. On the edge was a cartilage something like that on the elephant's trunk. This the brute could snap with a report like a pistol. When simply amusing itself its favorite pastimes were yelling and grinding its teeth; but always just before springing on its prey, it cracked its tail. Whether this was to paralyze its quarry with fear, or simply to urge itself forward, deponent could not say. You all know how little it takes to make one laugh in the woods. The burst of merriment at this clumsy little recital was quite general. Ordinarily it would have been the subject of joke for the remainder of the day, and that would have ended its life. But we were destined to hear from the catawampus again—extensively and loud.

The forenoon was occupied with getting wood, ferrying dunnage over from the wagon and getting the team into camp. Moore and David rode the horses around the little lake and Will put up a very good apology for a stable. I ferried the hay over in a boat.

After dinner Will and Moore landed W.H. and David at the upper end of the lake and then proceeded to build some blinds for flight shooting in the evening. I struck out through the woods, and spent the afternoon hunting phantom partridges, sneaking up to the little cover to surprise ducks that never materialized, and exploring well-worn deer paths. I picked a few bog cranberries. Once a fine osprey attempted to settle on the top of a dead tree, and a charge of No. 4s from my left barrel laid him out. This looks like wanton murder, but it was not. Will is a taxidermist, and I knew he wanted the bird for his collection. At last I came to a little point that extended out into the lake. On the extreme end a huge pine measured its length in the water. I walked out into the top of this and sat down. Something might come along and I would get a shot. A kingfisher let go his policeman's rattle as he went by; a bluejay rustled around among the treetops, tolling his bell semi-occasionally; a whisky-jack flitted from tree to tree as noiselessly as a ghost; but nothing in the line of game came. Some puffs of smoke, followed by quick reports, showed that the boys at the head of the lake were getting in a "grand rally." A bunch of yellowlegs flew by the blind Moore was building. There were two reports in quick succession and the survivors flew by my stand out of range, regardless of the confidence game I attempted by the most seductive notes I could command.

I signalled Moore and Will with an owl call to come ashore after me and thought I saw a hand waved in reply. But I did not find out my mistake till too late to get into the evening shooting. They mistook the call for the genuine article. This was flattering. But I saw the flight come in and had almost as many birds as the rest.

The ducks were mostly of the black or dusky species. There was none of the preliminary circling before alighting so characteristic of the wary bird, but as each little bunch came in high over the lake they set their wings and went down with a noise as of the tearing of strong, new cotton. Moore named them "cotton tearers." Now, here is the problem that confronted the shooters; a bird going through the air 100ft. a second and falling 40ft. the same time. It requires a mathematical nicety of calculation to beat a combination like that. When the boys came in they were pleased at having seen so much game, though baffled in having secured any to speak of.

The grand rally that I saw W. H. and David get at the head of the lake was at shelldrakes, otherwise "Jacoby canvasbacks." The Prevaricator called them "Friday birds," because, he said, they were nothing but fish, pure and simple, and could be eaten in Lent, and on Fridays and fast days, without violating the canons of any church in existence. He said that when he shot one he always asked the pardon of the rest of the party, because the bird ranked as game and as such had to be eaten, but the shooting of one was really purchasing a moment's pleasure at the expense of an hour's torture of the others.

The next morning Will took the boat and went out on the lake. W. H. and David set out to find Lily Lake, while Moore and I, after doing the chores, were to build new blinds for the evening's shooting. The cheerful "rattlety-bang" right and lefts of Will's old gun announced to the stay-at-homes that he had "made a strike," and it turned out that he cleaned up an entire flock of broadbills by a sort of bunco game, which enabled him again and again to get within shooting distance before the birds took wing.

Moore and I had a visitor. A man from the settlement dropped in on us and we entertained him as best we could. The women cooked him the finest dinner the camp afforded. When he thought the rest of us were not looking, Will, with a Chesterfieldian bow and a smile that for blandness would throw that of Bret Harte's hero completely in the shade, presented him with a pair of the "Friday birds" the boys got the day before. Still he seemed loath to depart. Moore and I were anxious to get to work at the blinds we were to make. We were getting fidgety. At last the thought struck me that he was lingering in the hope that, as a sort of crowning grace to our hospitality, a little whisky would be forthcoming. Now, one of our ladies is an inveterate foe to the essence of corn. Waiting till she was present, I remarked incidentally that we had forgotten to bring any with us, whereupon she observed, with such evident sincerity, that to such omission the presence of the women was undoubtedly due, that I congratulated myself on the neatness of the turn. A minute or two later our guest shouldered his "Friday birds" and left us. W. H. saw him two days later, and it took him some time to convince him that I did not extract a part of my joys from the "overflowing bowl." The lady mentioned above says the moral of this is: "He who would not be taken for a whisky drinker should not talk like one."

We had little trouble in locating our blinds. We built bases on the soft marsh of dry cedar ram-pikes, and concealed them with dead grass which we cut with our knives. We had scarcely finished our work when W. H. and David arrived on a catamaran they found on the other side of the lake. They had failed to reach Lily Lake, but had found another small one that discharged into Mud.* Their bag for the day was one broadbill, which they shot after they embarked on the raft.

Before sundown we took our places for the evening's flight shooting. Moore and I occupied a double blind in a bunch of odd-looking weed, that the Prevaricator named, the "Jimmy-rose-mary patch." Will shot from the boat, two gunshots to the south of us, while W. H. and David held forth on the catamaran, about the same distance to the north. The stands proved to have been well selected. Will made a better showing than did any of the rest either then or subsequently. He shot about a 60 per cent. gait. David made all his kills with the second, after missing with the first. Moore was fortunate enough to secure a male summer duck in full plumage, which he had set up after he went home. W. H. made only one hit. I failed to do even that.

There was joy in the camp that night, either real or well counterfeited, when the Prevaricator learned of the disposition Will had made of the Friday birds. He said, no doubt it was unmanly thus to rejoice at the misfortunes of the poor settler; but it was the way of the world to lose sight of the sorrows of others in our own joys. "Willum," said he, "you shouldn't waste your talents taxy-didymusin' birds; you should go into politics. No politician who had properly learned to give away only that for which he had no use, ever made a failure." Will retorted: "Some people might have had the cheek to give the man a pair of mean, measly-looking broadbills, and those large, fine-looking shelldrakes hanging there in plain sight, but I haven't. I am not anxious to earn the reputation of a hog. I gave him the best-looking birds on the string." Some days after when the Prevaricator was asked of which of the camp scenes he would prefer to have a photograph, he replied without hesitation: "Willum a-presentin' the Friday birds to the settler."

The next morning, much to the sorrow of the women, Will took his departure. He could do anything there was to do around camp. When he wasn't working he generally had his eye out for a job, and it is needless to say that he often verified the proverb, "Seek and ye shall find." We were indebted to him for many little conveniences, among which I may mention a table, some seats, a gun rack and a washstand. Besides all this, he is one of the kind that it is good to have around.

Soon after he left there was a little episode. All hands were around the fire. It struck David that it would be a good time to sort over his cartridges and separate those containing different sizes of shot. He found one 12-gauge, and addressing W. H., who was just across the fire, he said, "Here is one of your cartridges," and drew back his hand to throw. Seeing what he was about to do I uttered

*We have since discovered that this little lake has no visible outlet.

the warning, "Look out." He checked the motion of his hand, but too late, and the cartridge landed in the middle of the fire. With the exception of David, every one went as he looked. He grabbed a stick and tried hard to throw it out of the fire, but it was not to be found. Then all hands awaited the explosion at a safe distance. Like many another expected calamity, it was a long time coming, and nothing much after it had come. It was a full minute before the fire burned into the powder, whereas none of us thought it would take five seconds. Any one three feet from the fire would have been perfectly safe.

The excitement had barely subsided when a newcomer arrived in camp. Mr. Judson Burke had been invited to be one of our party, but through a miscarriage of the notice of our starting, in the mails, he failed to connect with the procession, as it were. However, he got around just in time to keep the original number good.

L. I. FLOWER.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Natural History.

A NEW ALASKAN PIKA.

MR. E. W. NELSON has published in the Proceedings of the Biological Society of Washington, a description of a new species of pika or little chief hare from Alaska which he calls the collared pika on account of the broad collar of dull iron-gray separating the yellowish-shaded areas of the head and back.

The range of this hare, according to Mr. Nelson, extends from the "mountains south of Fort Yukon, about the head of the Tanana River, to the Chigmit Mountains, near the head of Bristol Bay." The usual habitat of the animal is above timber line and its habits appear to be identical with those of the "Little Chief" hare of the mountains of the West. In size, it scarcely differs from its southern relative, the average length of dried specimens studied by the describer being about 7¼in.

The northwest limit of the collared pika coincides with the same limit of the mountain goat and trenches upon the southern part of the range of Dall's mountain sheep. A peculiarity of this Alaskan pika is the very long pelage, especially in specimens from south of Fort Yukon, which have the long dorsal hairs averaging nearly 1in. in length.

The pikas, chief hares, crying hares or conies are curious and interesting little creatures, and have been the subjects of a vast deal of writing. They live in colonies in the western mountains from New Mexico and Arizona nearly to the Arctic Circle, frequently the highest ranges in the South and descending farther in the North. Their "favorite haunts are the masses of rocky débris at the heels of cliffs, where the animals find safe hiding-places among the boulders, and sometimes congregate in large numbers, making known their presence by squeaking notes which seem to issue from under ground and are very deceptive as to distance."

"Though timid, they are unsuspicious of danger and may frequently be seen perched upon the rocks, uttering their peculiar crying notes, or foraging quietly in grassy spots for their food, of which the provident creatures lay up great stores in their rocky granaries." Owing to their diminutive tails, short legs, squatting attitude, jerky movements and squeaking notes they are among the curiosities of animal life of the West. T. H. B.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 25.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE MOOSE OF MATTAWA.

IT IS quite possible that the moose, now comparatively numerous around the upper Ottawa River, in Canada, are the lineal descendants of those that once abounded in the Adirondacks. Of course, this can never be definitely proved, but there are many reasons that lead me to believe that such is the fact.

Moose are, perhaps, of all the deer tribe, the most impatient of the presence of man, and invariably retire before him, except in those instances where their haunts are shut in on every side by settlements, as is the case now in Maine, where the St. John River is dotted with farms and hamlets, and so cuts off escape to the north and east. The result is that those moose that still inhabit Maine have been hunted back and forth until they find escape impossible, and have become much less restive than their Canadian kin—in some instances they have yarded in the immediate vicinity of railroads, where they must hear daily the rattle of the passing trains. For this reason the Maine or New Brunswick hunter need not be so wary in chopping wood or building fires, for the harassed animal has long since abandoned the idea of leaving the country, for, whichever way he goes, fresh human tracks, or the sound of distant gun shots await him. But in Canada, with the vast half-explored Northland to retire to, he is under no such restraint. When his sense of smell or hearing is offended, the slighted animal moves off with dignity and quickness. Northward, ever northward, he is moving, until at no distant day he will penetrate the stunted forests which grow beyond the Height of Land and reach the range of the barren ground caribou. There he will stand at bay, until the ever-rising price of timber makes even those, his last strongholds, too valuable to be kept from the spoiling hands of the lumberman, and some day, amid the stumps and wreckage of primeval woods, a solitary moose—last survivor of the grandest deer—will turn on his pursuers in sheer despair.

They will go slowly one by one—not in herds like the buffalo or elk, but scattered over a vast extent of country and with ever their present wariness increased many fold by a grim process of natural selection, they will long defy the most persistent hunter, long, but ultimately in vain.

This is what happened in the story of their extermination in the Adirondacks, and this is what perhaps the next generation will see in Canada.

The moose in the Adirondacks disappeared, with individual exceptions, in the early fifties. At that time the sudden diminution of their numbers was so great that it could not be accounted for by any theory of ordinary extermination—migration alone could have been the cause. From the natural difficulties of crossing Lake Champlain and the north parts of Vermont and New Hampshire, then fairly well settled, as was the strip of Quebec immediately north of the border, it is improbable that they fled eastward into the moose country of Maine, but rather into Ontario by simply crossing the St. Lawrence and pushing north into Muskoka and the neighboring country. At that time (in the fifties) moose abounded in that section of Ontario, but soon the settlements came and the moose left, going always north, until at the end of the sixties they reached Mattawa and the surrounding country on both banks of the Ottawa. Not that they were unknown there—for there have always been a few in that neighborhood—but they arrived at that time in numbers, and ever since the best moose hunting has been found at this point. This remarkable fact of their sudden arrival around Mattawa is widely known among the older settlers.

At the present day they are leaving in turn Mattawa and passing Lake Temiscamangue on their northward march. An Indian this fall described to the writer the astonished wonder with which some twenty-five years ago the local Indians listened to the tale of one of their number who had found a moose track on the east bank of Temiscamangue. The excited trappers gathered round the speaker with eyes glittering at the prospect of moose coming into their country, but still incredulous of the good tidings. But the news bearer told the truth, and this was the first known appearance of moose on that lake in recent times. At the present day the Little Beau Chêne Lakes are about the center of moose population. Every year finds them further north, at first stragglers, then more and more until the main body has passed, and

NEST OF RUFFED GROUSE.

From photo by A. C. McIntyre.

then one by one they vanish. In the van are ever the largest bulls, whether because the persistent hunting for large horns prevents the bulls in the center and rear from attaining their full growth, or whether the old bulls are driven out by the younger or more vigorous ones, like the rogue elephants in Ceylon. Be the reason what it may, the fact remains, and this year on the northern limit of moose near Lake Kwingwishe, northeast of Keepawa, the writer saw the largest tracks of moose that have as yet fallen to his lot to gaze upon. These patriarchal moose are far from being the most successful fighters, for their size and the complexity of their antlers render them unwieldy and unable to cope with young bulls with sharper and less elaborate horns. The occasional moose which is found dead *sur le champ d'honneur* after one of these duels is nearly always an immense beast with sweeping antlers, which had proved poor defenses against what the tracks about show to have been a mere three or four-year-old stripling.

Cows, too, are sometimes killed by fighting bulls, frenzied by a general row all round, as happens when three or four come together.

The relative merits in such a duel of ranger moose and swamp moose—the two sub-varieties—it would be interesting to learn; but this and many other facts about this fast-vanishing animal will, I fear, remain unsolved.

So, too, will the precise question as to how far moose, caribou and Virginia deer will intermingle when absolutely undisturbed. In Maine and New Brunswick all three live in the same district, but this may be the result of the diminishing size of the forests and not the natural state of things. The caribou is a migratory animal, coming and going without apparent cause, while moose frequent a given district, as do deer. Bull moose, of course, travel a great deal in the rutting season, but they never move off in a body like caribou.

In the west of the Province of Quebec the three animals have practically separate ranges—intermingling in places, but for the most part well asunder. Deer move to and fro in consequence of the movements of the wolves, which are ever on their trail, and which sometimes force their victims into the moose countries to the north. Whether the moose drive out the wolves, as the Indians believe, or whether the deer do not like proximity of moose, the former soon work south again and leave the moose in solitary possession. So we have on the south the Virginia deer, then next in latitude the moose, then the woodland caribou, a scarce animal in this part of Quebec, and last of all, beyond the Height of Land, the barren ground caribou The center of abundance of this little-known animal is near the headwaters of the Ungava River.

In the Keepawa country, some thirty or forty miles north of Mattawa, Hay Bay, the northernmost arm of Lake Keepawa, is occasionally visited by caribou of the woodland variety, and they are now sometimes seen in the country to the east. They were formerly quite numerous in the country around the Bois Franc and Kastonan Lakes, but either the presence of lumbermen or the advent of the moose has occasioned a migration beyond the headwaters of the Ottawa, viz.: Lakes Quinze, Expanse and Grand. At the present day in this part of Quebec they live between these lakes and the Height of Land, and it is almost impossible to find any caribou in a trip from Mattawa without immense effort.

It is a pity that some record has not been preserved of the migrations of the different members of the deer tribe in the past—for beyond the above facts, nearly everything is obscure, but the evidence given and other instances of the migration of moose, inclines the writer very strongly to the belief that the moose of Mattawa is a direct descendant of the moose of New York, and the splendid antlers that now come from that country had once their counterparts hanging in the cabin of the first white hunters of the Adirondacks. MADISON GRANT.

FOREIGN BIRDS FOR AMERICA.

MACOMB, Ill., Dec. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read with much interest the account given in your valuable journal of the sportsmen of Maine meeting at Lewiston, called to take into consideration the feasibility of introducing the foreign game birds into Maine. I have had a little experience with foreign game birds, and perhaps I may be able to give this association information that will be interesting to them.

In 1890 I ordered five pairs of the *Francolinus vulgaris* or black partridge, of Rutledge & Co., Calcutta, India. These birds were cooped in a small shoe box with a small dish that would not hold over half a teacup of water; and the result was that all died before reaching me, with the exception of two males and one female, which arrived here safely. They were placed in a large wire cage. One of the males soon killed the other. The pair went through two of our cold winters in good order and stood the climate well The female one day became frightened and flew so hard against the cage that she broke her wing and died. The other male died this winter from cause not known.

These birds were twice as large as our native quail and truly a beautiful game bird, and would eat anything that a common barnfowl would eat. My object in introducing so small a number was to test them and see if they could stand our climate. I am confident that they can stand any climate that our native quail can stand, and properly introduced into this country would do well. The cost of these birds was $50 here.

In February, 1893, I ordered five pairs of the *Caccubis chukor*, or chuckor partridge, through the Hon. James Currie, U. S. Consular Agent at Karachi, India. Every bird arrived here in perfect health and condition after being on the water and land forty-seven days while making the trip. I fully intended to turn these birds loose on their arrival here and have a law passed protecting them for five years, but our governor not being friendly to game laws vetoed the bill. Therefore we had to keep them in confinement and during the long, hot, dry summer they all died but one pair, which is in fine condition and doing well. This hen laid eighty eggs before she went to sitting. The most of these eggs were hatched under bantams and the little spotted beauties would live till ten days old and fall over and die. We could not find any food that would agree with them. The old bird hatched out seven in September and all died in the course of two weeks with the exception of one, which we fed on grasshoppers till he was several weeks old. As soon as the cold weather came and killed the grasshoppers we put him on to other food, but he soon died. I believe that had these birds been turned loose where they could have roamed at will, and have had a chance to live on worms, ants, bugs and insects, they would have lived and done well. They are a fine game bird about the size of our ruffed grouse. These is no question in my mind but what these birds would flourish in this country. They cost 50 cents apiece in Karachi, the coops $6, the freight to New York $20, the express from New York $20.

India seems to be the home of these game birds and has a larger variety than any other country on the face of the globe. This is the home of the *Pavo cristatus*, common peacock. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of these beautiful birds are found there in a wild state. The *Pterocles arenarius*, sand grouse, the most beautiful plumaged game bird of India, would do well in the South and the far West.

The Mongolian or Chinese pheasant that was imported from China to Linn county, Oregon, by Judge Denney twelve years ago, have become so numerous in that State that it looks as if they had come to stay like the English sparrow. Twelve years ago eleven of these pheasants were turned loose in Linn county. The secretary of the State Board of Agriculture of Oregon writes me that he is safe in saying that there are a million in his State now sprung from the eleven, and they are fast spreading into California and Washington. Quite a number have been introduced into Missouri, Illinois, Iowa and Michigan, and as far as I have been able to learn they are doing well. Mr. Simpson of Elexis, this State, turned seven pair loose a year ago last fall. They went through the winter well and last summer they could be seen in the cornfields and meadows with large flocks of young. They have introduced these birds into Milton, Vt., and I understand they are doing well in a wild state, living on birch buds, mercury 33° below zero. They are strong and hardy, and would stand the climate of New England. I hope our Eastern sportsmen will make a move and introduce this beautiful game bird. W. O. BLAISDELL.

Willing but Useless.

I HAVE a young hen, healthy, joyous, sleek and with comb and wattles ruddy as the summer rose, but she is a grand anomaly in the gallinaceous world. For about six weeks she has gone daily to her nest, in which is a plaster nest egg, has come off it cackling with apparent perfect satisfaction but without leaving the sign of an egg. It is the only case of the kind I ever observed. In speaking of it to a lady friend she said she had a hen like this and that for her uselessness she consigned her to the pot.

N. D. ELTING,

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Chicago Wants the Rabbits.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 28.—Last week I put forward tentatively the idea that the shooters of the country would be doing a charitable and useful thing, and one not injurious to themselves, if they should send in to the relief association of Chicago all the rabbits they killed, the same to be used in feeding the unemployed poor of the city. It was stated then that the gravity of the situation could not be over-stated, that thousands of men with families were out of work and hungry, and that wholesome food of any sort would be most welcome to them.

This week we may go further, and announce definitely that the idea is no longer an experiment or a mere project, but a welcome and accepted proposition; that the Central Relief Association of Chicago has heard it, passed upon it, and received it gladly; in short, that Chicago wants those rabbits—not at the serious expense of any local game supply, but all the rabbits which the shooters of America think they can spare, and which they are willing to go out and kill. Chicago wants judgment used in this of course, but if there can be utilized here a source of food supply which otherwise would be left untouched, then Chicago asks that it may be given to the poor now suffering in her streets. Chicago wishes that sportsmanship be not injured in the least of its privileges, but that the sportsmen of the country shall give as they think they ought to give. A day which will afford fun to the shooter may afford happiness and relief and comfort and thankfulness to more than one family in this big city, where so many are now knowing the despair of an honest and hopeless destitution.

Therefore, take down the guns, and get ready for the biggest rabbit hunt that was ever known, the FOREST AND STREAM rabbit hunt for charity. Don't kill all the rabbits in the covers, but kill some, each of you, in Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Winconsin, Missouri, everywhere, and ship them here for charity. No side-bunts, no competitions, no general slaughtering, but a conscientious saving of every rabbit killed, and a conscientious shipping of every rabbit saved. We will show that the sportsmen have no war with the people, and that no man's heart is larger than the sportsman's. Get ready for the hunt.

Ship to 82 Market St., Chicago.

When you kill a rabbit, pull off his head and eviscerate him at once. This makes a lighter weight to carry, and it makes a lighter freight or express rate, a very important thing. Please remember this; then the relief association will not be paying tariff on what it cannot use. Of course, thoroughly cool or freeze the rabbits, if possible, after sewing up in gunny sacks. Mark the tag as follows: "Central Relief Association of Chicago, Mr. Wilmeroth, Agt, 82 Market st., Chicago.—Charity." Also please give the names of the senders and the point from which the rabbits are shipped. Do not kill squirrels, birds, or any other sort of game. Be sure to take off the heads and clean the rabbits. The shipping charges will be paid here by the association. If the shipping agent doubts this, show him FOREST AND STREAM and the following letter:

H. N. HIGINBOTHAM, Treasurer. ROBERT GREER, Manager.

"MEMORANDUM."

LAKESIDE FREE KITCHEN,

FOOT OF RANDOLPH ST., AT VIADUCT.

Contributors will please send regular Bill or Invoice with each lot of goods furnished, and state on same, "Contribution."
Please state quantities, prices and total value, in order that proper credit may be given.
Cash contributions by Check to order of H. N. HIGINBOTHAM, Treasurer, or by enclosure addressed to him; receipt will be given by R. GREER, Manager.

"DEC. 22.—*Forest and Stream:* I am of the opinion that any number of rabbits that sportsmen would be likely to shoot could be used by the suffering poor of Chicago this winter. Mr. Wilmeroth, of No. 82 Market street, is in charge of the supplies—both receiving and distributing—on behalf of the Central Relief Committee, and I am quite sure he would be willing to coöperate with you. I will take in 500 if they can be sent in one or two lots, and will pay the transportation if not over one-half cent per pound, or if the express companies will transport the stuff free, so much the better. Yours truly,

"ROBT. GREER, Mgr."

What Will the Express Companies Do?

There has not been time as yet to see the managers of the different express companies, yet I have no doubt that they would carry free any contributions which they were satisfied were to go to the relief association. Of this more later on. As to the managers of the railways, no less should be expected of them, for their liberality has been tried in similar exigencies before to-day.

Out in California they have jack-rabbit drives, and sometimes kill 5,000 hares in one day, which will average 8lbs. each. Two carloads of good meat in one day. They let it lie, or bury it. Now, I know Mr. W. F. White, the general traffic manager of the Santa Fe Railway, to be this sort of a sportsman: He would, if the relief association wished it, say a word to the freight department of his road which would bring a carload of those big hares across the continent free to the Chicago association, if the California men should see fit to put them on the cars. Mr. P. S. Eustis, general passenger agent of the C. B & Q.; Mr. Jas. Barker, general passenger agent of the Marion route; Mr. C. L. Stone, general passenger agent of the C. & E. I. Railway, are all sportsmen, and would intercede with their freight associates. Mr. Marvin Hughitt, president of the Chicago & Northwestern road, is a sportsman, and he would do as much for sport or charity as any. But of this also later. It is not necessary now. You can ship your rabbits now, not prepaid unless you like, and they will be thankfully received. Mr. Greer thinks 500; he will get ten fold that this winter. He does not yet know FOREST AND STREAM and the men who support it.

Let us not talk of waste of game. In my days of shooting I have seen rabbits killed and left hanging up in the bushes, "until we come round this way again, you know," enough to make a hundred families happy for a week. Do not let us talk of wasting game. If necessary, only carry to the wagon the rabbits you otherwise would have left on tops of stumps or hanging in the forks of saplings. If rabbits are scarce in your neighborhood, don't shoot any at all for this purpose. In many localities they are so abundant as to be a pest and a nuisance. It is to these localities that I wish the invitation to apply.

The Hunt Has Already Begun.

Yesterday morning some young men came into the office and wanted to know where to go rabbit shooting. I told them to go to De Motte, or almost anywhere in the scrub oak thickets along the Kankakee marshes. Then I asked them to bring all their rabbits home and give them to the hungry people. They said they would. "There is some sense in that," they said. They are now absent on their trip.

This morning I got a note from Mr. J. A. Balmer, of Vincennes, and he says:

"I notice your suggestion in FOREST AND STREAM about killing some rabbits and sending them to the hungry people in Chicago. We will act on your plans, and try and get up a rabbit hunt at Bicknell. Will report on the results later."

Will Mr. Joe Freeman and Mr. John Mayfield, at Bicknell, aid Mr. Balmer in this? They are all right in the center of a great rabbit country. I have seen two wagonloads of rabbits lying in one heap by the railroad track at Bicknell. We want one load here, for charity. This is the FOREST AND STREAM charity ball. Will the gentlemen choose their partners?

Will Mr. Chas. Irwin, at Warsaw, Ind., manage a little hunt and send us a few rabbit-? Will the gentlemen of the great rabbit country at Vandalia, Ill., send us some rabbits? I have known of a wagon load being killed there in a day. Will Charlie Parent, of Marshall, Mo., attend to his section? Will Joe Irwin, of Little Rock, Ark., see that his State is represented? Charity, gentlemen. While it's fun, this is in earnest.

No. 82 Market Street, Chicago.

Remember the address, 82 Market street, Chicago, and the Central Relief Association also must go on the tag.

This address I learned yesterday during my visit to the Lakeside Free Kitchen, down under the Randolph street viaduct. Mr. Greer, the manager, who so generously gives free his own time and the use of the great cooking plant with which he has fed armies of men at the World's Fair and elsewhere, was at the time absent, but Mr. Cox, his assistant, kindly showed me through the rough but clean place where Chicago's unemployed are fed. There were long rough benches, covered with strong table ware, and back of these great steaming vats, large as hogsheads, in which were simmering hundreds of pounds of meat. There were bins of vegetables, and heaps of bread. Over all rose a steamy, meaty, but not unwholesome smell. Outside the doors stood groups of men, idle, idle, and unhappy. Of these I would rather not talk, but I know how they feel, for I have been broke myself, though never quite hungry. It's tough to be idle when you want to work. There is nothing worse in this world. But let that go.

"Could we use some rabbits?" said Mr. Cox smiling quietly. "I should think we could. We fed 5,000 men here yesterday. It takes a quantity of food to keep that up. Our ration is three of these long slices of bread with a good piece of meat, and a bowl of coffee or broth. Rabbits would go well in these big kettles, don't you think?

"We serve only two meals a day at 7 in the morning and 4 in the afternoon. No man can now get a meal here who does not have a ticket showing that he has worked on the streets for the city. Three hours' work entitles a man to two meals and a bed. Tramps and those unwilling to work are now turned away unfed. The charity is applied as well as we know how, it being first before our minds that when a man is honestly hungry he should be honestly fed. We are doing the feeding and letting others do the scheming. We charge nothing and want nothing in reward, but we can't have too much by way of good supplies. Mr. Greer will write you. All supplies should go to the storerooms of the Central Relief Association, 82 Market street. I am sure, I think, your idea a good one and I thank you for coming. There has been a great response all over the country. The American people are generous. I am sure none are more generous than the sportsmen. If they help us their gifts will not be misapplied. Their food will go to the hungry, to the unemployed, and only to such as are willing to work when work is afforded. Go with me on the streets and I will show you noble looking men at work. Some of them have families at home. If they could take a rabbit home they would be glad. They are good workers, too. I pity these men."

So will the hearty shooters of this country pity them. Let this pity be the excuse for any failings or shortcomings in this project as viewed from a sportsman's standpoint.

From the Orient.

From a glance at the *Japan Mail* of Nov. 2, printed at Yokohama, Japan, it appears that the enterprising dog man has penetrated even into the land of flowers. One of the advertisements offers for sale "An English pointer dog, two years old, thoroughly trained." No pent-up Utica confines the sporting interest.

It is in Japan, by the way, that a certain young Chicago enterprise has its extreme roots. Many shooters have seen the grass suits for duck shooting advertised by Frank Lawrence, of Chicago—really a very excellent article—but not so many will know that these suits are all made, every one and in every particular, away over in Japan. The peasantry use them for waterproof garments, and they are sometimes called "Japanese rain coats." The native workmen employed by Mr. Lawrence's firm are very expert in making them. There is nothing of the sort made in this country at all. Mr. Lawrence says it takes him three months to write and get an answer from the Japanese factory. He has improved the coat, applied for patent and is now awaiting the latest returns from the far-away factory in the land of squint-eyed idols.

Dame Bang Still Lives.

Last week I wrote a very nice little obituary about a pointer dog. This week the said dog can have the pleasure of reading her own obituary, and I hope it suits the lady. Dame Bang, reported by Mr. Barker to be dead, deceased and departed, is still very much alive and in evidence, I am glad to say. Mr. Dubois writes me from Cincinnati thereon as follows:

"John Barker, John Balmer and E. Hough are all wrong about Dame Bang, and I am sorry (for your sake) that the announcement of her death appears in this week's FOREST AND STREAM. Dame is at this moment well and hearty in the kennel of Mr. Peabody, at Madisonville, O. It appears from a letter I received from Mr. Balmer, that Mr. Barker confused Dame with Winnowing, another dog that ran at Bicknell. I wrote to Mr. Balmer, correcting his mistake, and here I see her obituary again. Is she to get her next death thrust from Bro. Waters? You have killed off Dame Bang on paper, but her 'harnt' still walks."

Well, now, we have here the evidence of three men against the unsupported testimony of one. Therefore, according to the statutes, it rests entirely with us whether Dame Bang is dead or not. If we three choose to have her dead, aye, and buried, and blackberries growing on her grave, we can do so, and no one can say us nay. In this case, however, we will let it go, and I beg Mr. Peabody to present my apologies to Dame—if he is satisfied in his own mind that he has the real dog and not a "harnt." To-day I have further advices from Bicknell that it was Winnowing that died.

Ducks in Montana.

Mr. J. C. Haskell, of this city, is lately back from a trip to Montana. He was to have joined his brother, W. H. Haskell, and party, for a big-game trip in the mountains, but arriving at the Leiter mine, near Sheridan, Mont., he found that the party had outfitted and gone in, so he lost his trip. He remained and shot along the streams near the mine, doing most of his shooting along the Ruby Valley. He he got excellent shooting at ducks, and he describes the style of the sport, jumping ducks from the willows, as being easy and pleasant in the extreme. This was in the middle of last month. Mr. Haskell says that is a great country for wildfowl, and that the birds stay there very late, resorting to the open places in the streams.

Mr. J. W. Schultz, a well known Rocky Mountain guide of Piegan, Montana, who stopped at the Western office of FOREST AND STREAM for a while on his way West this week, confirms much of what Mr. Haskell says as to the ducks in Montana. Mr. Schultz says that he has killed thirty-nine canvasbacks in one afternoon in a small lake not far from his place. He did not know what they fed on, but found they ate a white, insipid-tasting root, which was not the wopato of the Coast country. Mr. Schultz says he never saw a redhead in his country, though canvasbacks were often there in numbers.

Wants Fur Country.

Mr. O. Goode, of Chicago, writes as follows:

"Can you kindly inform me in next week's paper how hunting and trapping for fur-bearing animals is in the counties of Taylor and Price, Wisconsin. Also how the land lays.

I cannot answer the above question. Can any Wisconsin man?

Will Stay in America.

Mr. H. J. Sprengle, who so ably represented the W.W. Greener gun exhibit at the Fair, will not return to England, but will hereafter show the gun over the counters of Henry C. Squires & Son of New York, for which service no one could be better qualified. Mr. Sprengle has been little in England since his connection with the Greener gun, having been assigned the charge of foreign exhibits very often. He spent some years in St. Petersburg, Russia. A bit of a linguist and an expert in his line, he can talk gun to the Queen's taste. Mr. Sprengle tells me that this week will see the last of his goods clear of the customs and on their way to New York, where Mr. Squires will have them. The American gun exhibits were all packed long ago, but the English exhibits were long delayed here, and the boys in Chicago have groaned in spirit over the enforced wait.

Died.

Last summer I mentioned the call at the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit of Hon. James Crow of Crystal Lake, Ill., and stated that he was one who had read FOREST AND STREAM from its first number. The Hon. James Crow died a week ago, full of years and honors. He was one of the early settlers in his locality, and a man much respected and beloved.

Gen. Dutus E. Coon, who was accidentally shot and killed by a friend while they were out hunting together near San Diego, Cal., a week ago to-day, was one of the early Iowa editors, a prominent officer in the late war, and admired by many friends as a good sportsman and worthy friend.

Fable of a Duck.

Once upon a Time there was one high in Authority, the same being the Manager of a Newspaper, and he had many Slaves. Verily, said all the People, he had a Cinch. Now a person in a far Country sent to this man a Good Thing, to wit, a Canvasback Duck, and the Duck was passing Fat. But lo! one of the Slaves fell upon this Duck, and took it Home and Ate it. And he was Glad, and so were all the Little Slaves. When the one high in Authority learned that his Good Thing was Gone, he said to the Slave, "Where is my Duck?" And the Slave said, "What Duck?" "Marry," said the one high in Authority, "Come off, also go To, Sirrah. If you eat any More of my Good Things, you will make yourself Persona Non Grata to my Sight. Therefore, have a Care." Then the Slave bowed upon the Ground. But when he went Home, the Slave gathered all the little Slaves about his Knee, and he said, "My children, in View of the Uncertainties of Human Life, let me call your attention to one Fact, namely, that it is Better to eat your Good Thing first, and then to look for the Shipping Tag afterward." And the Little Slaves laid this to their Hearts, for lo! it was very Wise.

The Wabash Farmer.

"Git out o' there! Git out, blank you! What ye doin' there; say, you, git off'n that land!" called the bottom lands farmer to a shooter who was following his dog through the corn on the other side of the road.

The shooter paid no attention and the farmer called again, "Say, y' hear me! Git out o' that!"

The shooter turned, came on across the road to where the farmer stood and said, pleasantly:

"Good morning."

"Mornin'."

"How are you this morning, sir?"

"Middlin'."

"Am I on your land, sir?"

"Nope."

"Is that so? Well, was I on your land when you called to me?"

"Nope."

"Why, I thought you ordered me off."

"Did."

"Well, don't you own any of this land?"

"Nope."

"Where is your land?"

"Haint got none. D' ye take me fer a millionaire?"

"Oh, perhaps your neighbors own that land?"

"No they don't neither. Don't none o' us own no land. On'y man 'at owns any land hyur is Jedge Jinkins, an' he lives in Injunaperlis."

"Oh, then you rent that land across the road?"

"No I don't, neither. What makes ye think thet?"

"Why, you ordered me off."

"Seems like you take a good deal fer granted. So you thought I owned that land?"

"It looked that way."

"Er rented it?"

"Well, yes."

"Humph. Don't none of us own no land 'round hyur, 'n I don't rent thet land ercrost the road, 'n I don't rent this neither. I just live hyur, don't never pay no rent."

"Well, then, what in the world do you mean by ordering me off that land?"

"Oh, I was jest a-hollerin'."

"Oh, you were?"

"Yep. I was jest a-hollerin' to be a-hollerin'. Seems like a feller ought to hev some rights in this world."

"Well, you haven't any right to order me off from land you don't own or control."

"Haint, eh?"

"No, you haven't."

"Humph! Say?"

"Well."

"I've just come out of jail."

"You have?"

"Yep. Was in jail six months. Tuk a shote, 'n' they proved it on me. Was you ever in jail?"

"No, I can't say I ever was."

"Then you don't know a blame thing erbout it?"

"No."

"You liable to be in jail soon?"

"I hope not."

"Then you aint liable ter know nothin' erbout et?"

"No, I guess not."

"Lemme tell you."

"Well."

"It's mighty lonesome in jail."

"That so?"

"Yep. Nothin' to do, you know."

"I suppose not."

"Nope. 'N then everybody's bossin' ye round all the time."

"Yes?"

"Seems like they kind o' look down on a feller 'ts in jail."

"Well, yes."

"Like they wus bettern he wus."

"Yes?"

"So a feller kaint have no good times at all, not in jail, et's so lonesome, you see."

"Yes, I see."

"He kaint boss nobody round, not in jail."

"No, I presume not."

"Humph! Well, now, when a feller gits out o' jail, when he hez been in fer stealin' a shote, fust thing he thinks of is whur he kin find ernuther shote."

"Yes?"

"Yep. 'N next thing is, whur he kin find some one to boss erround."

"Oh, I see."

"Yep. You see, my wife she left me when I went to jail."

"Too bad."

"Oh, I don't know erbout that. But ye see, me a-bein' hyur all erlone, cookin' fer merself, cuttin' all the wood alone, you see—now, hyur I am, 'n I sees you over thur, en thinks I, I'll just holler at thet feller, 'n maybe he'll think I'm boss."

"Oh, I see now very well."

"Yep. Well, why in blank didn't you fall inter line, then?"

"Well, you see, that is—"

"Oh, it is, eh? Say, you, you know what I'd do, if I c'd see my way cl'ar to et?"

"No."

"Well, I'd lick you, right now, ef 'twasn't fer goin' to jail agin."

"You would, eh? Well—"

"Yes, thet's what I would. But you see, et's so lonesome in jail."

"Yes, I see."

"Er I'd show you who wus boss."

"I think I'd better be going."

"Well, good mornin'. Sorry you got to go. Seems like some fellers kain't git no sort o' chaince on earth. Reckon I'll go over to Bill Johnson's this afternoon. You know why?"

"No."

"He's got a boy 'at hes the rickets so' s 't he kaint hardly walk. I 'low I'll lick that boy. I'll shorely show these yer folks erround hyur who's boss." E. HOUGH.

900 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Preserving the Quail.

MR. S. N. AYERS of Blue Mountain, Miss., writes as follows concerning the manner in which he induces the negroes to refrain from robbing the nests of quail. It is well known that they are very fond of the eggs. He says: "I promised some time ago to give my plan of keeping negroes from robbing quail's nests. I give them a doz n and a half of hen eggs for every nest they find and report to me, providing the shells are left as proof of the hatching. I have been doing this for two years, and I have had nine nests reported, three last year and six this year. All hatched except one. If every shooter would offer some reward, I am satisfied that there would be twice as many quail left every year where darkies are numerous. Quail plentiful here this season. There are twice as many as there were last year. The hatching season was just right —dry. I have seen some bevies numbering between thirty and forty. * * * One day this season a friend and I killed forty-two quail, though we shot poorly."

B. WATERS.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

NATURE does not always favor the game, and it is pretty certain that the last of the open season in Maine is proving disastrous for moose, deer and caribou in the New England woods. Reports speak of snow 2½ and even 3ft. deep in northern Maine, and covered with a crust in some sections. Will the deer suffer? Ask the lumbermen who are disposed to have a supply of venison. Happily they are not all so disposed. Ask the native who has a pair of snowshoes and knows where there is a herd of deer. There are several reports in the air that the snow is so deep and crusted that the deer cannot run through it; that "they give right up!" Alas, for the herd of deer that some men get into! All the reasonable hunters are declaring that the law ought to cover crusting and slaughtering deer in the deep snow at any time. But who is going to be there to enforce it? The Maine papers are complaining of the shooting of fawns this season. One paper remarks that "the hunters ought to be ashamed of shooting the little deer calves. Many of these little deer—not larger than sheep—are seen on board the railway trains that lead out of the hunting regions." They ought to be ashamed. But are they? Burglars ought to be ashamed of breaking into houses and frightening innocent women and children. Massachusetts hunters who will go down the South Shore gunning, and in the absence of ducks and other large game birds, come back with their belts dangling with the smallest of the woods sparrow family, cannot be trusted in the Maine woods where there are fawns, even if they are not a month old. Alas, for the desire to kill something! The open season on Maine big game ends Jan. 1, and who is not glad of it? It has been a season most remarkable for the amount of game killed, and it is to be hoped that the breeding stock has not been reduced. Reports indicate that in some sections there are deer enough left, while other sections have been most severely hunted. To look at the matter reasonably, it would seem that only the extreme southern or southeastern range of the deer in Maine had been severely hunted this season, though the number taken has been remarkably large. Estimates vary, while there is little doubt but what 4,000 deer have been taken during the open season in Maine this fall. As for moose, following the reports would indicate at least 100 taken, though the killing of a moose is told of so many times that the reports are a good deal mixed. Of caribou, the number taken must be at least 200, and it would seem that this noble game is on the increase in the wilds of Maine. One has recently been taken by a party of Boston hunters, stopping at Billy Soule's beautiful camps up the Cupsuptic. This is explained by a gentleman well aquainted in the section to be the first instance of the taking of a caribou on the Cupsuptic for several years. One or two have also been taken north of Andover, according to reports. The lucky hunters to get the caribou at Billy Soule's were R. C. McQuillen, J. S. Clark, Jr., R. A. Davis and H. B. Callender, members of the Massachusetts Yacht Club. It seems that the caribou was shot on the ice in front of the camps, several members taking part in the shooting. The distance fired, the first shots, was 700yds. by measurement. At this long distance the caribou was wounded, and afterwards finished in the woods. It was a fine buck, and the head will be mounted for the club. The party is also reported to have killed twelve deer. Another most remarkable record, and one that speaks volumes for what protection of game has done in that State.

It is hoped that game protection will again be alive in Maine this winter. Game Commissioner Wentworth, of Bangor, is highly spoken of, and he is reported to be greatly interested in continuing the work so ably begun by Commissioner Stilwell, now deceased. Commissioner Stanley says that the border will be carefully looked after this winter. This border is looked upon as one of the best sources of game supply; a great breeding ground, from which the game will gradually drift south and toward the settlements. It is a section that cannot be much injured by sportsmen, on account of its remoteness, but it is the paradise of the skin hunters from over the Canadian border, who operate during the deep snows of winter. It is proposed to cover with extra service a fifty mile section of the border in the Allegash region; another of equal length in the region of Baker Lake and also another at Moose River. During the deep snows of February, and earlier if need be, two wardens will be put on guard in each of these sections. Beside this protection the Megantic Club will take care of a large section with its own men. It now looks like a winter of remarkably deep snows, such as have not prevailed for several years, and it is not proposed to allow Canadian or other skin hunters to destroy the moose, caribou and deer when the snows are so deep that they cannot escape. Indeed it is mentioned as undoubtedly one reason that big game has been so plenty the past season, that the past two or three winters have been noted for light depths of snow, and hence the game has wintered safely. It is not proposed to allow this good feature to be destroyed by the greed of a few hunters who care for nothing but pelts.

A curiosity in Boston market during the Christmas trade was the carcass of an immense bear. The meat alone weighed 250lbs., and it is estimated by Mr. Wheeler, of the firm of Hyde & Wheeler, where the fellow was shown, that alive he must have weighed 300lbs. He was as fat as a hog, and as long as a good-sized steer. He was shipped from Anson, Me. Bears have also been remarkably plenty in Maine this fall. A gentleman, Mr. Charlie Keyo, who has a brother in the Rangeley region, who has lately been on a visit to some of the lumber camps, says that his brother writes that it is the common remark of hunters and lumbermen that on the first snows the following of deer tracks was almost sure to end in the finding of a big bear track. This latter track has usually set the hunters wild, and they have taken up the following of bruin, seeking his winter quarters. A hunter is reported to have come upon the tracks of a big bear in the Cupsuptic region, some days ago, which he decided to follow. He kept on a while, though it was drawing near nightfall. Soon he came upon the bear and shot him. It was a big one. Standing over his fallen game and meditating what to do next, as there was but little time in which to get back to camp before dark, he suddenly saw another hunter coming on the trail in hot pursuit. Soon he saw that it was the indefatigable Billy Soule. When Billy saw the fallen bear he exclaimed, "I'm glad you've shot him; it has saved me a night in the woods. I had made up my mind to camp on the old fellow's tracks. You will find where I hit him, I think. Sure enough; examination showed that the bear had already been hard hit by Billy, who had taken a running shot. Now Billy will pardon me if this yarn is not exactly as it happened, since it was given to me second-hand, and all I care about is the fact that they got the bear. SPECIAL.

THAT .22 QUESTION.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Diamond Walt" wants to know where "Tode" is. Right on deck with both ears open, and saving up his pocket money for his bets on that coming match between our Western brother and Mr. Fellows. I am "not in it" with the experience of others who have given their testimony in regard to the .22 short, and hardly thought my few notes would bring forth such a torrent of recommendation and comdemnation in reference to the little cartridge.

My little Stevens has been lying idle for the past few weeks, and if the experiences of those who so highly laud the range and penetration of the .22 short are true, I shall hardly dare to use the little gun on the practice range, let alone taking it out "into the open air" as "Diamond Walt" suggests, in this thickly populated State.

However, I acknowledge to a certain extent, that I am somewhat surprised at the range of the .22 short. Thanksgiving Day several of us went out for target practice, and I took along both a .38 and .22. At 100yds. good shooting could be done with the .22 short, with no wind blowing, but as for its penetration, some of those wonderful stories must be discounted. In several instances the upright posts that held our targets, were hit, but not penetrated. These were of hemlock stuff, about 2½in. through.

A short time ago two gentlemen went squirrel shooting, one using a .22 and the other a .32-40. In several instances squirrels were hit hard with the .22 several times, but lived until brought down by another shot, while those hit with the .32-40 came down at once. Of course, in such shooting a smaller caliber is the best, for if the ball does not strike in the head or shoulders the game is practically worthless, as the larger bullet tears the flesh so badly, still if I were after game and wanted to get it, a larger caliber rifle would be more to my style.

There is no doubt but that if one should hold a .22 high, that the ball would travel several hundred yards, as was shown in the account of Mr. Von Iffland, but this will not do for accurate work.

If "Diamond Walt" comes east to settle his account with Mr. Fellows, I think that silk hat will get the best of it. Of course we know nothing about "Diamond Walt's" ability with a rifle, but are simply discussing the accuracy, range and penetration of the .22 cartridge.

"Diamond Walt's" prairie dog must have been an exceedingly slow one. Those who have tried to kill them with guns that get there quicker than a .22 know that the dogs will dodge at the flash of the rifle, and a .22 ball with so little powder behind it travels pretty slowly as compared with the larger bores. When we were using the Stevens in practice at 100yds., as cited above, we could distinctly hear the "spat" of the ball against the paper target, while in using the Winchester .38 we could not hear the ball strike.

A prairie dog sitting up at 303yds. is a pretty small mark for a rifle with the rear sight thrown up to the last notch, with coarse open sights, and with a charge so light as the .22 short, with a ball traveling so slowly, I should be inclined to think that prairie dog in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred would be perfectly secure. Are you sure, "Diamond Walt" that it was not such a case as was illustrated some few months ago, where one of our correspondents made a rattling good shot on a woodchuck, only to find that he had been stuffed and set up by some of the shooter's friends? Why I wouldn't risk a .22 short on our stupid bull-headed Rhode Island woodchucks here, let alone I could hit one at such a distance.

Citing the instance of the man from the East who went out after grizzly with a .22, which I referred to in my first notes, "Diamond Walt" says he wouldn't take back water if he should run foul of a bear with a .22. Excuse me. I doubt if a man could "hold a gun right" with such odds against him. A bear has got to have a pretty big hole bored through him to make him sick. A number of years ago Jim B. had a sheep ranch out in the Western country and for a number of weeks the bears had taken it into their heads to dine on lamb at the expense of my friend Jim and his partner. They built up a big corral of heavy stuff, but one big fellow climbed the stockade several times, until Jim got mad and said he would get him. He and old Jack (the hunter I mentioned in my first batch of notes) took up their station one night and waited for his highness. He came. Jim's .44 and Jack's big .45 Winchester opened the ball, but the grizzly grabbed a lamb and started over the stockade. It was so dark they hardly dared go after him, but the next morning tracked him up and found him full of holes. On the inside of the corral where he had climbed over Jim swears there was a trail of blood and matter a yard wide. Now what would a man with a .22 do? Probably climb a tree if he could get to one, same as our friend from the East did.

No, sir. Give me the little .22 for home practice, a .38 for target work and deer, and that's as far as I want to go. We took a .45 down in Maine a few years ago, thinking possibly we might come across bear; if we had taken down a .22 the boys would have left us at the last settlement.

Now I trust our Western brother will take no offense at my remarks. I want to see that match between him and Mr. Fellows in the near future, but I don't know, after all this talk, whether it will be safe for me to appear or not. TODE.

Game Notes from Illinois.

JERSEYVILLE, Ill., Dec. 18.—A party of our sportsmen, consisting of Judge P. D. Cheney, Hon. T. S. Ferns, J. D. Perrings, Moses Collenberger and J. A. Davis, are down on Red River, Arkansas, in quest of game. Word just received from there announces the fact that game is plenty, such as geese, ducks and turkeys, while a few miles from their camp deer and bear can be found in fair numbers. Quail have been quite plenty with us in this vicinity this season and fair bags have been made. The season now closed leaves plenty of birds, in fact more than for several years, for next season's stock, if the winter is anything like favorable for them. From some unknown cause, rabbits are scarce. L. S. HANSELL.

BILL CHADWICK'S BOOK.

"The General" sends us this cutting from the New York *Recorder*, which will interest those who, in the good old days gone by, used to resort to the famous Jersey shooting headquarters:

I BELIEVE it was the quaintest, most old-fashioned house I have ever seen in my life. It originally consisted of a little hovel of three rooms, and the connecting places of the new additions that had been added during the three succeeding generations were plainly visible. As it stood, with the old-fashioned porch running almost around it close to the ground and the ruddy glow of red hot stoves and open fireplaces shining on the window-panes, it presented anything but an uninviting aspect, and we went in.

While my companions were making the necessary arrangements for the gunners and guides and stowing away in them (the guides) the necessary amounts of applejack to bring them in touch with the shooting expedition, which brought us to the Jersey coast, I was attracted by a big, well worn book at the upper end of the bar.

"That's my register," said "Uncle Bill" Chadwick, who stood near me. "I guess it's nearly as old as you are."

He was pretty nearly right, for the first entry was made in the winter of 1863. It runs as follows: "Gilbert Davis visited this house for the first time in 1833 and continued to come till the present time. On his first visit he shot 200 good duck and nine geese. Elijah Cornell and John Thorne were also pioneers in 1833."

Under the date of Dec. 19, 1869, there is written: "The steamer Circassian came ashore this evening abreast this house. Mrs. Ellis, the captain's wife, and passengers were brought ashore by William Chadwick in a life car in one hour from the time she stranded."

A week later there was another wreck when "Capt. George G. Wallace, of Philadelphia, was saved by a miracle from the schooner B. C. Scribner, which came ashore here and went to pieces. Two men were drowned."

I turned to "Uncle Bill" for further particulars. "There was a high sea at the time," said he, "and the captain and his men were washed overboard before the vessel struck. The men went down and the captain grabbed a floating timber and was washed ashore. He was nearly dead when we picked him up."

Some of the early comers were not content with merely writing their names so they affixed their professions, callings and addresses. Here are samples: John Bates, Indian doctor, Flemington, N. J.; Castro De Haven, artist in colors, New York; Charles Smith, mason, Toms River; George C. De Marini, 9 East Seventeenth street, New York; Fred Goodridge, 239 Fifth avenue.

Following the names of three men who arrived Aug. 2, 1870, there are these notes: "Killed 377 large birds in ten days; 74 were marlin and curlew. Best day's bag was 72 at 'Uncle Sammy's.'" "Uncle Sammy" was the name of one of the guides who controlled good shooting grounds near by.

"Horace Greeley goes away to-day with a happy heart and a full stomach, and he got it at Chadwick's, and don't you forget it." I stared in amazement as I read this, and calling my host's attention to it, ran it over again.

"Was he the editor?" I asked.

"Yes, that's him." was the reply. "He signed his name there and one of his friends told him he ought to write something more. He laughed and said nobody could read it if he did write anything. One of the men who was with him said he would write what Mr. Greeley wanted, and that's what he said. He came down here to rest awhile in the spring of 1871."

Here are some of the scores: "Charles T. Jackson, Francis Endicott, New York, wind N.E. A little more apple juice than necessary but we get there just the same. Killed 60 large birds, middle stand, Sept. 15, 1873.

"Dec. 15, 1873.—Lord William E. D. Vyse, London, England, Crofton Manor, West End. Thomas E. D. Powson, Antonio Raines, George Weber, Thomas A. P. Vyse killed 212 ducks and 14 geese in five days."

An honest confession is shown in this record: "Nov. 28, 1874.—J. H. Spellman, R. K. Buckman, P. G. Sanford, New York, killed 32 ducks in two days, canvasbacks and rednecks. Any one reading this would think we were corkers. We cannot tell a lie. Our gunners (guides) killed 27 of the 32 in two days—broadbills, black duck and hell divers. The other five dropped dead from fright."

In the spring of '75 the first fish story was put in black and white. Three men during one day caught 138 bluefish, amounting in weight to 860lbs. The fish weighed from 5 to 12lbs. each. Then as I turned over the leaves I came upon a yarn that set me thinking.

"May 29, 1876.—S. M. Blatchford accomplished the wonderful and unprecedented feat of catching with rod and reel on one hook and at one cast 13 dogfish, the largest weighing 19½lbs. This was witnessed by William Chadwick, F. Endicott, W. Fleming and R. D. Offerby, who affix their names as a token of honesty, good faith and truth."

"Why, it's impossible," I said.

"True as gospel."

"How?"

"Well, you see, it happened like this. After a big struggle he landed the biggest dogfish. The brute had swallowed the hook and had to be cut open. Twelve little dogfish flopped out. They were put in the water and swam away."

Here is a man who certainly was a thorough sport, and wanted to be "in it" at all stages. He took up half a page to write these lines:

NOTICE.

TELEGRAPH TO
WILLIAM A. DAY,
53 West 29th street,
New York City,

Whenever the flight of snipe commences, or there is a good run of bluefish; or canvasbacks evince a desire to be shot. Sure! Sure!! Sure!!!

The next man inscribed the following on one full page:

ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE
3d of June, 1876,
AT ABOUT HALF FLOOD,
THERE DIED
at the foot of the bridge
A STRIPED BASS
Weighing 47 pounds,
KILLED BY
F. ENDICOTT,
with rod and reel in his usual elegant manner.
Witnesses signed: William Chadwick, R. D. Offerby, W. A. Day.

On Sept. 17, 1876, the register was again used for a log, when the following note was made: "During a fearful northeast gale the bark Magdalena Griffin, from Angastora, S. A., for New York, came ashore five miles south of this point. All souls saved. The vessel lost."

There is a good one under the date of Aug. 29, 1877: "The Lazy Club was inaugurated to-day. Bill Chadwick too lazy to join. Jim Lilly voted president; Deacon Berg, secretary; Gil Chadwick, messenger boy."

I looked askance at "Uncle Bill," who stood by my side. "Yes, that's right," he said. "There was no fish running then, and for want of something better to do they started the Lazy Club. Any man found moving faster than a walk had to pay a fine of $5 or else stand treat three times in succession. If any one talked loud he was fined $1, and any one who showed any signs of feeling or liveliness, or talked about work had to buy on the minute."

The next entry of interest encountered was on Sept. 15: "P. R. Jones landed a 52lbs. whip ray, 7ft. 5in. long, with rod and reel this day. Tide ebb. He was almost pulled in the water, and in landing the gaff was broken."

Of course there were several names signed to this as responsible witnesses. Not a story of this kind in the book for that matter was without attests and signers.

Again the log book keeper shows his hand: "Oct. 2, 1879. Steamer Charles F. Mayer, Captain Seth Hand, Boston to Baltimore, came ashore here, 17 souls aboard, all saved."

A few passages further the following appeared: "Collector Cook, of Asbury Park, the well-known sport, this day attempted to kill a bushel basket thrown in the air by Gen. Patterson. He missed the basket and wounded Bill Chadwick's only cow. He received one day's notice from the angry citizens to leave, *and he left!*"

HARRY B. WILSON.

DEER AND TURKEY IN WEST VIRGINIA.

MEADVILLE, Pa.—I take great interest in your paper, and I never read an article from any one without first noticing the name of the author and wondering what his personality may be. Thinking that other readers of your paper may feel the same, let me introduce myself. I am a teacher and have been for over forty years. Were it not for the benefit I have derived from the many hunting and fishing excursions and outdoor exercise, I would not now be living to pen these lines. I am an all-around hunter, but fox hunting and wild turkey shooting are my favorite amusements. Though only an ordinary shot with both rifle and fowling piece, I am generally very successful, simply because I have made the nature and habits of the fox and wild turkey a life study. I am passionately fond of music and am something of a musician, but the sweetest music to my ear is the deep baying of my hounds when on the trail of a fox, and the *pee, pee; pee; conk, conk, conk* in the deep forests of his majesty, the king of all game birds—the wild turkey.

For many years past during the month of November or December I have alone or with some of my friends taken a few weeks off hunting wild turkeys in the wilds of Ohio, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Michigan and other places, so last month Messrs. A. M. Gundaker, H. A. Johnson, Clate Kelso and myself arranged to spend a week or two in the mountain wilds of West Virginia hunting deer and wild turkeys. Messrs. Gundaker and Kelso went at the appointed time to locate a place and wrote us from Romney. On our way to Cumberland, Md., we met a number of hunting parties, among them one from Washington, Pa., the leader of which was the veteran hunter and presiding elder of the Methodist Conference, Rev. J. F. Core. I think he was the most genial gentleman I ever met—full of fun and good stories. He is a fine looking man and true sportsman. He had by far the finest Winchester rifle I ever saw, and it is said that he is a dead shot.

From Cumberland we took a branch road to Romney, arriving there at 10 o'clock A. M. At Romney we engaged a livery rig to take us to George H. Johnson's, six miles up the Potomac River, arriving there about noon. Gundaker and Kelso had gone out deer hunting, and did not get in till evening. Johnson's is the headquarters of all the hunters in that region, and the Johnson plantation is one of the largest and best known in that part of the State. Mr. Johnson is a true type of the Southern gentleman, and hospitable, a skilled hunter and a good shot. He has three sons, chips of the old block, all stalwart men and sportsmen. Each carries a Winchester and knows how to use it.

The country is very mountainous—a chain of the Alleghanies, and at that place the mountains are from 2,000 to 3,000ft. high, and the surface is covered with a kind of lava or stone, and it is almost exactly like walking on the slag used on railroads. It is extremely hard to walk on and very destructive to shoe leather.

The game, both deer and turkey, is found on the mountains, and to reach the hunting grounds we had to climb at least 2,000ft. All game is on the benches or the extreme top. The hunting grounds are either very open or very thickly covered, and turkeys are found in the former and deer in the latter places. To hunt to any advantage one must use a long-range gun, a rifle and shot for turkeys and a Winchester for deer; and unless he is a good shot and knows something of the nature and habits of deer and turkeys he has no business there.

There are two seasons of the year best adapted to turkey shooting. The first is at the opening of the shooting season, the first of October, while the leaves are on the trees, and the flocks are together, before they are hunted and become scattered and wild; and the other is after the snow falls, about the first of December, till the shooting closes, Jan. 1. After the leaves have fallen, about the first of November, till the snow comes, is the poorest time in the year for hunting owing to the extreme dryness on the mountains, causing the leaves to rattle so a person can be heard walking nearly half a mile. We went too late for the early and too early for the late shooting. I knew this, but as some of the party could not go at any other time we took our chance, and had poor success, bringing home only one deer and two turkeys—small game does not count.

There are many methods of securing a shot at a turkey, but by far the most successful one is to call them up. There are several ways of doing this. The best I have ever tried is to take a bone from the wing of a small turkey. This bone is about as large as a pipe stem and say three to four inches long. Cut off both ends, leaving it hollow; put one end in the mouth, clasp both hands around the other end; suck the air through vigorously at quick intervals; manipulate the third and fourth finger of the left hand. When closed tightly around the bone the soft notes *pee, pee, pee,* are made, then throw them open, bringing out the louder notes, *conk, conk, conk.* This produces exactly the same sound that a turkey makes, and will deceive the oldest and smartest gobbler living. The Indians use a piece of hard board, mortised by burning, and the noise is made by rubbing their tomahawk handle on it. A knife and a board six inches square, with nails driven into the edge, makes a good call. A patent call resembling a cigar holder is used by many. Any blind nearest at hand when the hunter gets an answer to his call—a log, tree, stump, rock, or even a pile of brush, anything for concealment, till the turkey comes within range. The hunter must shoot promptly or the game is gone, as the wild turkey is the sharpest-eyed game bird in existence.

The trouble with deer driving is the hunter who is fortunate enough to bring down the game has no more claim to it than every member in the party, so the game must be divided or some one purchases the others' shares; thus a hunter often has to buy his own game at a good round price.

Both deer and turkeys are quite plentiful still in Virginia. On one drive that I participated in we routed seven deer and a flock of turkeys so close to Romney that a bullet fired from the bed of the deer or roosting place of the turkeys would have crashed through a window of the court house if aimed at that building.

I found many things of interest while roaming through the wilds and over the mountains, among which were indications of the rebellion. One day I came upon a fort remaining just as it was left 30 years ago. Then the ground around it was perfectly cleared away; now it is covered with a thick growth of trees nearly a foot in diameter. The embankments of the fort and the rifle pits were almost perfect.

Excepting a little jealousy on the part of the local hunters, the people were very kind. A. W. SMITH.

Out of the Log Into the Dog.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, Dec. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following remarkable incident occurred in Smithfield Cañon in the early autumn of the present year, and while it may sound "fishy," even to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, the truth of the story is vouched for by three young men whose veracity is unquestioned by those who know them: My brother and two companions were in the cañon after logs, and were accompanied by a large dog of the every-day variety, which soon found amusement in barking at a timber squirrel treed by him. Fearing the dog would injure his vocal organs, the boys decided to assist in getting the squirrel out of the tree, but no sooner had they succeeded in doing this than the little fellow took refuge in a hollow log open at one end. At this aperture the dog took up his position, and continued his noisy, but harmless attack. One of the boys, with axe in hand, commenced the task of cutting the log in two, while his companions stood in full view of the open end of the log, which was not much larger than the dog's wide, gaping mouth. No sooner had the cutting commenced than the squirrel, becoming alarmed, bounded out of his hiding place and disappeared down the dog's capacious throat, who gave two or three convulsive gulps, and the squirrel was no more. "His dogship" showed no signs of distress after partaking of his unusual dinner. A. H. WOODRUFF.

Michigan Winter and the Game.

IN a note dated Dec. 12 and published in your paper, I am made to say that two feet of snow was a greater depth than we have had here for some years. It should have read "at that date." Our snows for the last half dozen years have not lain as deep as formerly—seldom exceeding two feet at any time. Just now we have a thaw, with heavy rains. KELPIE.

Will Dry Out.

"THE Hannaford Ventilated Rubber Boots which I bought in December last have proved as represented. They keep my feet warm, but do not sweat them. I have put these boots on with my socks wet through, and after going over my route found that my socks were dry." Respectfully, GEO. M. WOLFF,
—*Adv.* Carrier Boston Post Office.

BURR'S GUNOLEUM is a new preparation for use on shotguns, rifles, revolvers, and all metals, and is warranted to prevent rust on iron, steel, copper, brass and nickel. It is not affected by heat or cold, and is thoroughly waterproof against *salt water*. It is conveniently put up in tubes similar to those used by artists, and so can be carried and applied with great ease and handiness.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Kamloops Salmon.

A FEW weeks ago Mr. J. M. Buxton, of Vancouver, B. C., wished for information about landlocked salmon, and it not being clear in my mind whether he referred to the fish called ouananiche in Canada and landlocked salmon in Maine, where it was originally found—in other words the *Salmo salar* that has not been to sea, or the newly discovered landlocked salmon, allied to the Pacific salmons, found in British Columbia, I wrote him about both species.

In reply he sent me the following interesting letter, from which I quote:

"The fish I mentioned to your brother is not the ouananiche which I think is found in several of the larger lakes of British Columbia. I have come across at least two distinct species of what I consider were once landlocked salmon, and which I have never seen above 1½lbs. in weight. One, I believe, is the same as the 'sockeye salmon' (this is the red salmon (*O. nerka*) which Bean says is called 'Sawqui' or 'Sukkegh') and the other is the exact counterpart of the humpback salmon. The landlocked salmon referred to in the FOREST AND STREAM as caught in Kamloops Lake, is not a landlocked fish. The writer of the article must have been either joking or ignorant of the fish in British Columbia.

"I have caught the same fish all the way from the salt water itself, in the tributaries of the Frazer, to some

hundred miles beyond Kamloops Lake. It is one of our commonest fish. Millions of all kinds of salmon pass through Kamloops Lake every year on their way to the North Thompson and the tributaries of the Great Shuswap Lakes. This fish, the so-called Kamloops landlocked salmon, rarely goes over 4lbs., and gives one excellent sport with the fly.

"The two species of fish I mentioned above are never seen except at spawning time, and are found in lakes to which salmon have access as well as those that are inaccessible. I will, however, send you a specimen of each, in spirits, next year."

As to the ouananiche being found in the lakes of British Columbia, I think Mr. Buxton must be mistaken, unless they have been planted artificially, for there is no evidence that the Atlantic salmon (*Salmo salar*), for that is what the ouananiche really is, was ever found in the Pacific coast waters. But he does not make a point of this as he does that the Kamloops Lake salmon is not landlocked, and upon this subject he speaks from his personal familiarity with this fish and the waters where it is found.

Who the writer in FOREST AND STREAM may be that is referred to I do not know, but Jordan described and named the fish in FOREST AND STREAM Nov. 10, 1892, although it is not likely that he is the man. Jordan, it is quite apparent, has no personal knowledge of the habitat and habits of the fish, for he quoted the information furnished him on these points, but as to his classification, it will require a brave man to question it successfully.

The same issue of FOREST AND STREAM that contained Jordan's description of this new Kamloops salmon has an article with the caption "Salmo Kamloops," but it sheds no light upon the subject in question. It is possible that the small landlocked salmon mentioned by Mr. Buxton may be Bean's *O. kennerleyi*, a landlocked salmon found in British Columbia and Washington, and reaches a weight a little above a pound. When the promised specimens arrive next year they will undoubtedly aid to solve all difference of opinion on the subject that may now exist as to the identity of species.

Sturgeon Eggs.

Dr. Bashford Dean writes me, 'supplementary to his paper on "Spawning Conditions of Sturgeon," printed in FOREST AND STREAM Dec. 16, as follows: "The fish were all brought in by fishermen—in poor condition, out of water several hours, and in most cases probably stunned at time of capture. The fertilization, nevertheless, was readily accomplished. The eggs are easily taken from the spawning fish and the name given these locally, 'runners,' shows the fluid manner of egg extrusion.

"Several estimates were made of the number of eggs spawned, and it is safe to say that 2,000,000 is perhaps the average. In three fish I think they ran 2,300,000, 1,830,000 and 1,950,000."

I have not had any extensive experience with sturgeon fishing, but in the little that I have had, which was lake fishing, the fishermen, as the net was lifted and the sturgeon's head came within reach, gaffed the fish with a short-handled gaff like a meat hook—oftentimes two men gaffed the fish at the same time, and then proceeded to belabor it over the head with a club until it was dead, when it was thrown into the bottom of the boat to remain for several hours perhaps before the boat even returned to shore. I have often wondered if under such conditions the vitality of the spawn was destroyed, and judging from Dr. Dean's letter that I have quoted from, it is not.

The Howietoun Fishery.

I think that it will be admitted generally that at the Howietoun Fishery, Sterling, Scotland, of which Sir James Maitland is the proprietor, fishculture is conducted as carefully, thoroughly and scientifically as in any similar establishment in the world. I have recently received the circular of the Howietoun Fishery for the season of 1893 and '94, and upon comparing it with the circular of 1892–3 I find a marked change in the language used when that was issued.

Speaking of trout for stocking or restocking waters: "If there is any depth of water, big two-year-olds will always be the safest and the speediest mode of stocking, but in many lakes, and in some rivers, the quantity of fish required is so large that, in the interest of due economy, time must be sacrificed, and some mode of stocking cheaper than by two-year-olds resorted to. If there are many small, gravelly streams suitable for young fry from alevinage to six months old, and clear water in abundance, their ova sown in redds is undoubtedly the best method; if there are small streams feeding the water to be stocked, but not sufficiently clear to insure the success of ova sown in redds, then three-month-olds fry are to be recommended; but our experience is that there is no half-way house between ova sown in redds and three-month-olds fry. Younger fry are too risky; they may do, but only where ova would do as well, and at half the cost." It may be well to say in this connection that "redds" are not unlike spawning beds, artificially prepared, in which the eyed ova, at the point of hatching, is planted. The circular continues: "Yearlings are, *par excellence*, the size for general purposes. They are strong enough to find their own food, thus avoiding the principal cause of mortality among fry, namely, starvation; they are easily carried, and stand the journey well; they accommodate themselves with the greatest facility to new water, and they thrive so fast in ponds that they will be found a very profitable investment."

These are excellent reasons why yearlings should be used for planting, and I have faith that it will not be very long before those who now advocate the planting of fry the moment the umbilical sac is absorbed will be converted to the use of yearlings.

I see that fish are cheaper in England than in the United States. Native English trout, *fario*, cost as yearlings, delivered at the railway station, $50, and two-year-olds cost $125 per thousand each. In this country our native trout are held, as yearlings, at $65 per thousand, and as two-year-olds at $150 per thousand.

Pennsylvania Fish Commission.

In a personal letter from Fish Commissioner Demuth, of Pennsylvania, occurs this paragraph: "Our hatcheries are in good shape this year. At Allentown and Corry we have 1,600,000 eggs each in process of hatching, and we expect to have at least 3,000,000 trout fry for distribution in the spring of 1894. We also intend to build a hatchery for shad on the Delaware River, and be ready to operate it on the spring run of fish. We will have trouble with our applications for fish this season, as the Legislature passed an act making it necessary for all applications to be signed by a member of the House or Senate before going to the hatchery. We have always endeavored to give every applicant fish, without regard to location, *if the waters were suitable.*" This is a strange provision on the part of the law makers, and smacks too much of politics and "pulls," and that sort of thing. Even New York has not got to that point, although it was once advocated by one of the superintendents some years ago, and I understand he tried to put this method in practice. Fish Commissioners are appointed for the purpose of making the very best use of all the fish raised by the State, and it is for their own interest and to their credit to make the fish go as far as possible in stocking the suitable waters of the entire State, and to a man up a tree it would appear that the whole matter of fish rearing and fish planting could be left in their hands, without interference on the part of a middleman to approve of applications, who in the very nature of things is not supposed to know as much about proper waters for certain fish as the men to whom the applications would otherwise go direct.

A. N. CHENEY.

Mississippi Fish Slaughter.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 23.—The Dubuque (Iowa) *Trade Journal* prints the following in its November issue. Will the present or incoming Fish Commissioners of Iowa please copy into his hat:

"Vandalism in regard to the fish in the Mississippi River at Dubuque is on the rampage. Seiners are dragging the stream to the complete destruction of the life therein. Cartloads of the fish appear in the market, of all sizes, from the largest down to five inches in length, the latter weighing probably two ounces. Smaller fry are thrown on the bank to perish. All kinds of game have been exterminated in this region, and the fish in the noble river seems similarly doomed. And this, too, notwithstanding the fact that it is understood that the Government has to some extent been restocking the water. Is there no way to stop this wholesale slaughter of the finny tribe? Wisconsin has taken the matter in hand and those draggers of seines and owners of nets are liable to penalties as far as its shores extend. Iowa ought to copy its laws, if not, make more stringent ones, and sportsmen and others ought to see that they be enforced." E. H.

Fishculture and Fish Protection.

THE COAST FISHERY CONFERENCE.

Proceedings of Conference Held to Consider the Subject of the Exhaustion of Coast Line Food Fishes.

OFFICIAL REPORT BY SECRETARY E. P. DOYLE.

THE conference was held pursuant to the following

CALL.

NEW YORK, Nov. 15, 1893.

DEAR SIR—The growing scarcity of edible fishes along our coast line, from Maine to Virginia, is a matter of importance that should not be overlooked by the States interested. The cause or causes of this diminution should be ascertained, and some remedy, if possible, should be applied at once by the enactment of simple and uniform legislation in all of the seaboard States, before the now reduced supply becomes further exhausted. With this object in view, and with a desire for a full, impartial and thorough examination of the whole subject, we, the undersigned citizens of the State of New York, have determined that some effort should be made to obtain a conference of the Commissioners of Fisheries, as well as other citizens of the seaboard States interested, who have made the matter a study, in order that some plan of action be adopted to secure the protection and preservation of food fishes. We, therefore, invite you cordially and request that you will personally invite such citizens of your State as may feel sufficient interest in this matter, to attend a conference to be held at the office of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the State of New York, at No. 53 Broadway, New York city, Wednesday, Dec. 13, 1893, at 10 o'clock A. M. This invitation or request will be extended to all members of the Commissions of Fisheries of the States of Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, and the Commissioners in addition will be requested to invite such citizens of their States as would be likely to take sufficient interest in the matter to attend such conference.

We sincerely hope that your State may be represented by you, as well as by other citizens, at this conference, and that the results may prove of benefit to all the seaboard States.

Please acknowledge the receipt of this communication as promptly as possible, and give such expression of your sentiments on the subject as you may entertain, and advise us whether you will be present at the conference. We remain yours very respectfully,

Austin Corbin,	William K. Vanderbilt,
Henry W. Bookstaver,	Calvin E. Pratt,
Henry P. McGown,	Phineas C. Lounsbury,
Robert B. Roosevelt,	Wm. P. Clyde,
H. C. Fahnstock,	W. Bayard Cutting,
John L. Hil,	Richard V. Hartnett,
W. C. Harris,	Charles B. Reynolds,
Charles E. Whitehead,	George G. DeWitt,
Henry S. Wilson,	Alex. Taylor, Jr.,
W. B. Williams,	Wm. M. Fleiss,
Albert E. Cochran,	Samuel F. Prentiss,
James E. Hulshizer,	John S. W. Thompson,
Edwin M. Felt,	Timothy L. Woodruff,
Thos. N. Cuthbert,	Paul Worth,
T. B. Williams,	H. A. Craft,
James W. Beers,	S. W. Doubleday,
Silas C. Force,	Fred Mather,
I. F. Parker,	Ezra S. Connor,
George H. Penniman,	Watts T. Miller,
Jenkins Van Schaick,	P. Howard Worth.
Arthur M. Hunter,	

L. D. HUNTINGTON,
W. H. BOWMAN,
DAVID G. HACKNEY,
ROBERT HAMILTON,
A. SYLVESTER JOLINE,
} Commissioners of Fisheries State of New York.

The convention was called to order at 10:30 A. M. Wednesday, Dec. 13, 1893, in the reception parlor of the Gerlach, 55 West Twenty-seventh street, New York city. William H. Bowman, one of the Commission of Fisheries of the State of New York, was elected chairman, and Edward P. Doyle, secretary and engineer of the same Commission, was elected secretary. The following delegates were present: Bushrod W. James, Philadelphia, Pa. E. A. Brackett, Commissioner of Fisheries, Massachusetts. Leonard Hulitt, Asbury Park, N. J. D. T. Church, Tiverton, R. I. Sylvanus Smith, Gloucester, Mass. David Banks, 10 West Fortieth street, New York. B. T. De Butts, Boston, Mass. H. B. Joyce, Boston, Mass. Atkins Hughes, Truro, Mass. J. M. R. Southwick, Commissioner of Fisheries, Newport, R. I. A. Walling, Jr., Keyport, N. J. James F. Edge, Asbury Park, N. J. Caleb Haley, Fulton Market, New York. George M. Vail, Orient, L. I., N. Y. J. O. Lewis, Wickford, R. I. Luther Maddocks, Boothbay, Me. George N. Bliss, East Providence, R. I. Parker W. Page, Commissioner of Fisheries, Summit, N. J. Robert D. Foote, Commissioner of Fisheries, Morristown, N. J. James B. Church, Tiverton, R. I. John T. Hangard, New York. James F. Church, Bailey's Island, Me. A. W. Rowe, Philadelphia, Pa. A. E. Potter, New York. Edward G. Whitaker, New York. Alfred Hand, Philadelphia, Pa. Charles F. Chamberlayne, Bourne, Mass. Nelson Lockwood, North Long Branch, N. J. S. M. Johnson, Boston, Mass. Henry C. Ford, Philadelphia, Pa. H O. Wilbur, Philadelphia, Pa. John F. Sudler, Commissioner of Fisheries, Maryland. C. H. Augur, New York. A M. Spangler, Philadelphia, Pa. B. L. Douredoure, Philadelphia, Pa. Jas. H. Miller, Philadelphia, Pa. Cyrus S. Detre, Philadelphia, Pa. Harry W. Quick, Philadelphia, Pa. Wm. Thompson, Philadelphia, Pa. George Coe, Bay Shore, L. I., N. Y. Edward Thompson, Northport, L. I., N. Y. George T. Moon, New York. I. C. Young, Long Wharf, Boston, Mass. Wm. Findlay Brown, Philadelphia, Pa. Henry A. Reeves, Greenport, L. I., N. Y. Robert B. Chalker, Saybrook, Conn. I. Spicer Leaming, Cape May City, N. J. Colonel Marshall McDonald, United States Fish Commissioner, Washington, D. C. Dr. Bashford Dean, Columbia, S. C. Robert F. Walsh, New York. Fred Mather, Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y. Dr. John D. Quackenbos, Columbia College, New York. Edward Sternfeld, New York. Robert E. Follett, Commissioner of Fisheries, Connecticut. Judge Henry P. McGown, New York. Edwin R. Kelsey, Connecticut. Col. John Gay, Commissioner of Fisheries, Pennsylvania. Joseph Belser, New Haven, Conn. L. D. Huntington, Commissioner of Fisheries, New York. W. H. Bowman, Commissioner of Fisheries, New York. Robert Hamilton, Commissioner of Fisheries, New York. David G. Hackney, Commissioner of Fisheries, New York. Edward P. Doyle, Secretary Commission of Fisheries, New York. Albert E. Cochran, New York. Robert B. Roosevelt, New York. Dr. William M. Hudson, Hartford, Conn. Mayor Frank L. Ten Broeck, Asbury Park, N. J. Alvin P. Hildreth, Riparian Commissioner, New Jersey. William T. Fox, New York. Watts T. Miller, New York. Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, Washington, D. C. Sakaye Sawatari, Japan. Frank J. Amsden, Rochester, N. Y. Isaac Smith, Staten Island. M. F. Collins, Staten Island. M. Fitzgerald, Staten Island. M. Fitzgerald, Jr., Staten Island. J. Warren Pond, Chief Game and Fish Protector, Malone, N. Y. C. B. Reynolds, New York. John A. Githens, Asbury Park, N. J. Robert Potter, Long Branch, N. J. A. Val. Woodruff, Brooklyn, L. I., N. Y. F. R. Jorgensen, Gravesend, L. I., N. Y. Julius Nelson, State Geologist, New Brunswick, N. J. John Hennessey, North Long Branch, N. J. J. W. Adams, Boston, Mass. M. C. Lohrens, Belford, N. J. Pulaski Benjamin, Fulton Market, N. Y. J. R. Reed, Boston, Mass. Owen E. Houghton, D. D. S., Brooklyn, L. I., N. Y. A. A. Adams, 199 Fulton street, New York. L. P. Streeter, Morristown, N. J. Louis Streuber, Commissioner of Fisheries, Harrisburg, Pa. W. F. Round, New York. W. B. Williams, New York. Alexander Taylor, Jr., Mamaroneck, N. Y. James Allen, New York.

MR. W. H. BOWMAN, on taking the chair, stated the object of the meeting, and said that there was no purpose in it other than to learn the truth as far as possible, and to ascertain the reasons for the complaints of the scarcity of food fish for hook and line men and anglers; that this interest, and the invested capital on a large scale, if found to conflict with each other, should endeavor so to adjust their relations toward each other as to remove friction in order that all might enjoy fishing privileges, and at the same time the food fishes of the coast be preserved by some efforts to be devised toward that end, should it be found that a depletion is going on.

At the suggestion of Mr. Roosevelt, the representatives of the various firms and interests in attendance upon the conference had their names and the names of their principals recorded.

MR. JAMES M. R. SOUTHWICK (Rhode Island) criticised the call as being "upside down," in that he construed it as beginning with a statement that there is a scarcity of fish and concluding with requesting an investigation.

THE CHAIR said that the object of the call was to get an assemblage of those competent to speak, and that there was no thought of pre-judging the merits of the matters that were to be discussed, that it was earnestly desired that every one should have the fullest opportunity to express his views, and if the necessity presented itself to the minds of the majority, the example occasionally afforded in politics could be followed, and they could "repudiate the platform and go the man."

MR. SOUTHWICK (R. I.) said that he represented no particular class of fishermen; the interests of the hook and line fishermen should be considered as well as the interests of the net fishermen, and he thought the objects of the conference would be better expressed by the following, which he offered:

Resolved, That the purpose of this conference is to inquire into the general condition of the coast fisheries and to consider what, if anything, can be done to improve them.

MR. GEORGE T. MOON (N. Y., Fulton Market) said that it seemed to be a waste of time to discuss shades of meaning; it was clearly enough expressed as to the object of the conference. An expression of opinion was the thing wanted as to whether there is a diminution of fish supply on our Atlantic Coast, and if so, would legislation, and what legislation, protect the interest of the people. To arrive at a satisfactory conclusion statistics were necessary, and he hoped that gentlemen were prepared with facts and figures and that the meeting would proceed to the business in hand with the least possible delay.

MR. CYRUS S. DETRE (Philadelphia) said it had been his privilege and pleasure for years to go a-fishing six months of each twelve along the New Jersey coast, and lately he had been on the coast of North Carolina; that he had noticed frequently the operations of the menhaden steamers. He said that it is his experience that the supply of game fishes is rapidly disappearing from the Atlantic seaboard, and while the menhaden industry as carried on does great havoc, he was convinced that the pound nets are far more disastrous. It seemed to him that the menhaden are disappearing rapidly, and he thought that by reason of their exhaustion the evil would regulate itself in the menhaden affairs, for the business would not pay. But the effect would be also felt on the food fishes supply, especially in the case of the bluefish, which, if they could not find bunkers, would feed on other tribes of food fish, such as weakfish and striped bass, which would also be deprived of the food supply that they had heretofore found in the menhaden. He did not speak with bias, nor as an uncompromising and out and out rod and reel man, but as an observer. There is no question that the food fish are being depleted, and it is true of the North Carolina coast. He had been told by net fishermen there that the two last successive seasons had been bad; that they are beginning to recognize the evil of what they are doing, and his informant said to him, "I will take up my pound if my neighbor will take up his." But I want to speak especially of the pound nets along the New Jersey coast. I understand there are about 28 pound nets between Barnegat Inlet and

Sandy Hook, or around Sandy Hook. These pound nets a few years ago did not do the damage that they are doing now, for the reason that they did not extend far enough into the sea. But within the last few years they have put on an extra leader that leads out into another pocket, and that pocket goes out to the bar and over the bar. We all know, or ought to know, that fish in feeding up and down the coast run in and out the inlets, especially striped bass, and feeding fish sometimes run along the bar, and over the bar, and between the bar and the shore. Therefore, fish that years ago used to escape by keeping a little further off are now picked up—all sorts of fish are picked up, all sizes of fish are picked up. These pounds are put out early in the season. Sea bass are caught with spawn and shad are caught with spawn; that destruction goes on all summer and immense numbers of weakfish are caught. I have seen 30,000, 40,000, 50,000, 60,000, 80,000, 120,000lbs. of fish taken out of one pound in one day. Fishing will have an end if that destruction is continued year after year. They used to tell us that the buffalo could not be exterminated, nor the salmon. I do not know much about mackerel, but they tell me that they are disappearing. In addition to the destruction in the early summer and in the spring, the baby fish are caught in the fall, and in the nets a great many, large and small, are crushed, especially the small ones. So many fish are sometimes thrown overboard that they become a nuisance on the shore. There is no question that the shore fish are disappearing.

MR. CALEB HALEY (N. Y. Fulton Market) called for papers and statistics.

A member of the conference inquired what method could be employed for taking fish for market were the pound nets to be taken up.

MR. CHAMBERLAYNE (Mass.) moved that the resolution that had been offered by Mr. Southwick be laid on the table and that a call be made for papers.

MR. A. WALLING, JR. (Keyport) offered as a substitute the following:

Resolved, That this conference adopt as the basis of its action the declaration of its chairman that the object of the meeting is a full and free consideration of the matters within the general purpose of the call, and that a general expression of views be invited.

This substitute was accepted, and the question being put it was carried.

The following gentlemen then indicated their purpose to present papers: D. T. Church, Rhode Island; J. M. R. Southwick, Rhode Island, Chas. M. Vail, Orient, L. I.; Chas. F. Chamberlayne, Massachusetts; Henry C. Ford, Pennsylvania; E. A. Brackett, Massachusetts; Henry A. Reeves, Long Island; Robert F. Walsh, L. D. Huntington, W. T. Fox, W. T. Miller, Albert E. Cochran, New York.

MR. WM. FINDLAY BROWN (Philadelphia) suggested as a time-saving expedient that the papers be read under a call of States, but this proposition was deferred for the present, and the conference acquiesced in the motion made by Mr. Roosevelt that the paper of Mr. Huntington be first read.

Mr. Huntington being temporarily absent, Mr. Daniel T. Church was heard. [Mr. Church's paper was given to a reporter, and up to time of this report going to press a duplicate had not been secured.]

MR. D. T. CHURCH went on to say as follows: In Holland they tried for 300 years to do with their fishing what these gentlemen are trying to do with our fishing, and as a consequence their fishing industry was almost destroyed. But now they let it alone, and since they have had "free" fishing they have been prosperous. A restriction interfering with fishermen and their apparatus is against public policy.

Now, as to mackerel. In 1884 they were as plenty as they were ever known before. The porgy in 1890 made its appearance on the coast of Rhode Island, and between Buzzards Bay and Sandy Hook that fish since 1890 has been as plenty, or plentier, than ever before known in the history of the fishing business. In 1881 sea bass appeared from Virginia to Buzzards Bay, all about one size, and in 1884 more sea bass was on the coast of the United States than has ever before been known in this century. As to striped bass, seven or eight years ago there were more striped bass on the coast of New England than had been known before in the last fifty years. In the year 1892 tautog were plentier than ever before known in the last forty or fifty years, as Fulton Market fishermen can show you. Menhaden in 1887 were as scarce as we ever knew them; but in the year 1888 there were more menhaden between Penobscot and Sandy Hook than has been known in a century. The firm that I represent, in 1887 had twelve fishing gangs fishing from the commencement to the end of the season, and all we caught was less than 140,000 barrels of fish. In the year 1888-9 one gang of fishermen got more than twelve gangs in 1887, one of the best illustrations of the constant fluctuations of fish. As to weakfish. Men put themselves on record that weakfish are scarce. Not in the history of the business has there been as many weakfish present on the coast of the United States between Buzzards Bay and New Jersey as there has been this year. The water has been literally jam full of them. There have been thousands and thousands of barrels lying idle, left in the nets, for the reason that it would not pay to ship them. Gentlemen think they can always catch fish when they are on the water. In Narragansett Bay there is no question that there have been more weakfish than ever before known, and on inquiry among fishermen I have yet to find one man who has caught two weakfish with hook and line, out of this immense number present. The fish were so thick that at some places you could take a gaff and haul them ashore for hours at a time. Fulton Market men will all tell you that there are thousands and thousands, many thousands of barrels of weakfish shipped into Fulton Market that do not pay for the freight and ice and barrels and usual expenses. It makes no difference whether man catches them, or not; it is only a short time when they are going to be scarce. When tautog were plenty in 1892 not one in a million was taken, of course. But in 1893 there was not one tautog in the water where there were a hundred before. That scarcity is bound to come, and man is not to be figured in those periods of scarcity. We are prepared with any amount of statistics and facts to make that plain to everybody. I say to these sportsmen of wealth and leisure that we are not your rivals, we are not in any way interfering with you. When fishing is good, it is good for all; and when there are no fish, there are none, and the fisherman is "not in it" in any way or shape. If you knew the facts you would stand on our side, and do all you could for us to help us along, instead of driving us. We are only 200 years old, or 300, as a country, and our fishery industry as a rule is prosperous because it has been free. But if you restrict us, and drive us out, we shall be the same as fishermen on the other side of the ocean.

Mr. Huntington's paper was then read as follows:

EXHAUSTION OF COAST LINE FOOD FISHES.

The Cause for this Exhaustion and the Necessary Remedy.

By L. D. Huntington, President Com. of Fisheries, State of New York.

THE growing scarcity of edible fishes along our coast line, from Maine to North Carolina, is a matter of importance that should not be overlooked by the States interested. The cause or causes of this diminution should be ascertained, and some remedy, if possible, applied at once by the enactment of simple and uniform laws in all the seaboard States, before the now reduced supply becomes further exhausted. Such were the convictions of the signers of the call for this conference, and this I feel assured is the honest conviction, not only of those here assembled, but of every citizen along the coast of our seaboard States that has given the subject his consideration, excepting some of those whose vocations are such that their pecuniary interest in fish, either directly or indirectly, makes them indifferent to the supply of the future. This growing scarcity may be more pronounced at some given points of our extensive coast line than at others.

I am pleased to see that we have here with us gentlemen representing a good portion of our coast line, and well advised upon this important subject, especially so as to their section, who I feel assured will indorse as a fact the growing scarcity of edible fish.

So far as the waters of our bays, estuaries and along the shores of the State of New York go, there can be no question in my judgment, formed from observation and experience, that there is a growing scarcity, especially so for the last decade, accepting as a fact that the edible fishes have greatly decreased. The two important questions then are: First, the cause or causes. Second, a remedy.

What are the causes? There are probably a number. Possibly in certain prescribed waters, sewerage, the refuse from oil and gas works, and the discharge of other deleterious matters, might account for the fish not now frequenting prescribed waters wherein they were formerly abundant. If it were not for the fact that in adjacent waters entirely free from such causes, we find a growing scarcity, our migratory fish varying as to their abundance, some years more, some years less, they nevertheless, with possible exception, as well as our local fishes, show at every decade a decrease, we might name the above as the sole cause.

There may be other local causes suggesting themselves to those who have given this subject careful attention, especially in localities other than I mention.

Gentlemen, there are two real causes that are responsible for the growing scarcity. The first cause (which is a natural one) has led to the second, which is susceptible of remedy. The first cause I refer to is the fact of increased population, consequently increased consumption of fish food, thereby increased demand. This increased demand has called forth the ingenuity of man to invent improved methods of capture, whereby he can take more fish with less labor than with former apparatus. Therefore, of late years we see the purse net and the pound net in use in our bays and estuaries and along our shores, and the indiscriminate use of nets in general and of the purse net and pound net in particular, with no restrictions as to size of mesh or mode of use, is, to my mind, without doubt one of the principal causes for the growing scarcity of our edible fishes along our seaboard.

It is a well-known fact that our coast shore is literally lined with pound nets, many of them extending a great distance from the shore, taking all kinds of fishes that attempt to pass them or feed near them. There can be no doubt but what the pound net, to the extent and in the manner used, is the cause of the destruction and wanton waste of large quantities of valuable food fishes yearly.

Further, that it is the cause of driving off from our shores (at least along this section of the coast) large quantities of fish that follow the shores to enter our bays and estuaries, not only for the purpose of food, but for the purpose of reproducing. As evidence af this, I might cite Barnegat Bay, the Great South Bay and west end of Long Island Sound. The two bays mentioned, until within a few years past, were noted for their abundance of such valuable food fish as the striped bass, sheepshead, bluefish, weakfish, kingfish, etc., while at the west end of Long Island Sound there were to be found striped bass, bluefish, weakfish, kingfish, etc. For the past few years these favorite feeding and spawning grounds of all these valuable food fish have been deserted by them, and the thousands of men of limited means who have made an honest living by taking these fish in moderate quantities within these waters, coupling with it the furnishing of boats and bait for the thousands of anglers, are compelled, from no fault of their own, to seek some other vocation to earn a livelihood for themselves and families, and I have no doubt but what this applies to a good portion of our coast shore equally with Barnegat, the Great South Bay and west end of Long Island Sound and waters adjacent thereto.

It is claimed that the use of the purse net along our shores, in our bays and estuaries, is in no way responsible for the growing scarcity of our edible fishes. I have heard it said by those interested in the menhaden fisheries that the purse nets do not take edible fish enough to supply the hands on board the boats using the nets. To any person at all familiar with the purse net as used for taking menhaden, this statement cannot for one moment be credited, as it is impossible to use this net, as the menhaden fishermen do, in waters that do not exceed the depth of the net used, without taking all fish which the net surrounds when set, unless they be so small that they escape through the mesh, or so strong that they break through the net.

I submit for consideration the following problem: Let a purse net, say 1,500ft. long (there are much longer ones used), be set in a circle with the ends meeting (as they always are). You then have a flexible wall from the surface to the bottom, inclosing a circle of 500ft. in diameter, or containing an area of some four and one-quarter acres. The net is then pursed along on the bottom until it is closed, thus forming a big scoop-net. Now, how do the food fish that are in this inclosure of four and one-quarter acres escpae, and how are the menhaden only taken?

I herewith submit for your consideration some valuable evidence upon this point in the evidence of Capt. Nathaniel B. Church, one of the firm of Church Bros., of Tiverton, R.I., before the Senate committee in 1882. (Report 706, p. 7):

Q. Now, if you have caught food fish, state to what extent? A. We have caught so very few that we have not caught enough to eat, really. On this trip of 2,000 barrels we brought in yesterday, we caught one bluefish; that is all in the whole lot. We caught probably a hundred sharks, and for the last six weeks we have been fishing off the Capes of Delaware; there, in the body of menhaden, we have not caught fish enough to eat; nowhere near enough. We catch sometimes a bonita, half a dozen bluefish, a weakfish or two. We caught three Spanish mackerel for the year, and three sheepshead. We caught very few mackerel in the spring. We always make a point to pick out all the food fish we can.

Q. What do you mean, throw them back? A. No, sir; throw them on deck, to eat.

Q. You take in your fish by steam power, do you not? A. Yes, sir.

Q. I suppose it is impracticable to make any careful selections? A. Yes, sir. The fish come in in quantities of five barrels in the net. They go down the same as on this floor, and they spread out. Of course you would not have time to see the whole.

Q. How are they deposited in the vessel? A. In bulk.

Q. What in? A. In a hold made on purpose. The compartment holds anywhere from 500 to 1,600 and 1,700 barrels.

Q. And as the fish are brought in in the landing net, they are thrown into that? A. They are dumped down right into the box; the same as this room, exactly.

Q. What is the depth of the hold? A. The depth of my boat is about 8ft.

Q. How much square? A. It hold 1,600 barrels. It is 28 or 30ft. long, about 20ft. wide, and 8ft. deep, I think. I do not know the exact dimensions; that is as near as I can guess.

Q. If you capture sufficient you throw them into that until you fill it? A. Yes, sir.

Mr. Oscar O. Friedlander, seven years a Menhaden fisherman, before the same committee (p. 23), testifies on this point as follows:

Q. Have you ever seen bluefish as large as that caught in your seines? A. An odd one here and there, sir; a straggler.

Q. The seine is unloaded into the hold of your ship pretty rapidly, is it not? A. Yes; they unload about a thousand a minute; quicker than that even. They have steam hoisters on board the steamer, and hoist them out.

Q. And the opportunity to see what kind of fish they are is to see them as they are thrown out into the bins? A. Yes, sir.

Q. They are never examined afterward, are they? A. Well, we see them at the factory as they come in.

The testimony of Samuel B. Miller, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a fish dealer, before the same committee (p. 39), is in interesting contrast:

Q. The captains of four or five of the menhaden fish steamers have testified that they rarely catch food fish of any kind; it is an exceptional fact if they take them. Have you any knowledge in regard to that? A. I have knowledge that I received 70,000lbs. from one of Daniel Church's steamers within the last thirty days.

Q. What fish? A. Weakfish.

Q. Do you remember the name of the captain? A. His name is Church. I think he is one of the brothers.

Q. Which brother? A. I do not know any one by name except Daniel.

Q. Well, Daniel does not fish? A. He does not now; has not for a number of years. I have been acquainted with them since they were very young; they are very nice men. He claimed that they thought they were a school of bunkers.

Q. That is, menhaden; they claimed to have taken them by mistake? A. Yes, sir.

Q. And they were put on the market? A. There were 10,000lbs. of them put on the market.

Q. What was done with the balance? A. Barren Island. That is the load I spoke of. I should think there was 70,000lbs. weight.

Q. Do you recollect how long ago it was? A. It was within thirty days. It is not much more than two weeks ago. I sent a check to Daniel at Tiverton for what he had sold here.

Q. With that exception, what knowledge have you, if any, as to their taking food fish? A. I have no knowledge of their taking food fish, other than they have sent to market. They have had mackerel and sent them up to market to be sold in the market.

Q. What market? A. Fulton Market; but I have no knowledge of their taking any that they sent to be tried out, except those that were unfit for sale. They sent these to market, but they could not be disposed of there.

Q. They describe the hold of the ship as a bin 20ft. wide, 25 or 30ft. in length and 8ft. in depth; and I should judge from their description that they put fish in there at the rate of about a thousand a minute; they estimate their scoop will take a thousand, and say they can throw a scoopful every minute into the hold of a vessel that way. I suppose food fish, if thrown in that way, would not preserve long in a condition fit to use? A. They throw them right into the hold of the vessel. It is heated. The whole steamer is heated. Then they turn water in on them to cover them.

Q. That is new to me. A. And when it has lain there some time they blow it out.

Q. Blow the water out? A. Yes, sir. If he catches any food fish, which he does in the spring, fine mackerel, he generally sends them up to me and we dispose of them.

Q. What captain do you speak of? A. Daniel; all his captains. These fish were very fine indeed; some they dressed on deck coming up. I took out enough to make 10,000lbs. It was night; too late to take care of them, and those down in the hold were heated. Next morning there were none taken out; they were unfit for sale; the captain came up to see me and I told him to haul right out.

Q. I want to inquire, to be general, if food fish are caught with menhaden in their mode of taking fish, whether they would be kept in condition for use as food fish? A. Put in the way they put in menhaden, I do not think that those that were caught 8in. below the surface would be fit in three hours. I think they would heat in less time than that.

Q. The extent to which they take food fish, if they take them at all, is not, I suppose, within your means of knowledge? A. No, sir.

Q. How many have you purchased of menhaden boats this season? A. I had a smack come up with a load that she took from one of the menhaden steamers, dressed them and put them below and iced them. She was down there and had her ice in. They were brought for market.

Q. Give an estimate of the cargoes you have purchased this season? A. She must have had 15,000lbs.

Q. From the menhaden boats? A. Yes, sir; they were in pretty good condition.

Q. Do you mean in addition to the 70,000lbs. you mentioned? A. Yes, sir.

Q. What description of fish? A. Weakfish.

Q. Any bluefish? A. I do not think there were any in that boat; in the 70,000lbs. there were some bluefish, perhaps there might have been 500lbs. That is all I know of coming to our market this season from any of these menhaden fishermen.

The evidence of Maurice Cresse, of Cape May City, is to the same effect (p. 154):

Q. Now, you know something of the habits of the fish. Wherever a school of menhaden is found and surrounded by a purse net is not it a necessity that whatever food fish are pursuing them are taken in with them? A. Oh, yes. I have fished a purse net myself.

Q. For the purpose of oil and fertilizers, the catching of menhaden and other fish, I suppose, is a valuable industry to the people? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Which do you regard the most valuable, that or the right of the people to have food fish? A. I regard the right of the people to have the food fish, and the destruction is very great. Now, I never saw them, but if they should catch a vessel load of what we call bluefish or weakfish, they would put them into the general cargo and boil them up. They would not get much oil, but they would get the refuse, the fish scrap, which is worth $30 a ton.

The evidence of Mr. Eugene G. Blackford is confirmatory (p. 48):

Q. Please state in your own way what your judgment is as to the effect of the menhaden industry upon the quantity of food fishes, and the reasons for it; I would like to get your theory upon it? A. My attention was called to this fact from parties calling upon me to make complaint to me, as Commissioner of Fisheries, that the menhaden fishermen were catching food fishes and carrying them to their factories to be made into oil and scrap. I replied to all those parties that my position as Commissioner of Fisheries gave me no authority whatever; that there was no law to prohibit that, and that no interference would be made with the business. I have noticed, of course, as I have with everything connected with the fish questions coming up from time to time, that the menhaden interest up to within two years was a growing and expanding interest; that the number of boats was increasing year by year; that our coast was fished from Maine to North Carolina persistently from the time the menhaden made their appearance until the cold weather; that those points where the fisheries were commenced and most actively prosecuted seemed to be exhausted after a few years—I speak more particularly of the coast of Maine, where it is called porgy fishery. They call them porgy, which is a different fish from what we know as porgies. It is the menhaden there, and that, from my own knowledge, every year those fishes which feed upon menhaden grow more scarce. The quantity diminishes most notably in the striped bass, and the present year has been one of very marked scarcity in this, one of our choicest fishes. It is not scarce in one particular point, but it is scarce all along the coast, where it is usually found. There have been several instances which have been spoken of here, of my own knowledge, where the menhaden vessels have taken large schools of food fish and have brought them to market. This very large catch of 1881, about a year ago, just about this time of the year, was principally of weakfish. Some four or more vessels came up to Fulton Market with a cargo, a quantity of at least 200,000lbs., nearly all weakfish, and out of that 200,000lbs., about one fourth of it was marketed.

Q. Where had they been taken? A. They had been taken probably not over five miles from where we sat, right along this coast here, the coast of Long Island.

Q. The outer coast of Long Island? A. As I recollect, it was right in the vicinity of Rockaway they were taken. About one-fourth of those fish were in good condition—fit for food. These are fish that were lying upon the top layers, so to speak. The fish had been taken and dumped into the holds of the vessels, and it being very warm weather, heated of course where they lay packed in underneath with the weight of those on top and men were put to work discharging the fish, distributing them to every dealer who would take them on consignment to sell. They were sold as low as one cent a pound. There was an effort for immediate distribution of the fish because of the warm weather and they needed immediate attention to keep them any time. The balance of those cargoes were sent to the factories. The vessels steamed away with them, and they were rendered into oil and scrap.

Q. Do you know to whose factory they went? A. No, sir. That is the most notable instance. That all the menhaden fishermen would rather bring their food fish to market than to put them into oil and scrap is a self-evident fact, if they were provided with proper facilities for the care of the fish; if they were fitted for market fish.

Q. Yes, I understand that they are not a desirable fish to manufacture? A. No, but you take a bluefish in the fall of the year and it is very fat.

Q. Now the other part of my question, as to the effect of the menhaden fishery upon the food fish and the reason for it; can you state that? A. In my opinion the effect of the great amount of fishing that is carried on for menhaden all along the coast breaks up the schools of fish which are followed by the striped bass and bluefish, and has a tendency to make those fish seek other feeding grounds. I speak more particularly with regard to the striped bass, as that is a voracious fish on the menhaden. The striped bass ten years ago were found in more or less quantities during the entire summer and late in the fall. Very

"FOREST AND STREAM" ANIMAL SERIES.—XVII.

WHITE-TAILED DEER.

(Cervus virginianus.)

Supplement to "Forest and Stream," Jan. 6, 1894.

large catches were taken on the Long Island coast, as many as 20,000 per day coming to Fulton Market. That quantity has been steadily diminishing year by year, and this year the scarcity is more marked than ever before.

The evidence of Thomas J. Horner, a fisherman of Atlantic City, N. J. (Report 706, p. 170), bears internal evidence of truthfulness:

Q. Has the supply of the fish used by the people for food increased or diminished during your experience? A. They have decreased. They have also increased in these last four years. Previous to that they diminished. When I first followed fishing if we did not catch a hundred fish a day and come along the street with less than that the old fisherman's song was sung to us. I think it is seven or eight years ago that father and I built the first fish factory that was ever built on the coast of New Jersey.

Q. You mean a menhaden factory? A. A menhaden factory. It was built for a man that belonged in Connecticut. We were the contractors to build the house. The first load of fish that came to that factory was a load of menhaden; the second load was a load of weakfish, food fish, a full load. The next load that came to that factory was a load of drumfish. They were thrown into the waste heap as the weakfish were. I said to my father then, "Father, we have done something we ought not to have done. We have done something that we thought was going to benefit the community which will never benefit it." "Why," he said, "boy, how you talk." "Well," I said, "it is so. In less than three years from now in our little village where we used to get fish given to us for nothing, we will pay ten cents a pound for them." In less than three years we could not catch a fish unless we pulled it out from under a sod where he had hidden himself. Then myself and others tried to get a law through the Legislature of New Jersey, which we did, and to-day, since that law has been passed, you can catch all the fish in our channel you want. We ask no better fishing than we have got in Atlantic City now, from the first day of June until the first day of September, and the very instant they cast those nets in these waters then our fish are gone again, and we cannot catch them unless we go outside.

To the same effect is the evidence of George Hildreth, of New Jersey. (Report No. 706, p. 150):

Q. You spoke of catching great quantities of different kinds of fish when you were fishing for menhaden. What proportion of food fish would you catch in drawing your seine for menhaden? A. Sometimes we caught a good many food fish, and another time we caught a very few.

Q. Well, on the average would there be a considerable quantity of food fish? A. There sometimes would be quite a number of food fish among them, and other times would be very little; whatever there was within the bounds of the net.

Q. There is nothing in your experience to justify the theory of some of these witnesses, that the menhaden were always found by themselves exclusively; that they were not largely intermixed with the food fish? A. On that I can only tell you my experience. I seldom ever made a haul but what I always caught a certain quantity of food fish. I seldom made a haul but what I caught more or less drum.

Q. Did you fish in shallow water? A. I calculated to fish in ten fathoms if I wanted to make a haul.

Q. Did your net reach the bottom? A. Yes, sir; the net was sixteen fathoms deep.

In a statement of Prof. G. Brown Goode, before the International Fisheries Exhibition, London, England (quoted in 79 Con. Rec., p. 4788), he says:

There can be no doubt that the extensive fisheries prosecuted by menhaden steamers in the Gulf of Maine were prejudicial to the shore fishermen by driving the fish they formerly caught for bait out to sea and beyond the reach of their nets.

The reason is also furnished by the same gentleman (Misc. Docs. 49, 2d Sess. 45th Cong., p. 117):

The purse seine is doubtless more effective than any other fishing apparatus ever devised. By its use a school of almost any size can be secured without the loss of a single fish. The enormous demands of the oil factories can be met only by fisheries conducted on the grandest scale, and the purse seine is used by the factory fleets to the exclusion of all other nets.

Mr. S. L. Boardman, of Augusta, Me., in an interesting report to the State Board of Agriculture, of which he was secretary, (1875, p. 60), states the facts as follows:

Parties engaged in taking menhaden now go off 10 or 20 miles from shore, whereas they formerly fished near the coast, and now they find the best and "most profitable fishing at that distance." This fish is included among the shore fishes described by Prof. S. F. Baird as having suffered "an alarming decrease" along the in-shores of the United States, owing partly to excessive fishing throughout their spawning time in order to supply the oil factories.

Prof. G. Brown Goode, in his "Short Biography," says:

In estimating the importance of the menhaden to the United States, it should be borne in mind that its absence from our waters would probably reduce all our other sea fishes to at least one-fourth their present extent.

For various evidence to the same effect, see Misc. Docs. 49, 3d Sess. Cong., p. 75. In the same document, Prof. G. Brown Goode states this fact at p. 144:

Constant fishing on the Northern coast has driven the menhaden out to sea, though in the South their habits are much the same as of old. In New England the menhaden fishery has become to a certain extent sea fishing and is prosecuted on the grandest scale.

In Misc. Docs. 48, 2d Sess. 45th Cong., p. 111, it is said by Prof. Goode:

It is the commonly received opinion that purse-net fishing is destined evidently to destroy all the menhaden in our waters. * * * The same may be said regarding pound-net fishing. It is doubtless true that the fisheries in a given locality may deplete the immediate region in which they are prosecuted. The cod and halibut may be fished for upon a single bank until the local supply is exhausted.

From the report of the United States on menhaden fisheries I find the following as to the habits of the menhaden:

They prefer the shallow places along shore and some years crowd in great numbers into the brackish sounds and inlets, and ascend some of the larger rivers for a long distance, until the water becomes too brackish for them.

Prof. Goode says (Misc. Doc. 49, 2d Sess. 45th Cong., p. 70):

They seem particularly fond of shallow waters protected from the wind, in which, if not molested, they will remain throughout the season, drifting with the tide in and out of the shallow indentations of the shore and into the mouths of creeks and rivers, on the surface of the water; but the gill nets will take them long after, and they have been so taken as late as New Year's, when they are quite plenty. This shows that they are not gone at that time. Who knows but what they are close by all winter?

—As to their habits, "I would say that while they were generally credited with being an off shore spawner, U. S. Commissioner McDonald informs us that he had their habits investigated along our coast during the season of 1892, and from evidence so procured, he has no doubt of their being an inshore spawner, and that they seek the shallow, brackish water along our shores, bays and estuaries for the purpose of spawning."

This fact of itself, without taking in consideration the destruction and waste of edible fish, warrants the prohibition of the use of the purse net for the purpose of taking this fish along our shores, at least during the spawning season.

I desire to call your attention for one moment to the words of Prof. Baird, in relation to the spawning habits of fish and its importance to future supply. In his Report of 1871 he calls attention to extermination or decrease of fish by taking, thereby reducing their reproduction, as follows:

As most fish require from three to five years' growth before they are capable of reproduction, and in many cases remain in the open sea until this period is reached, it will follow that for several years after the establishment of an exhaustive fishing the supply may appear to be but little interfered with, since there are several successive crops of fish to come on at the annual intervals, and not until the entire round has been completed do the injurious agencies begin to present the evidence of their severity. It is easy, then, to understand why, after five or ten years' fishing, the supply of fish in a given bay or along a certain strip of coast will be reduced to a very considerable degree.

Prof. Baird, in his report of 1871 (Misc. Doc. No. 61, 2d Sess. 42d Congress, page 28), says:

It is not a sufficient argument in reply to this (the danger of fish extermination) to point to the enormous number of eggs laid by a single fish in each season, amounting in some instances to perhaps from five thousand to hundreds of thousands or even millions, since the immense fecundity is an absolute necessity to preserve the balance of life under water. The eggs and the young fish furnish the appointed food to an immense variety of animals, many species of fish as well as crustaceans and other animals depending entirely upon them for support. Among the particular enemies of the eggs and the young fry may be enumerated the small minnows, cyprinodonts, the atherinas, silver sides or friars, the cunners or chogset, the young of many larger fish, the different kinds of crustaceans, including also the lobster, etc. These were not interfered with to any material extent by any form of net, as they are too small to furnish profitable employment in their capture, and they pass readily through the meshes of any nets that would be set for other purposes. Although, therefore the amount of spawn and of young fish may be materially less than a previous average, the predacious animals just referred to will probably still destroy as many as ever, since they have every opportunity for picking up their prey at all times; and whatever the scarcity at first, they are likely to get all they require.

Prof. Baird, in his Report of 1871, at p. 18, also says:

In all discussions and considerations in regard to the sea fisheries, one important principle should be borne in mind, and that is that every fish that spawns on or near the shores has a definite relationship to a particular area of sea bottom; or, in other words, that as far as we can judge from experiment and observation, every fish returns as nearly as possible to its own birthplace to exercise the function of reproduction, and continues to do so, year by year, during the whole period of its existence. * * * It is an established fact that salmon, alewives and shad, both young and old, have been caught on certain spawning beds, and after being properly marked and allowed to escape, have been found to reappear in successive years in the same locality. * * * The principle is rather more difficult to establish in regard to marine fishes, but experiments have been made by competent men on our coast and elsewhere, which prove the existence of the same general principle in relation to them.

There were in use, during the year 1880, 82 steamers and 366 sailing vessels employed in taking menhaden. Now, let the 82 steamers average three hauls per day and the sailing vessels average but two hauls per day during the season of say 160 fishing days with a purse net of average length of 1,200ft. This would be 978 hauls per day, each haul covering an area of 2¾ acres would be 2,689 acres per day—430,240 acres of our waters along our coast strained every year of all the fish that happen at the time to be in it.

Gentlemen, can this be done yearly without decreasing the food fish along our coast? My figures are low estimates.

A small portion of the hauls may be made in waters deeper than the net used, in which case there is possibility of the edible fish escaping. Now, what is the effect of the constant use of this net upon those edible fish fortunate enough to have escaped it, when hauled in the shallow waters along our shores, in our bays and estuaries—the feeding and spawning ground of many varieties of our most valuable fish—but to drive them to deep water away beyond the reach of those who for a livelihood fish with hook and line, those who angle to obtain the fish food for their families, as well as those who angle for recreation, health and for pleasure?

It has been my privilege to listen to the same arguments used by those interested in a pecuniary way in taking fish with nets for market, as well as for oil and guano, also those who have a pecuniary interest in handling them after they are taken, as we are likely to hear at this conference; and right here, gentlemen, allow me to suggest that if I or you were so pecuniarily interested it is possible that we, too, would want no restriction whatsoever, regardless of waste and destruction of valuable food fishes, to in any way interfere with our making the last dollar possible, and that right now, regardless of the supply for the future. There are those so interested who claim that this important question is only a conflict or controversy between the rod and reel angler on one side, and, as they term it, the commercial fishermen on the other side. Thereby, while masquerading as men of commerce, they ignore altogether the existence of a large and worthy class of citizens, from Maine to North Carolina, whose individual capital invested, it is true, is but small and very often consists of all they have of this world's goods, but who in numbers as well as in aggregation of capital exceed by far that of either the menhaden or the pound net fishermen, or both. I refer to men, who in a small way, generally with hook and line, mostly supply local demands with their moderate catches, as well as procure bait, care for and hire boats to the anglers. Many of this worthy class of hard-working citizens are no longer able, by the growing scarcity of edible fish in the shoal waters along our shores, to make a living, and are thereby compelled to seek other vocations.

There is another class, and they are poor people, but numerous, who, when not employed, angle for the purpose of securing food for their families, and there are those termed anglers, who, for the love of the sport, as well as for recreation and health, prefer to catch their fish from the water rather than at the markets, with a zealous eye to the supply of edible fishes for the future as well as the present, they make honorable efforts to protect the fishes from destruction, wanton waste and thereby depletion.

Instances are well known where very large catches of edible fish have been made by menhaden fishermen where the quantity taken at a single haul was so large as to induce the fishermen to take them to market, the incentive being that they could realize more money for so large a quantity by selling to the market than by manufacturing them into fertilizer.

Having lived near the water at the west end of Long Island Sound for nearly sixty years and resorting to the water very frequently each year, I have had opportunities for a full observation of the use of the purse net, and I can say that I have seen bluefish, sea bass, butterfish, porgies, lobsters and oysters in the nets of the menhaden fishermen when hauling for menhaden, and could produce citizens of my locality in numbers who have seen various species of edible fishes in their nets, only in moderate or limited quantities, for the reason that edible fish in the waters of the west end of Long Island Sound are not abundant and are getting scarcer year by year.

After a full and exhaustive discussion of the subject at the annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society, in May, 1892, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the purposes and aims of this society are in direct antagonism with any business which leads to the depopulation of the waters to enrich the land, and we therefore condemn purse seining of menhaden or any fish food or food fish for the purpose of grinding the same into guano or oil, within three miles of the shore at low water mark.

Prof. Huxley is often quoted by the purse net men, as well as by some of the fish dealers, those who look first to the percentage of gain from the fish caught and handled, regardless of the destruction and waste caused by the manner of catching. These people tell us that Prof. Huxley once said that "man was not a factor in the increase or decrease of sea fishes." This opinion was expressed by Prof. Huxley on sea fishes. Much use has been attempted to be made of it, but it fails to apply to the object of this conference, as expressed in the call, which limits the scope of our inquiry to the shallow waters along our shore, in our bays and estuaries, and to the fish therein destroyed and wantonly wasted.

Fishes which seek these waters as their natural feeding and spawning grounds, and, with one exception so far as their habits are known, remain near the shores, are the fishes which this conference was called to consider.

The deep sea fishing, as referred to by Prof. Huxley, is, in its entirety, a subject wholly under control of nations, while the shore fishing, the object of this conference, is wholly under the control of individual States.

Before leaving the subject of Prof. Huxley and his often-quoted opinion, I would like to refer to another remark made by the same eminent scientist. This remark, not quoted as often by fishermen as the other, was to the effect that no class of people know as little about the habits of fish as the men who catch them.

Many here present will recollect the efforts of the menhaden purse-net fishermen in 1892 to have Congress enact a law (known as the Lapham Bill) giving the purse-net fishermen the right to use that net for catching menhaden and mackerel in all waters along our coast, limited only by tide and navigable water—the laws, habits or customs of any States to the contrary notwithstanding. Strenuous efforts were made to secure this law, but fortunately it failed, and its failure saved the trouble and expense of testing its constitutionality.

The impression prevails that the menhaden fishery is an oil and guano industry, whereas it is a guano and oil industry, the value of its product of guano being larger than its product of oil. I will submit a few figures taken from the United States Report of Fish and Fisheries, Sec. 5, Vol. 1. This report gives credit to the oil and guano association for the figures as used, the figures being for the year 1890, the only year for which full figures are furnished in the U. S. Reports, although from partial figures given for the years from 1872 to 1882, the year 1880 appears to have made the largest, or best showing. The capital invested was $2,362,841; value of product, $2,116,887; number of fish taken, 776,000,000; steamers employed, 82; sailing vessels, 366; number of men employed in fishing, 2,543; in factories, 1,092; total 3,635. The number of gallons of oil products, 2,035,000; number of tons of guano 71,000. The value of the oil products, $733,424, and the value of guano, $1,362,866; the percentage of the value of products being, oil 35⅘, guano 65⅘.

There is another important matter to be considered in connection with the use of the purse nets along our shores, and that is the taking and driving therefrom of the menhaden, the natural food of the bluefish and the striped bass. The habits of these fish are to seek this food. A further serious effect upon our supply of edible fishes along our coast from the use of the pounds and purse nets is wrought by driving and preventing fish, those fortunate enough to escape the nets, from their spawning grounds, thereby preventing to a great extent reproduction, which, it must be admitted, is the foundation of our future fish supply.

As I have (qualifiedly) mentioned net men and fish dealers as being indifferent to and at least in part responsible for the growing scarcity of food fish along our shores through their desire for gain of the dollar, still there are very many honorable exceptions, and I trust the good work looking to the future supply of edible fish will receive their earnest support.

I would respectfully suggest the following remedy for the preservation of the supply of edible fishes along our coast:

First—That the use of any net in the tide waters of the coast with mesh less than about 1½in. bar be prohibited under a penalty of say $100, with destruction of net.

Second—That no portion of any pound net, or other known device of the kind, shall be allowed to extend more than 500ft. from the main shore, or shore of any island, beyond the ordinary low water mark, with a penalty of say $100 for violation of its provision, and destruction of net.

Third—That no purse net, or like device, shall be used in any waters along the coast within one or two miles of the shore, or the shore of any island, from ordinary low water mark, with a penalty of say $100 and destruction of net.

In my judgment, if this remedy in substance could be applied by being made a law in all of our seaboard States from Maine to North Carolina, it would do no injustice to any interest, but would in time work a benefit to all.

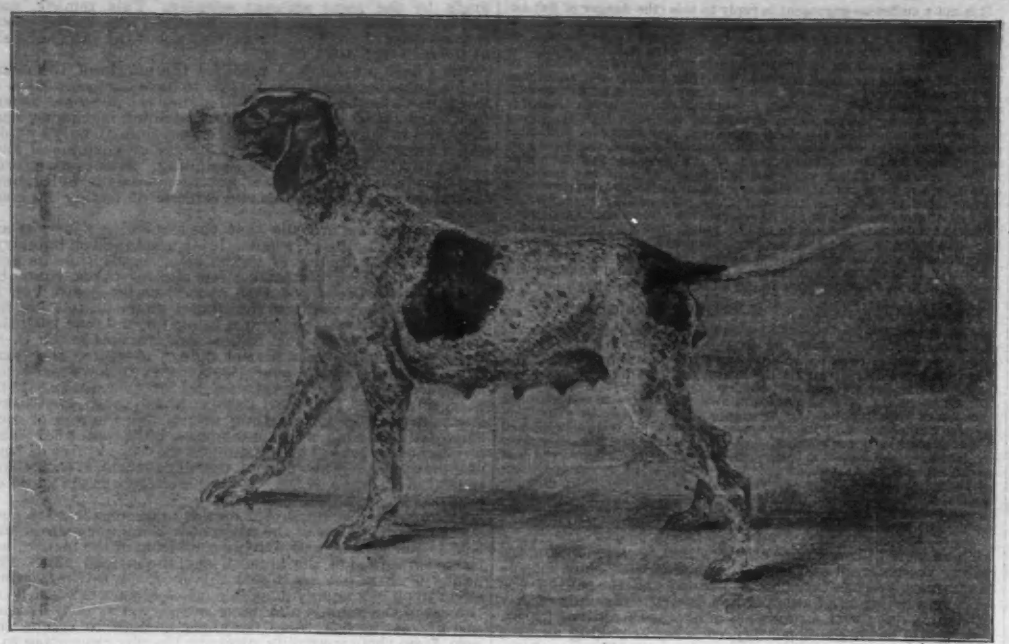
I will but briefly refer to the growing scarcity of the lobster, not because it is of no great importance, but because I have reason to believe that there will be those present at this conference who are thoroughly competent to and will speak a good word for this valuable crustacea.

The demand through increased consumption and by the numerous canneries along the Eastern coast has become so great that they are extensively caught and used at so small a size as to greatly interfere with reproduction, which seriously threatens the already depleted supply. To remedy this evil and preserve this valuable food is a matter of very great importance, and as with the edible fish along our coast line, requires the united action, to a reasonable extent, of a number of our seaboard States to prevent the taking, killing, or possessing lobsters less than at least 10in. long from nose to tail.

MR. E. G. WHITAKER (N. Y.) said: There is no portion of the policy of the State so little understood and so greatly misconstrued as its policy of fish protection. It is looked upon by a large number of people as favoring one class to the exclusion of another. This is in no sense true. It has a semblance of truth arising from the fact that the legal restrictions on taking fish afford sport and healthful recreation, advantage of which is taken by people of means and leisure. But the matter of amusement in no sense whatever enters into the spirit and reason of the law, which only tries to protect the fish in order that the food fish supply may not be diminished. It is a mere coincidence that the authorized methods afford sport, for they are the only ones consistent wish fish preservation. The authorized methods inure to the benefit of all, without distinction. It is not for the delectation of those who enjoy hook and line fishing that the use of nets is prohibited in inland fresh waters, and their use in salt waters regulated. It is because such prohibition and regulation are necessary in order to avoid absolute depletion of the waters. It is not for the delectation of the hook and line fisher that the use of hooks and lines is permitted; but simply because that is the only means that does not materially diminish or injure the steady supply of fish. I want to assure every member of this conference that the Fish Commission of New York is not engaged in an attempt to preserve fish in order simply that hook and line fishermen may find sport. It is moved simply by a desire to preserve the fish for the benefit of all the people, in order that they may get fish food at the lowest possible price. But fish are intended for food, and no class of business is justified in monopolizing a food article for private gain in the manufacture of fertilizer.

MR. DANIEL T. CHURCH rose to reply to the paper submitted by Mr. Huntington. The net fishermen might seem to be inconsistent when they admit the taking of one 100 or 200 barrels of food fish after having denied that they take any food fish. But there is no inconsistency. When one looks over a field he sees that horses are in one body, that cows keep by themselves; each species keeps by itself. So it is with fishes; the menhaden go in schools; the mackerel, the weakfish, the striped bass, each in its own school, and rarely are they mixed. But once in a while two or three kinds will be caught at once. This will explain the incident of the lot of fish at Sandy Hook that had been referred to. But while a barrel containing 200lbs. of menhaden were worth about $1, a barrel of 200lbs. of food fish would be worth 2 cents, 4 cents, 5 cents and sometimes 12 cents a pound. Occasionally, in the 20 or 30 years that we have been in the business, we have caught food fish in quantity and sold them for a good sum of money. Such catches are not carried to the factory, but to market, and that is a matter of common sense. Now, if it can be proven that there is no diminution of supply, and that the public are getting 20 fish where years ago they got only one, it must be that we are on the side of the public, and not their enemy.

MR. A. M. SPANGLER (Philadelphia) inquired how long such a catch would remain in marketable condition, and what preparations had they on hand for the purpose of keep-



HOPS (SALTER'S MIKE—SALTER'S ROMP).

ing the fish in proper condition until they could be taken to market.

MR. CHURCH said that a chance catch of 200 or 300 barrels of food fish would not long remain fit for marketing, but as a rule they did not make those catches; and such catches were matters of accident; in the twenty or more years of their being in the business, and the millions on millions of barrels of menhaden that they had taken, he did not think they had put into the market more than half a dozen times. We do not catch food fish because we want them. In 1881 squeteague were as plenty as they have been this year, millions and millisns of them, and they could hardly be sold for enough to cover freight, barrels, and other incidental expenses. One of our captains this year caught 60 barrels in Narragansett Bay, and thought he had a prize. I said "Don't do it."

The Kennel.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[*By a Staff Correspondent.*]

Clubs and Handlers.

The interests of a field trial club member in his capacity as such are entirely different from the interests of a professional handler, yet many field trial clubs accept field trial handlers into their membership. In their anxiety to get a membership and a revenue, they do not consider that they are accepting members whose interest in connection with the club's affairs is not the club's interest.

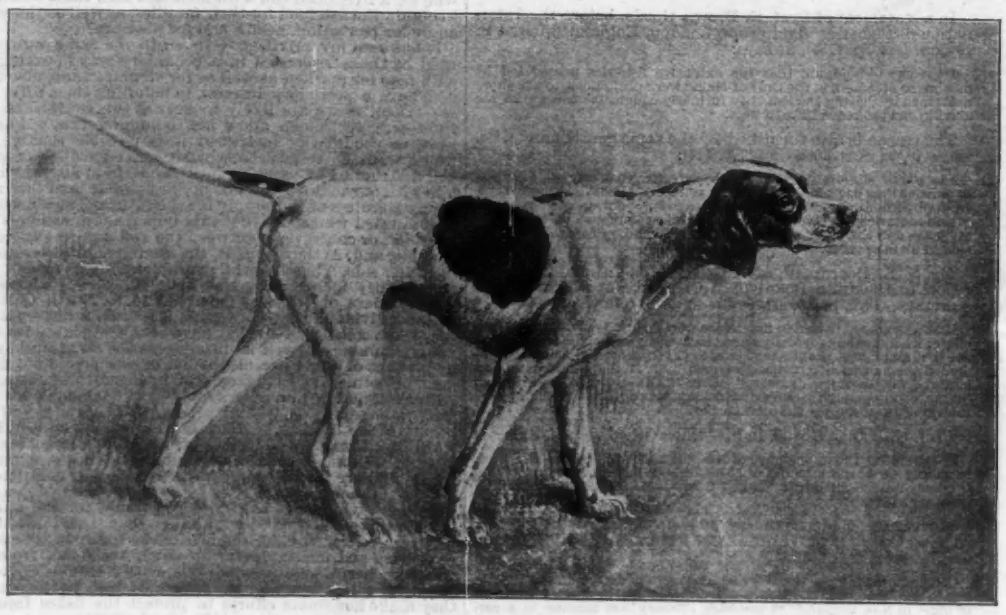
A handler who is a competitor has his own personal business interest to consider as a handler, and his bread and butter or his business advancement will be always of more importance to him than the club's interests. In his participation in the club's affairs his voice will not be tuned, in all probability, in full harmony with the club's best advancement. There is always a possibility that he may have some personal advantage in what he advocates.

All handlers might not do so, in fact, I know some whom I firmly believe would not. But whether they would or not, the principle is wrong. It is an injustice to other handlers, who are not club members, to compete with a handler who is a club member. The handler-member has a voice in all the club affairs. He can be heard on the amount and conditions of the purses, the time and place where the trials will be held, the rules under which they will be run, the stakes, who will be judges, etc. Other handlers, who are not members, of course have no voice in such matters. Thus there is the incongruity of a competitor in a public stake competing under conditions which he had a part in arranging, while other competitors had no such part. That is not just in principle. Members who are interested from love of sport are thus brought in contact with members who are interested for business reasons.

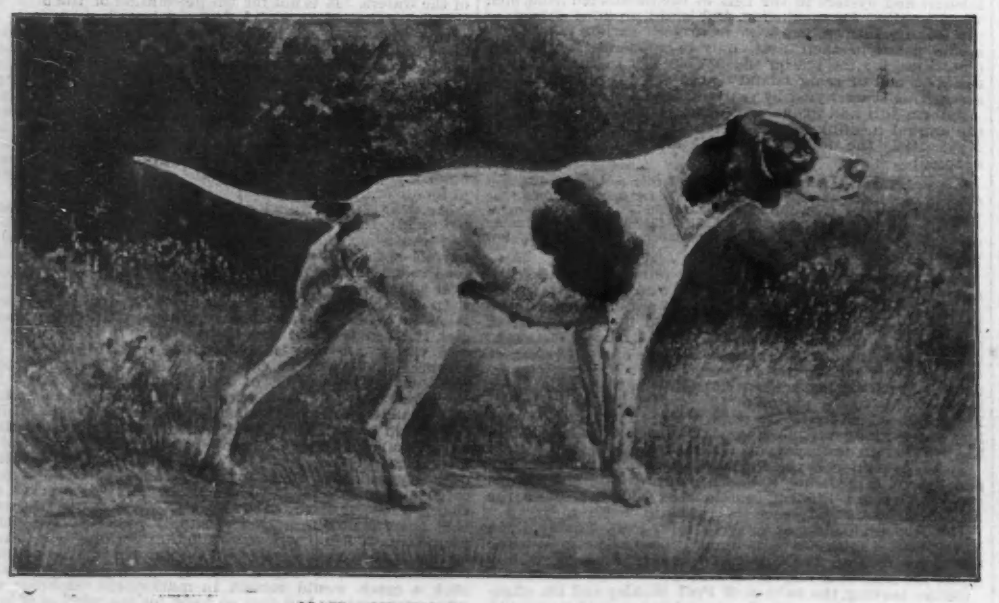
It is the same old professionalism appearing in another form. Among club members, whose interest is in promoting sport, it is sure to be as disastrous in the end as it is to the amateur in competition. The best business interests of the handler in his capacity as a competitor for the club's prizes are not the club's best interests as a promotor and supporter of sport and the best advancement of the dog.

I have heard a handler denounce in unmeasured terms the judgment of the judge who was not so favorable to one or two of said handler's dogs as said handler thought he ought to be, thus fomenting a most unseemly quarrel, one which nearly disrupted the club, the handler at the same time being a member of the club for which said judge was acting. The handler also was a competitor for the club's prizes.

The judge was under the club's protection, and courtesy and respect were due him from every member, but the said handler's private interests entirely obliterated all his membership responsibilities and courtesy, although from any point of view there was nothing to justify the conduct.



JINGO (MAINSPRING—QUEEN II.).



MAID OF KENT (KING OF KENT—HOPE).

I am not writing against handlers as handlers. There are some whom I know and esteem highly for their gentlemanly qualities and love and observance of fair play. It is only of those to whom these remarks are applicable that I write, and of abuses which are growing stronger and more harmful. If, on calling the roll, there are none to whom these apply I will admit error.

The Unpleasantness of Judging.

In this connection a few words in respect to clubs, judges and handlers may not be amiss.

It is constantly becoming more and more difficult to secure judges. The invitation of a club is not accepted now with the pleasure and promptness of a few years ago. It requires the pressure of personal influence or the prospect of a liberal money payment, in most instances, to secure desirable judges.

Why is it so? I believe that it is due largely to the offensiveness of some handlers and some owners. Some handlers are blatant, obtrusive and malicious "kickers." They make offensive remarks, regardless of time or place, if the judges' decisions do not fit their own ideas of what is just and proper in respect to the merits of their own dogs. Some "kick" out of pure, chronic ill-temper. They delight to make remarks which will be offensive enough to excite the applause or wonder of their admirers. Some will scold and rant within earshot of the judges purposely, so that their remarks will be overheard. Once in a while one will interview the judges, sometimes honestly to get information in regard to his dog's performance, oftener to get an opportunity for argument and a vent to his resentment, afterward recounting the details of his insolence under the mistaken idea that he had been commendably courageous.

In the evening it is not an uncommon sight to see a large circle of handlers discussing in the most public manner all the peculiaritiee of the judges, their mistakes, their characters, their histories, all with more or less acrimony, vituperation or censure. Their integrity is questioned, their judgment condemned, and their merits are generally bandied about till there is little left of them to discuss. The noisiest and most offensive generally conclude with the assurance that they will never again appear at those trials or under such and such a judge; yet there they are as big as life when the cycle of time has brought the trials and judges around again.

Meum et Tuum.

I have always believed that it would be better for sportsmanship and field trials if such discordant elements would really fulfil their threats and stay away. The little support they give in the way of entry fees is trifling in comparison to the harm they do by their malevolence.

I have often, too, been surprised at the cheerfully stupid manner these same men will thus quarrel with their bread and butter. The bombastic threat to injure the sporting world by remaining away from it means only direct injury to themselves. When a handler or owner sends his entry fees to a club with the threat that unless such or such a judge is dismissed or some other one appointed, or that he will never run again under such a club, as has been done several times, he is losing in the long run, though he may have some idea of immediate advantage. Clubs have permitted themselves to be sandbagged too much by this threat to withhold support or influence.

This again brings up the question why a man will quarrel with his bread and butter. If a handler succeeded in destroying a club against which he had a grievance, and another handler succeeded in destroying another club, etc., there wouldn't be a club left in existence. If every judge against whom there was an alleged grievance or grievances were rejected there would be no judges available. Who would be the loser? The gentlemen who paid certain dues every year to maintain the club and its competition, who made themselves responsible for debts of deficits, that is, the members, would not be harmed, for they are in it from love of sport. They, from a purely economic standpoint, would be gainers in time, peace of mind and money. Therefore, to do anything tending to destroy the organization, even if it wholly destroys it, works no material loss to the members.

But to the handlers it is a loss, a serious loss. It means that a large sum of prize money will not again be theirs—money distributed by men of whom they never gave a thought of commendation. It means less advertising of the merits of their dogs in the reports of the details of the competition. It means less sales because they are cut off from meeting the assemblage of sportsmen who attend field trials often with a view to make purchases, and it means a falling off in general interest and a decline in prices. It means that they have had a quarrel with some inoffensive bread and butter and were victorious. It means that pure sport can take care of itself, while pure business as a sport can not. It means, too, that if handlers do not show more civility and appreciation they will accomplish these results. Gentlemen get wearied of banding together, putting up $1,000 or $2,000 in prizes, inducing a judge to act, and in return suffer round abuse from those directly participating. Abuse of a judge is directly abusing the club which he represents. He is the embodiment of the club's confidence; he is acting by the club's appointment—insult to him is insult to the club.

I remember, last month, while at a field trial, observing two gentlemen, residents of the town at which a field trial

was held, who were standing in the office of the hotel where a number of handlers were gathered in a circle. As Southern gentlemen habitually do, they had called to welcome the strangers and make their stay pleasant. Their bearing and manner proclaimed them to be gentlemen. The handlers were engaged most fluently in airing a choice, ancient stock of grievances, sometimes two or three talking at a time, each one clamorous to be heard. The gentlemen stood in the middle of the floor, amazement depicted on their faces. I never saw them again. In fact, now that I think of it, no town ever passed resolutions of esteem or admiration for the sayings of the handlers.

From the Sportsman's Standpoint.

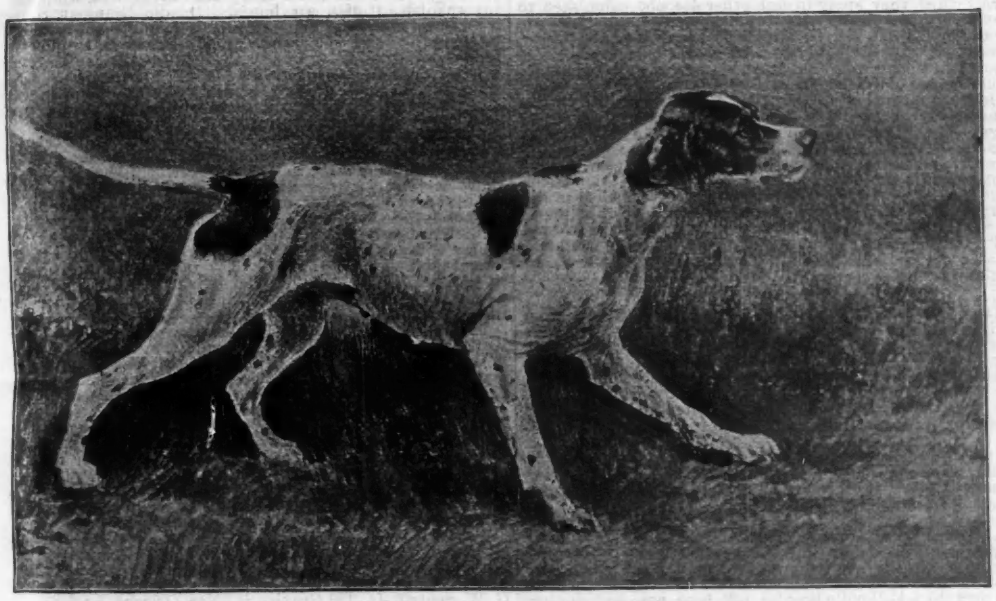
The competitive element never has had a full exposition from the club member's standpoint.

The professional, having strictly a business interest, is apt to take for granted that the club and its interests are also purely from business motives and from a business basis. The following excerpt from a letter recently received from Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Winnipeg, will explain the matter in a few words better than I have in many lines. It has the ring of true sportsmanship. He says: "I am quite willing to give my time and a little money—a thousand dollars a year for the past seven years would not reimburse me—for the advancement of field trials, or anything else that comes under the head of sports. I would encourage professional handlers to run their dogs, but would not be subject to their insolence. The reason I intended to abandon any participation myself as a competitor was so that there should be no cause for a cry of judges to favor me."

Referring to a letter from Mr. Brailsford, of England, in which he says: "One thing I am delighted at is that our good friend Wells has got to the top of the fence, and with the bitch you thought so highly of on your prairies"

On this point, Mr. Johnson remarks: "His allusion to Mr. Wells's victory at Chatham shows the spirit that should prevail in field trials."

While in Canada, I observed among resident sportsmen a much more gentlemanly acceptance of the judge's decisions. They do the judge the honor of considering that he is competent. If they differ, they are civil, talk it over quietly among themselves, and refrain from being offensive or discourteous to the judge. The unpleasantness in times past in Canada in reference to the judges has been started by parties from this side of the line. I hope that the Canadian sportsmen will have the good sense not to copy us, which there is little danger of their doing. In fact, we are far behind the English in these respects. Their competitions are friendly, sportsmanlike assemblages of competitors, and not an aggregation of rampant savagery. There are some more points I desire to touch on before beginning the manner of handling at field trials, but there have been some hints herein which may indicate room for improvement in the handlers themselves. If their traditions and usages of the past are unalterable, they need not look for any wide or rapid improvement in field trial interests in the future.



COSSET (KING OF KENT—HOPS).

The U. S. F. T. Club's Trials.

The date fixed for holding the United States Field Trials Club's trials has been changed from Feb. 19 to Feb. 12, thus following immediately after the Southern trials. As previously fixed, there was a week intervening between the two trials, which, if the date had not been changed, would have occasioned a loss of time and extra expense to the owners and handlers.

The auction sale of the Cumberland Kennel Co., Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 21, resulted as follows: Mr. Frank Searight bought Melac for $475; Minerva, $135; Phœbe, $150; Cumberland Flora, $35; Cumberland Queen, $20. Mr. P. Hager, Nashville, bought Zella for $170 and Norman for $55. Mr. H. L. Goodman bought Jennie for $70, and Victoria and Lotta, Italian greyhound bitches, for $10 each. Another party bought the Italian greyhound dog Prince for $12.50. The kennel fixtures, including horse, harness and wagon, sold for $172; total $1,224.50. A delay in receiving the letter containing the above information made it too late for last week's issue.

B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

A New Year's Time Suggestion.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Reading over notes of shows held from the year 1886 to 1890, and those from the latter date to the close of this year's fall circuit, I could not help but remark a contrast.

The good feeling that seemed to actuate dogmen, with few exceptions of late, seems to have changed into one continual snarl. Jealousy, ill feeling and abuse are rampant in dog circles, and instead of breeders, exhibitors and judges working together for the good of our four-footed friends, as one united brotherhood, all the good old feeling and friendly rivalries seem to have passed away and little else remains in the hearts of many but the wish to run down the other fellow and his dog.

Why is this? And where are we to find the cause of this much to be regretted state of things in dogdom? and is there a remedy and a cure for these evils? are the questions I would ask you, Mr. Editor, and to put it properly, I first

CONSCRIPT (KING OF KENT—HOPS).

give you my opinion before asking yours. The trouble seems to me to be in most part that breeders and exhibitors do not see enough of each other at shows, and therefore the whole thing is looked upon simply as a question of business by many, and by others of getting the best of the award, and then home to get something ready for the next show, and so on, instead of business, pleasure and good fellowship, combined with a strong desire to have another chat on the favorite type of the breeds they fancy.

Now in my mind the simplest way of attaining these much-to-be-desired ends is for the large clubs which have annual shows to exert themselves a little more than they have been doing to bring exhibitors, etc., in fact all interested, closer together.

Take the late Toronto show for an example. Every dogman who has visited Toronto knows that it is a pretty poor place to spend an evening after the show closes. Exhibitors have to content themselves with their room at the hotel, and there they split up into little parties. Certain of them think they have a grievance, and what they don't say about Brown they say about Robinson, etc.

Now, if instead of this arrangement the Toronto management (headed by the genial Stone, who, although he rolls quite a lot looking after the comfort of all hands, still finds time to gather some moss) would engage a large private room for show week, where all could get together and have a sociable smoking concert and a plain soda (dogmen seldom want anything stronger), a sociable evening would be spent, and who knows what sores would be healed, what friendships renewed and cemented under the benign influence of "Auld Lang Syne" and similar ditties.

How often you hear the saying, "We don't have the jolly times we used to have." Now, what are the good times referred to? Take Syracuse, Buffalo, London, Albany and other shows of a few years ago and remember the quiet evenings spent at those never-to-be-forgotten shows. If New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Toronto and others would try my suggestion, and, at their shows the coming year, arrange for some place where the boys could get together and spend a sociable evening, I am certain the close of the coming year would see a return to the times I have referred to, and instead of a wordy newspaper war over every little trifle, a few words at the reunion while the iron is hot would settle the whole business amicably.

Now let us have your views on the subject, Mr. Editor, and why not ask for correspondence on the subject from your readers? A letter from that prince of superintendents, Mr. Mortimer, would do much to give the idea a boom, for everybody knows that though years may come and years may go, he will always be with the boys.

SOLUS.

United States Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The date of starting this club's field trials at Grand Junction, Tenn., has been changed by request of many of the club's members and patrons from Feb. 19 to Feb. 12. This change will enable handlers to reach Grand Junction from the Southern trials in plenty of time, as their trials will be finished about Feb. 9.

The Grand Junction trials will be judged by Dr. N. Rowe, Mr. W. W. Titus and Mr. Royal Robinson, with Mr. J. A. Balmer in reserve. With such an array of talent in the saddles we hope to have a very pleasant meeting.

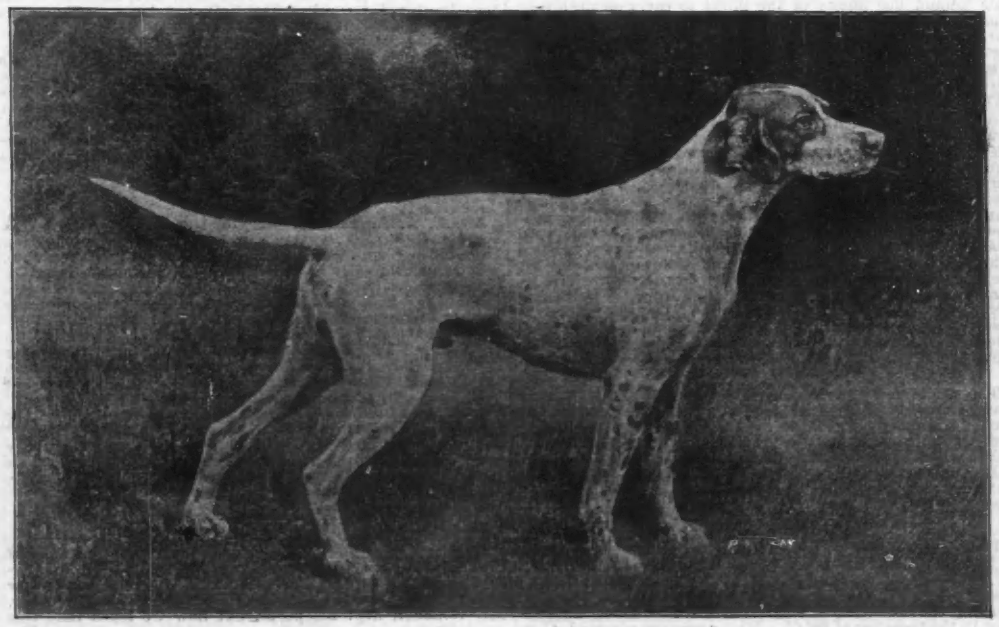
The annual meeting of the club will be held in Chicago March 15.

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 29.

The well known poodle champion Dexter has been sold by Mr. E. H. Morris to Mr. A. A. Cobb of Wilmington, Del., who intends taking up the breed.

On Wednesday last the *Fanciers' Journal* Publishing Co. made an assignment to Mr. V. M. Haldeman for the benefit of its crditors. Mr. Haldeman will sell off the copyright, good will, fixtures, etc., at public sale within a couple of weeks. It is rumored that Mr. C. T. Thompson will buy out the concern.



RIP RAP (KING OF KENT—HOPS).

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Jan. 16 to 19.—Saratoga Poultry and Kennel Club, at Saratoga, N. Y. L. W. Clute, Ballston Lake, N. Y., Sec'y.
Jan. 23 to 26.—New Orleans Fanciers' Club, at New Orleans, La. G. W. Sentell, Jr., Sec'y.
Feb. 20 to 23.—Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.
Feb. 27 to March 2.—Columbus Fanciers' Club, at Columbus, O. G. F. Mooney, Sec'y.
March 7 to 10.—City of Straits Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Guy D. Welton, Sec'y.
March 13 to 16.—Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.
March 20 to 23.—St. Louis Kennel Club, at St. Louis, Mo.
April 3 to 6.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.
April 18 to 21.—Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.
May 2 to 5.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.
May 15.—Portland Kennel Club, at Portland, Ore. D. L. Williams, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 15.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Salinas, Cal. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y, San Francisco, Cal.
Feb. 1.—Blue Ridge Futurity Stakes, at New Albany, Miss.
Feb. 5.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.
Feb. 12.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Saratoga entries close Jan. 6, with Lyman W. Clute, Ballston Lake, N. Y.

DOG CHAT.

Huber vs. Schell.

The case of Huber vs. Schell has been exciting considerable interest among fanciers on the Pacific coast. The case was decided Dec. 4 at a meeting of the officers of the Pacific Kennel Club. The trial lasted from 8 P. M. till 12 o'clock, and was conducted with the utmost fairness on both sides. Both men were represented by counsel. The cross-examination of Schell resulted in much exposure of prevarication, contradiction and admission of falsehood on his part, finally admitting that he knew that the pointer pup Joker, which he had sold to Mr. F. C. Klein, was not by Duke of Vernon, as he had stated at the time of sale. This was the principal charge against him. The other was in connection with the St. Bernard bitch Lady Gladys, Mr. Schell having told several people that he had bred this bitch to both Duke of Edinburgh and Judge. As it was not proven that any one saw the service, this latter charge fell to the ground. Further evidence will, however, probably be forthcoming in this case. The P. K. C. officials decided to hear Mr. Schell's charges against Mr. Huber before giving their verdict in the first case, so on Dec. 11 another meeting of the club was held, and again both men were represented by counsel as before. The charge against Mr. Huber was that he had sold several pups out of Sally Brass II., though only one lived. Mr. Huber completely exonerated himself by proving that he had sold five pups out of Sally Brass II. and five out of Bella T., and proved satisfactorily, by his own testimony and that of his witnesses, the death of the rest of the litter. The meeting lasted from 8 P. M., Dec. 11, to 2:30 A. M., Dec. 12, and the following verdict was unanimously given:

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 12, 1893.

The committee on the matter of the charges preferred by Mr. Henry Huber, a member of the Pacific Kennel Club, against Mr. E. P. Schell, also a member of the Pacific Kennel Club, decide on investigation that Mr. Schell was and is guilty of having sold to Mr. C. Klein the pointer puppy Joker, giving the pedigree of said Joker as being sired by the Duke of Vernon, which pedigree was proven to be false. We therefore declare Mr. Schell to be guilty and unfit to be a member of the Pacific Kennel Club and hereby expel him from the Pacific Kennel Club.

In the case of Mr. Henry Huber, a member of the Pacific Kennel Club, against whom counter charges were brought by Mr. E. P. Schell, we find that there is no proof of Mr. Huber's having deceived any one in the sale of dogs, or of having given any false pedigrees whatever. We therefore exonerate Mr. Huber and declare him not guilty of the charges preferred against him.

[Signed.] E. W. BRIGGS, President,
F. R. WEBSTER, Vice-President,
H. W. OREAR, Corresponding Secretary,
C. A. HAIGHT, Treasurer.

Our Pointer Pictures.

It has always been Mr. Edward Dexter's ambition to produce a kennel of pointers of a certain build and of uniform type combined with the best field trial qualities. In this he has been ably seconded by Capt. McMurdo, who with C. E. Buckle attends to the training and developing of the dogs of the Charlottesville Field Trial Kennel. That Mr. Dexter has succeeded to a great extent in carrying out his views may be seen by a glance at the portraits of several of his dogs which we publish this week. The Charlottesville Kennels struck a happy nick in the King of Kent—Hops union, and few kennels can boast of having had two such handsome and intelligent field performers as Rip Rap and Maid of Kent. There have been others resulting from this union, who, while they lived, performed well in public. Hops has passed away, but this kennel has plenty of the blood to carry on the strain. To Mr. Dexter are due the thanks of pointer men in general, for blow hot or blow cold, he has persistently run his pointers against the setters and thereby done no little toward creating a confidence that led others to persist and which no doubt directly results in the good showing which the pointer made in open competitions this year and last.

Mr Schallenberger, of Alma, Neb., whom we had the pleasure of meeting at the Chicago show, in writing us of the sale of the St. Bernard Aristocrat, says he has a new dog for the open class in Alton III., a litter brother of the well-known Altoneer. He is said to be very like Altoneer, though much larger, and Mr. Schallenberger's friends think he is the best dog he ever owned. This gentleman found, upon his return, that his Valkyrie, by Watch—Betty S., had whelped a litter to Aristocrat, and Columbiana, by Sir Bedivere—Columbia Venus, had whelped to Saladin. He remarks further, incidentally putting in a word for Nebraska: "My dogs never were in better health. The weather here is delightful. I have worn no overcoat since my return, and if one works at all outside he must lay aside his coat. Nebraska against the world for fine climate."

The prices received for the Cumberland Kennels' great Danes must be considered good according to the idea that prevailed among great Dane men at the Chicago show, as it was thought that Melac, considering the circumstances under which the sale was held, would not bring more than $500. Melac is a good, strong, active great Dane and should be well worth the $475 paid for him.

Boston Terrier Club Meeting.

The regular meeting of the Boston Terrier Club was held at Young's Hotel, Boston, Dec. 26. Meeting called to order by President W. A. Power. After the regular routine of business had been disposed of the treasurer made his report, showing that the club is entirely free from debt with a balance in the treasury of $82.01. The secretary reported that the silver medals of the club had been offered at all of the leading exhibitions throughout the country, and had been duly delivered to the winners. Regarding the petition of H. Clay Glover, and others, of New York, relative to the abrogation of certain rights, etc., heretofore existing between the manufacturers and dealers in dog specialties, it was voted that as the B. T. C. does not hold exhibitions this matter is outside of their jurisdiction. In regard to the application of J. A. Boutelle, and others, of Providence, R. I., regarding the formation of a club in that city, it was voted that the secretary be instructed to suggest that they name the club the Boston Terrier Club of Providence, R. I., and to extend every possible courtesy to them; also that he be instructed to offer them the use of the club's standard and constitution and to encourage them in every possible way. The next meeting of the club will be held the fourth Wednesday in January. Mr. G. H. Huse is the secretary.

The rumors of dissention in this club are evidently without foundation, and friends of this smart little dog will doubtless feel pleased to hear that the club is on such a sound basis.

A meeting of the Philadelphia Kennel Club will be held Tuesday night, Jan. 9, at the Aldine Hotel, Philadelphia, and will probably have important results. It is expected that the show committee will report and the club come to some decision as to whether they will hold a show this coming spring or not. It is said there is some difficulty in getting a suitable hall. Mr. James Watson stated last week that while nothing definite had been done, it was probable that the Keystone Kennel Club would hold a show as usual. Two shows will not go in Philadelphia, that is certain, and the Keystone Club might well rest on their laurels for a year and let the older club try once more. Although not a member of the A. K. C., the P. K. C. has many friends of the fancy among its members, and would be sure to poll a good entry with a proper prize list.

It is by no means certain that the doctor who cauterizes the wound made by the bite of a dog suspected of rabies, and then orders the dog shot, ought not to be shot himself for making two such cardinal professional blunders.—*Evening Telegram.*

Controversies.

The tradition that "Peace and good will toward all men" should reign at this season evidently does not obtain in the minds of two kennel editors on the Pacific slope. Surely these gentlemen, who control the columns of the only kennel journals on the coast, should set a better example. The playful terms which they apply to each other are not calculated to elevate dogdom on the coast. Such personal squabbles are of no earthly interest to any but themselves, and "Namquoit" has rubbed shoulders with dogmen long enough to know better, and we would draw his attention to a sentence from the pen of Joseph Cairn Simpson on "Controversies," in his own journal of Dec. 23: "It is quite true that when controversy degenerates into unseemly wrangles, when arguments are forsaken and personalities take the place of logic, when the amenities of debate are thrust aside and ill-temper, violent rudeness, perhaps disfiguring nearly every sentence, it is time to condemn. But opposite views, conveyed in terms which do not offend the most polished reader without exhibitions of vulgar passions, are not out of place; in fact, controversies of that kind are potent educators. With only one side of a question presented there would be small room for improvement." There is a lot of "horse sense" in those remarks.

The St. Bernards that Mr. Thomsen brought over from Switzerland for the World's Fair show and which were afterwards exhibited on the "Midway," have been taken to San Francisco and will be exhibited at the Midwinter Fair. A building is now being erected for their accommodation. Mr. Thomsen has only succeeded in selling one of his team, but one cannot but admire his pluck after meeting with so many disappointments.

The white poodle Pretty, owned by Mr. Elmore, sporting editor of the Toronto *Mail*, died Dec. 25. Pretty was a great favorite with his owner and, we are told, had won several prizes.

A writer in the Toronto *Globe*, takes a serious view of our recent comment on Mr. Jarrett breeding white collies, and in alluding to the fact remarks that among all the cockers bred in the Province memory recalls but two white ones, one bred by a Belleville breeder not long ago, and another that Mr. Geo. Bell bred which died when a puppy. "Uncle" Dick" says he can breed a black spot anywhere you want it on a white dog, why not try for the other oddity—a white cocker?

Preparations are being made to make the Boston show a record one this year. Boston is always a good show town and somehow there is a sentiment attached to the show among exhibitors that is equalled only, though in a different ight, by that surrounding the W. K. C. show. The club has some good fanciers at the helm, and they deserve every support.

We regret to learn that Robber Chieftain, almost as well known to show-goers as his renowned sire, had one of his legs fractured recently. The limb has been set, but it is doubtful if he will appear on the bench again.

Pointer men will be sorry to hear that Mr. J. H. Winslow's pointer Admiration died of blood poisoning one day last week. This dog has won several prizes this year, and was imported by his late owner. Mr. Winslow, one of our most popular fanciers, has not had the best of luck with his dogs, but good luck or the reverse will scarcely make much difference to this whole-souled fancier, and he will probably last as long as any other.

Bob.

Mr. C. A. Sumner, secretary of the Southern California Kennel Club, has written a very amusing and interesting book in the form of an autobiography of his foxhound Bob, who came originally from Mr. Belmont's kennels. On every other page we find a half-tone depicting some scene in Bob's happy life. These pictures were "snapped" by Mr. Sumner and are really the best and most realistic studies of dog life that we have yet come across. "Bob, You're a Father," "In Disgrace—'I Killed a Hen'," "I Made a Rush for the Water and She Played a Hose on Me," "On a Sunday Afternoon We Rested," "Run to Earth," "At Drill, I Gave the Word of Command — 'Attention!'" "And Then — 'Left Dress!'" "Homeward Bound We Rode; I Took a Corner and Jim the Other, With the Three Girls in the Middle," "Who's There" and "Coming, Sir?" are among those that are especially good, and our thanks are due to the author for giving us such a treat. We suppose the book will be for sale. Mr. Sumner's address is Los Angeles, Cal.

Mastiff Brampton Beauty.

Since we published the fact that the celebrated mastiff bitch Brampton Beauty had been purchased by Mr. W. Norman Higgs for exportation to America, it has been a matter for considerable discussion as to who had purchased her. Mr. Winchell kept his peace, but now we learn that this crack bitch is on her way to this country and will enter Mr. Winchell's kennel at Fairhaven, Vt. Brampton Beauty will no doubt take the place of C. O. D. in the estimation of mastiff men. Although only a little over two years old she has won at the largest and principal shows. First in novice and open classes and special for best in open classes at Cruft's show; first open class at Preston, first and special at Sheffield and cup for best mastiff in the show; first and special for best in show at Darlington and the same at Gloucester as well as the O. E. M. C. cup (breeder's prize); first and special at Edinburgh; first and three specials at the Crystal Palace, as well as the O. E. M. C. breeder's prize; first and cup at Birmingham and first in challenge class at Cruft's show in 1893 is the record that stamps this mastiff as one of the best of the day—she holds an unbeaten record. These prizes she won when yet unmatured. The appearance of such a bitch on our show benches will certainly create an interest in mastiffs that is very much needed. Brampton Beauty has been sent out here for exhibition and for sale. With Mr. Winchell's Beaufort's Black Prince and this bitch on exhibition admirers of the mastiff have a treat in store. With such kennels actively represented as those of Dr. Louget, Mr. Winchell, Dr. Glazier and Mr. Bunn a class of mastiffs will soon appear at our shows that will go far to bring these dogs into popular favor again and make them the favorites they were when such breeders as Dr. Perry, Winlawn Kennels, Mr. Moore and others of that class were seen at our shows with the best they could breed or buy.

A Sporting Match.

Some dog breeders or owners will consume yards of paper and quarts of printers' ink in showing how not to make a match; others will talk together five minutes and the thing is done. Such a match was made the other evening between two well known pointer breeders for $200, that Hempstead Luck (Duke of Hessen—Woolton Game) cannot beat Chancellor (Lad of Kent—Lass of Kent), John Davidson to be judge and the match to take place the first week in May.

New Orleans Show.

The premium list of the New Orleans Fanciers' Club's show was received too late for review in our last issue. The show will be held Jan. 23 to 26 in a good hall in the heart of the city and convenient to hotels, etc. The list is well arranged and the prizes are worth trying for. Challenge classes are made for mastiffs, St. Bernards (each breed), great Danes, greyhounds, pointers, all setters, Irish water spaniels, cocker spaniels, collies, bulldogs, fox-terriers and pugs; the sexes compete together with the exception of pointers, where they are separated; the prizes are $10. In open classes $10 and $5 are given to all breeds excepting toy terriers, whippets, toy spaniels, Italian greyhounds, Dandie Dinmont, Skye, Yorkshire, black and tan terriers, dachshunds and poodles, which get $5 and $2 50, while Chesapeake Bays, Newfoundlands and Russian wolfhounds get $10 and $15, sexes competing together. Kennel prizes of $20 are given in mastiffs, St. Bernards, great Danes and Newfoundlands; and with the exception of St. Bernards, which require four, five dogs must be shown. Other kennel prizes of $15 are given for the same number of dogs in the most important breeds. They also devote $200 to the handlers. The one who has the largest number of dogs in his care wins $125, but he must show at least fifty dogs; second $50, and third $25. Dogs handled are to be named on the entry blanks. These prizes are not open to local competition. The entry fee for mastiffs, St. Bernards, great Danes and Newfoundlands is $3; for all others except toy terriers, pugs, toy spaniels, Italian greyhounds and whippets the fee is $2.50, and for those mentioned $2. If the fee for Newfoundlands is put on the same basis as that for mastiffs, the prizes should be the same, with sexes divided.

There is one objectionable feature however in this praiseworthy schedule, we refer to the rule that is becoming too general now-a-days—that, if there is only one entry in any class, one-half of the prize money will be withheld. Show committees should display a little more prudence in this matter. It is not likely a handler will bring a big string of dogs, with this rider attached to his possible winnings. If a club cannot afford to stand by its prize list and take the risk of entries being large and small, they should either reduce the prizes or not hold a show at all. There has recently been much dissatisfaction on this score among exhibitors. The latter risk enough as it is to make shows possible, without asking them to partake in a chance game. The show is under A. K. C. rules, and Mr. John Davidson will judge all classes. The Adams, Wells Fargo, Pacific, United States, American and Southern express companies will carry dogs under the usual conditions. Entries close January 15, with G. W. Sentell, Jr., 190 Gravier St., New Orleans, La.

We learn from Mr. H. F. Peck, secretary of the Akron Poultry and Kennel Club, that he is getting together a good team to take to New Orleans show.

Saratoga Show.

The D. & H. C. Co. sets a good example in offering to carry all dogs free to and from Saratoga show. The Ashmont trophy will be offered if the club secures 400 entries. Additional specials are $20 for best four fox-terriers, $5 for best beagle. Railroad and hotel rates have been reduced and the prospect for a good show is flattering.

Col. Ridgway, Francis S. Brown, William Ridgway and John S. Leisinring have leased 5,000 acres of land in North Carolina for shooting purposes, and intend building a club house, shooting lodge, with quarters for servants and dogs.

Mr. Jarret is well pleased with his recent trade in collies, and Chesterford Marvel will be re-registered and known as Marvel. Mr. Roberts's Donna, of Chicago, and Mr. Frank Carswell's Lady Moll have already been bred to Marvel. The pointer bitch, Bessie Girl, by Graphic III. ex Bessie Wyant, which Mr. Jarrett bought from T. G. Davey at the Chicago show, he has sold to Mr. C. M. Lea, of Philadelphia.

A Kennel Club for Maine.

Again we hear rumors of a kennel club being formed in Maine. This time it is thought that a State kennel club will be organized. The Bath fanciers are very eager to see something done, and if the other towns do not take hold they will form a club in that city and hold a show the week after Boston. Mr. T. B. Catland, of Lewiston, and Mr. Wm. Ledyard, of Bath, are the active movers in the affair, and they are trying to bring the other towns into line. There is no reason why a good strong club should not be organized in Maine, as the State has many dogmen, several good pointers and spaniels hailing from the Pine Tree State.

W. K. C. Show Judges.

THERE has been considerable anxiety lately among dogmen as to who would be the judges at the Westmister Kennel Club show, to be held Feb. 20 to 23. Although the list is scarcely complete there is little doubt but that those invited will accept. As we go to press we learn that mastiffs will be judged by Francis T. Underhill, Oyster Bay, L. I.; St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, Miss A. H. Whitney, Lancaster, Mass.; great Danes, basset hounds and dachshounds, G. Muss Arnolt, Tuckahoe, N. Y.; bloodhounds, Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, English retrievers, Irish and Gordon setters, beagles and miscellaneous class, John Davidson, Monroe, Mich.; pointers, Chas. Heath, Newark, N. J.; English setters, American foxhounds and Chesapeake Bay dogs, Major J. M. Taylor; Irish water spaniels, Clumber, field and

cocker spaniels, A. Clinton Wilmerding, New York city; collies, Dr. L. C. Sauveur, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.; black and tan, white English and toy terriers and Italian greyhounds, Dr. H. T. Foote, New Rochelle, N. Y.; poodles, Irish, Dandie Dinmont, Scottish, Skye, Bedlington and Yorkshire terriers and toy spaniels, Dr. M. H. Cryer, Philadelphia, Pa; wire-haired fox-terriers and old English sheepdogs, R. F. Mayhew, New York city.

Those invited, but who have not yet accepted are Trenor L. Park, New York city, for bulldogs; C. Albert Stevens, Hoboken, N. J., for bull-terriers, and Lewis L. Rutherford for smooth fox-terriers.

It makes but little difference who judges at New York, so far as entries go, as everybody that has a dog worth anything will show. The adaptability of most of the judges for their breeds can be explained. Dr. Foote, Dr. Sauveur and F. T. Underhill are the only untried ones, and are identified with the breeds they will adjudicate upon. The selection of Dr. Cryer, who has been identified only with pugs, to pass upon such now important breeds as poodles and the different rough terriers, is scarcely treating the breeders with due consideration. It is to be hoped that Messrs. Park, Stevens and Rutherford will accept, as they have all owned good ones. Mr. Heath knows a pointer well, and should be well indorsed by his fellow-breeders. The others have faced the music before many a time.

The premium list will be issued shortly and will not materially differ in the amount of regular prizes from that of last year.

St. Bernards at Providence.

THAT a mistake has evidently been made somewhere in the awards of the mastiff and St. Bernard classes at the last Providence show is very evident from the following letter. We may here remark that FOREST AND STREAM awards were identical with those reported by Mr. Fellows, the judge, in *Fancier's Journal:*

Editor Forest and Stream:

I noticed the correction in FOREST AND STREAM in regard to the mastiff and St. Bernard clases at the Providence show. But you make the corrections under protest, I should infer by your letter to me, and I don't much wonder when you come to look at the reports in all the other papers, and especially the judge's report in *Fanciers' Journal*. In this report you will notice a discrepancy in the criticisms which follow the list of awards, Mr. Fellows does not seem to find but two dogs in these classes to criticise, that is, the mastiff Abe, which really was Philip, and the St. Bernard Eulalie, which was Abe, the St. Bernard. The judge did not see Eulalie after awarding first to her in the puppy class on the stage, as his report was made after the classes were all judged. To assist in convincing you further that my version is a correct one, I would say that Abe won second at the Pawtucket show a year ago to Mr. Moore's well-known Melrose, first, and if you refer to FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 5, 1893, you will certainly experience a revelation, as your own criticisms of Abe then are in the main identical with the reports on Eulalie as per FOREST AND STREAM and *Fanciers Journal* last week. We all had a good time at the Providence show, but somebody got mixed. Who you think it was?

G. W. PATTERSON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

C. W. B., Trenton, N. J.—You had better advertise for English hares.

M. H. L., Williamsport, Pa.—There is no such breed as English waterfronds.

S. H. S., Cleveland, O.—Yes, the article on bulldogs has been well received, but we do not recommend breeders. Consult our advertising columns or advertise for what you want.

J. D. C., Concord, N. H.—I have a foxhound two years old, and the enamel is coming off his teeth, chiefly around the base of the teeth, and his breath smells very badly. He seems to feel well when out hunting and eats well, keeping in good condition. Have treated him for worms and I do not think he has any. Did you ever hear of the enamel coming off from the teeth of so young a dog? Ans. The enamel only becomes diseased after distemper and then only in patches. From your description I think it is only an accumulation of tartar on the teeth. Remove this tartar, and the offensiveness will disappear—apply the following wash to the gums:

B. Acid carbol	m.x.
Tr. card	ʒ ss.
Tr. myrrh	ʒ ii.
Alum exotic	grs.x.
Aq. ad	℥ iii.

Mix. Lotio.

H. J. H., Seattle, Wash.—Two weeks ago my bull-terrier bitch Bess in a short fight received a wound extending from the inside of the lower lip to the outside of the opposite jaw, passing below the skin and under the points of the jaw. A few days later while standing with her forefeet on a bench (I had shortly before dressed the wound and was then sponging her mouth as she slobbered a great deal), she slowly turned half round on her hindfeet and fell unconscious. She recovered in a few minutes sufficient to move around very slowly. This occurred in a very warm room. Last Thursday morning while she was following a cable car on a steep grade and having only gone 120yds., the last part very slowly, she reared up and again fell senseless. When I reached her she had recovered somewhat, but her tongue was a bluish color. Previous to receiving the wound she was very lively and strong, but now is quiet and mopish. She is now developing a case of distemper. Her age is 16 months and her puppies are 4 months old. She has been cut very badly in other fights, but has been all right till now. A half-brother has fallen in convulsions several times, both while walking and running. A neighbor has a setter pup between four and five months old, whose hindlegs appear to be paralyzed. His appetite is good and he is otherwise in good condition. Ans. The bitch may have simply fainted or may have had a fit. Keep her quiet. Allow no exercise. Dress the wound daily and give the following mixture:

B. Quinine sulph	grs.xxiv.
Acid hydrobrom. dil	ʒ ss.
Ferri phos	ʒ i.
Aq. ad	℥ vi.

Give one teaspoonful three times a day.

For the setter puppy treat for worms. Give the following pills:

B. Ergotine	grs.xii.
Ext. nucis vom	grs.ii.

Mix and make 12 pills. Give one twice a day for 10 days and then three times a day. Give milk after meals. If there is no improvement after this use galvanism.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

Jan. 15.—Brunswick Fur Club's winter meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.

Altcar Coursing Meets.

THERE is evidently a poetical sentiment abroad in the Altcar Coursing Club, for we find the following old couplet at the head of their programme of the coming meeting:

"Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe."

The inaugural meet of this club will be held at Goodland, Kan., on Feb. 20 and following days. The judge will be Wm. Green, and slipper Ralph Taylor, as previously announced. The Altcar Stake will be run, for 32 or more all-aged greyhounds at $10, winner 50 per cent. and $115 added; runner-up 25 per cent. and $45 added; third and fourth, 12½ per cent. and $10 each

Goodland, Kan., is located about 175 miles east of Denver, on the Rock Island road. A special railroad rate has been applied for, and will be made. The hotel accommodation is good; the grounds are ideal, and hares strong. Water excellent. Saddle horses and teams plentiful, and can be hired at very moderate prices. Any further information will be given by the secretary, Sam W. Vidler, Colorado Springs, Col. Intending nominators are requested to notify Mr. Vidler as soon as possible, as another purse will be made up if entries warrant.

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HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

Mr. Thos. Hitchcock, Jr., will hunt the country round Aiken, N. C., three days a week during the winter, having taken a pack of foxhounds down with him. The country is good and foxes plenty, so excellent sport is expected.

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On Dec. 27 the West Chester, Pa., hunters had a novel experience. Dropping a fox at a point north of the town, ten couple of hounds were laid on and the fun commenced. After running a short time reynard turned from his line at right angles, and entered the town of West Chester at West Gay street, and ran its entire length into West Goshen. By this neat move the fox saved his brush, as the hounds lost the scent, and the fox going away toward Frazer made good his escape, hounds and hunters being entirely at fault.

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The English courser George Gregson still follows the hare and the hounds, though he is 80 years of age. He was the owner of Roaring Meg, the Waterloo Cup winner of 1862.

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The winter meet of the Brunswick Fur Club will commence at Freeport, Me., Jan. 15, and continue one week. Headquarters will be at the Harraseeket House. Freeport is on the Maine Central Railroad, with three trains daily from Boston. The club meeting will be held Jan. 15 at 8 P. M. Fox-hunters will be heartily welcomed. A standard for judging foxhounds will be submitted.

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Mr. S. S. Howland will hunt the Annapolis hounds this winter two or three days a week. The pack has been strengthened by twenty couple of good hounds from England. Foxes gray and red are plentiful in that country, and the soil is sandy and freezes only on rare occasions. The fields are of good size and fenced with rail and snake fences. The farmers are in sympathy with the sport and will join in the fun themselves. The meets will be arranged so as to afford sportsmen in Baltimore and Washington every opportunity to participate.

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Mr. S. C. Bradley, so well and favorably known in field trial circles, has returned from the South to his place at Greenfield, Conn. He writes us that foxes are plentiful in his neighborhood and he can have a run almost any day.

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The best fox hunt of the season took place Dec. 25, at the Three-mile House, Lancaster township, in which a large number of huntsmen participated. Reynard had a start of fifteen minutes and gave the horsemen a run of fifteen miles before he was pulled down. During the run he circled Chestnut Hill, coming back to the starting point with hounds in full view but evading them by a cunning trick finally crossed Little Conestoga Creek. Nearing historic Wheatland, the home of President Buchanan, the hounds ran into him, Mr. Hambright being the only rider in at the death.

Yachting.

SO MUCH has been said in American papers concerning the "ballast crew" of Vigilant, that it is rather extraordinary to find an English paper, and above all the *Field*, attempting to depreciate the value of this sort of shifting ballast. As applied to Vigilant rather than to an imaginary vessel, the *Field's* assumption is that the two tons of ballast, if not carried on the deck, would be placed below the present keel: but a much more plausible assumption is that the designer has already disposed the bulk of his lead at the lowest desirable point, and that if his two tons of crew were denied him by the committee, the weight would necessarily be made up by inside lead, stored (as we assumed in our consideration of the subject) above, and not below, the existing keel, and hence less effective.

IN comparing the effect of ballast in various positions, several methods of investigation are possible, but in all the controlling factor is the horizontal separation of the various weights and the center of buoyancy, and the most direct is by a simple comparison of the horizontal distances within the ordinary sailing angle of such a wide vessel. Of course the height of the weight has an effect on the result, but in the case in question, of Vigilant at her ordinary sailing angle, it is too little to be worth considering. Even admitting that the general method employed by the *Field* is correct and applicable, any man who has sailed a wide boat in summer weather with both fixed and live ballast in turn will deny the accuracy of a calculation which seeks to prove such an extremely low value for live ballast on the weather rail as compared with the same weight of lead stowed below.

THE New York *Herald* of Dec. 24 contained an excellent article on stability and the metacenter, by Lewis G. Nixon, late naval constructor in the U. S. Navy and now with the Cramp Shipbuilding Company. Mr. Nixon is an expert, and his clear explanations are in strong contrast to the many blunders that the *Herald* has lately made in treating on naval matters.

A Cheap Cruise.

(Concluded from Page 574.)

FINALLY I found myself at St. Nazaire, a dreary little port on the great, shallow Loire, and by the next day I was scudding under a fresh N.E. wind westward ho! again. That night I anchored off Benoiet, having done one hundred miles in fourteen hours. But it was anxious work among all those rocks. For from the Ile de Groiz, off Lorient, to the Quimper River there are miles of rocks; and well lighted as the dangerous coast is, yet every danger cannot be provided against, and the old pilot who came off to see me next morning declared I must have crossed a very dangerous patch called the Basse Jaune, near the Glennan Islands. I don't believe I did, for there was no water on it when I passed, but I have no doubt I went very near. One gets used to an intimacy with rocks off the coast of Brittany which would startle a stranger.

The return journey to England was a little ticklish, as the crew had cut his foot and I had to do all the work. The wind was ahead all the way, and very strong at times, so much so that I had to lie to and strike the topmast during a heavy thunder squall. But the old boat comes out well under these circumstances, and it is then one appreciates her great beam. We were two days and two nights crossing.

After a short stay in Falmouth, we took a run up to Cowes in time for the regatta week, and then returned westward. By the middle of August I was back at Falmouth, and my freckled one said he wanted to go home. He had sailed many miles, and was anxious to play the hero to his father's customers. Besides, he did not wish to go round Land's End. I now had to find another crew.

At Fowey I picked up a capital man. He was hunchbacked, but very strong and willing. He agreed to go round to Aberdovey in N. Wales for 25s. a week, finding himself, or £2 10s. the trip. I found he thought we should be a fortnight or three weeks over the voyage. We started at 8 on Saturday morning, Aug. 26: by 10 that night we were off the Longship Light off the Land's End, and by 4 the next afternoon we were entering Padstow Harbor in a strong breeze from N.N.E. The sea was heavy outside, and it looked like worse coming. I had never been round on the west coast before and found the sea in the Bristol Channel as bad as I had been led to expect.

Padstow is a wild harbor to make for. One has to go so close to the cliffs on the west side that there is a notice board put up telling mariners to keep close in. I can't say I had much time to read this, as the wind was nearly dead aft and a heavy sea running, and it took me all I could do to prevent gybing. There are no buoys to mark the channel, and the anchorage off Padstow is limited in space as well as shallow. Next day, as the wind had lulled and shifted to the S.E. I started early. By 1 o'clock I could just see Lundy Island away on our starboard beam, and by 10 o'clock at night the Smalls Lighthouse was visible bearing N. by W. The wind had been playing about all day and had finally settled down right ahead.

We had sailed over 100 miles, however, since 7 that morning.

All that night we made little way. The tide was sweeping out of the Irish Channel and the breeze was with it.

By daybreak next morning I could just make out what I took to be St. David's Head, looming like an extinct volcano against the crimson and gold of the coming sun.

All that day we had a hard breeze right ahead. By nightfall we were 7 miles to the north of Port Cardigan and well into Cardigan Bay. By dint of a most unjustifiable bit of audacity I had cheated the tide race off Strumble Head and slipped into Fishguard Bay, thus saving three hours' rough and tumble on the edge of the tide. The coast is very fine here and I had the first idea of the coming glories of the Welsh scenery.

As for the Breton coasts there is nothing strikingly pretty or grand after passing the neighborhood of Brest. The most striking part is the rocky nature of the coast, but that is what I tried to avoid. Here the coast was mountainous almost; splendid headlands and wild cliffs, deep bays and narrow inlets, rock-studded and tortuous, opened up rapidly as we sped along the Cardiganshire coast.

When night shut down we were nearly becalmed in the very center of the great Bay which has St. David's Head on its south and Bardsey Island on its north for its limits.

We made perhaps 14 miles that night. I was afraid we might pass Aberdovey in the dark, for I had never been here before, and had not even a chart of the coast after leaving Padstow. All I had was the index sheet of the Admiralty charts, which was about as useful as the map of a railway time table.

When day dawned I found we were approaching a hilly shore. Smoke and mist hung over a dark patch in a valley, and I judged we were coming to Aberystwith.

As the day grew the wind freshened. In another hour we were opposite the town which I took for granted was Aberystwith, and sped on toward a large indentation some 6 miles ahead.

This might be the Dovey estuary and these ridges are the Welsh Mountains, so I settled in my mind while I searched about for an opening in the long line of sand heaps which formed such a brilliant contrast to the purple mountains behind, rising ridge on ridge to a rugged peak which towered over all. There was no doubt about the beauty of the scenery; I was looking upon Cader Idris and some of the loveliest districts of Wales.

By sounding I soon found we had every need to be careful. The coast was very shoal about here. The estuary I was approaching was a bar harbor and the sandbanks which hedged it round were evidently a little bewildering. However, by dint of great caution, and with the rising tide, I found myself anchored off an old village, a busy quarry where a few coasters were loading slates, and a heather-covered ridge of steep hills: I was in the so-called shelter of Aberdovey. Later on I had reason to find out that unless we had very strong moorings properly laid there was little comfort or safety in this picturesque river.

It had taken us four days to sail round from Fowey and we had sailed over 400 miles to get to Aberdovey, but we had the wind ahead all the way. I was glad I had agreed to pay by the week instead of the trip. However, my hunchbacked one left me here to join his ship for the winter season.

For a fortnight I was captain and crew of my old vessel once more. Finding, however, that I must either lay down expensive moorings or clear out before the next spring tides came on, and having explored the lovely scenery all round, I decided on putting to sea again. A tall, delicate-looking young fellow said he would like to go with me for the same wages he had received on his last voyage. He frankly said he was not a seaman, but then I had been used to that, provided he would do what I told him that was all I wanted. So the bargain was struck and we set sail with a falling glass and head wind.

Cardigan Bay with a strong westerly wind and during the strongest spring-tide can be nasty. I beat over to the shelter of the long promontory which juts out from the Sunodon district and ends in the wild headland of Braich-y-Pwll (don't ask me to pronounce it). There, by dint of dodging round some islands called St. Tudwells Islands, I managed to keep ourselves from harm, and then took the first chance of making for Holyhead. We spent five days in dodging the gale, but reached Holyhead in a day's sail from St. Tudwell Roads. The wind was ahead as far as Bardsey Sound. Then it fell calm. Then it blew hard and we flew across Carnarvon Bay to be tossed wildly in the fierce race off the Saulterstack Lighthouse until the final shelter under the magnificent breakwater of Holyhead was reached by midnight.

Here we remained for three days while the gale blew itself out, when I decided to set sail for Douglas, Isle of Man. After three days I started again northward, and by midnight I found myself anchored in Loch Ryan in Wigtonshire, but the seventeen hours' sail from Douglas had been a very stiff one. All went well until we were fairly across from the Isle of Man to the Mull of Galloway. Then a black and very fierce squall came down, and amid the fury and darkness of it the old ship was driven out of her course. When the misery was over a black rock was close to us on our lee, the Mull of Galloway was away to windward, and we were headed into the great inlet called Luce Bay.

It was a dead beat to windward, with a strong tide against us; for two hours we made little progress. By dark we were four miles to the north of the Mull, and from that time onward it took me all my sailing to judge where we were. It was black; I could see no light except the masthead light of many steamers, for we were right in the track of the Liverpool and Clyde traffic. I knew the shore was close on our lee, but I could see nothing of it. However, all worries have an end sometime and somehow. We reached Loch Ryan in safety by midnight and anchored off Stranraer Harbor in three fathoms.

At Stranraer I experienced the first taste of Scoth cleverness. I was induced to go inside the harbor for the purpose of scrubbing. The tide never fell low enough to do it and the harbor master wanted to make me pay 10s. harbor dues and 10s. for scrubbing. I have since found that the able character of the harbor master is well supported by the rest of his countrymen with whom I have had dealings.

Leaving Stranraer we had a splendid run up to the Isle of Arran, past the well-known Ailsa Crag, and anchored in Lamlash Bay. Of course it rained hard and blew strongly most of the time; it would not have been Scotland if it had not, but the scenery between the squalls was beautiful.

From Arran I took the old ship through the Kyles of Bute, up Loch Ridun and down to Rothesay, passing between the narrowest channel of the Burnt Islands. Here I had a little fright. The wind shifted just as I was entering the very narrow ditch—for it is nothing more—and blew strong right ahead. I had no room to wear and was obliged to work through. The tide was against me, too. By dint of hauling over the boom to windward and much care I got through without touching, but I could have touched any one of the four beacons easily with my hand. I have never been in such a tight place before.

I did not like Rothesay. It blew a gale from the S.W. and I came away under the trysail and flew up Lough Long. At one moment the old boat was nearly gunwale under, even under her trysail; the next she was bolt upright and all the sails limp and motionless. At one time the ensign blew out from the S.W., while the burgee was flying stiffly from the N.E. At this period I was not calm.

Loch Long is most picturesque. The yachtsman anchors against the mountain side. As I was anchored half-way up it I got out and climbed to the top. I think I saw all over Scotland. Anyhow, I saw the Ailsa Crag and Wigtonshire one way—the Firth of Forth and the east coast another way, and Ben Nevis and the Grampians the other way. There is not much more of Scotland to see, I don't think.

It is not often a yacht takes you half up a mountain.

From Loch Long I came down to the Gare Lock, where the old ship will try and spend the winter. But it can blow and it does rain.

Now, I have tried to make all this as short as I could, but there were a great many places to be touched upon. Of course one does not do all these miles in a yacht almost single-handed without many adventures and risks. I had my share, and if the yachting editor would allow me space I could spin a good many yarns which might point a moral and adorn a sail. But that is not the object of my writing this.

What I am driving at is to show how very cheaply and comfortably a man may visit some of the most delightful, out of the way, picturesque or famous places in the Old World, simply by paddling one's own canoe. Such a sailing vessel as I am writing this paper in offers every comfort. There is no "pigging" it. I have carried my house with me down the Bay of Biscay, into every Breton nook and corner, among the most unsophisticated of the French peasantry, where Old World Ideas of religion, of custom, of habit, of thought, still linger, where the memories of Lancelot du Lac, of Du Guesclin, of Anne of Brittany, of the Chouannerie of La Vendee are still realities.

From the heather and rocks of Brit'any to the heather and rocks of Cornwall, that kindred land, to the cultured world of latest fashion and most *fin de siècle* life, the Isle of Wight in Cowes week. Back

again along the sunny southern shore to the rugged Land's End, across the turbid waves to the rolling uplands and lonely peaks of the Welsh Highlands, where fairy legend and Bardic mystery hover round the summits of Sunodon and Cader Idris, or linger in the shades of Hanboris and the Vale of the Mawddwy.

From Welsh loveliness to Scottish highlands, to the land of loch and moor and mountain fell, I have sailed my course. Free from hotel bills, saved from lodging hunting, at ease and comfortably I have had a holiday which has covered four playgrounds of the tourist world and at what cost? Six months for sixty pounds. This has covered crew, insurance of the yacht and every expense, and has paid the journey of over 2,000 miles. Why don't more people do it? By the way, I have never employed a pilot; chart, lead and common sense have been my only guides. NOMAD.

Shifting and Fixed Ballast.

THE *Field* of Dec. 9 indulges in a rather severe criticism of our remarks on the value of shifting ballast, and in an effort to justify its original assumption of the small value of the big ballast crew carried by Vigilant, it goes still further into the mathematics of the question. We might dispute the accuracy of the *Field's* calculations, but, assuming that the figures are correct as far as they go, in our opinion the question is one that can only be thoroughly considered from the practical point of view of the man who has sat well outside the plankSheer of a yacht with his lap full of sandbags, rather than from the theoretical standpoint of the naval architect. We reprint the *Field's* remarks, as the calculations may interest our readers.

In the issue of FOREST AND STREAM for Nov. 25 there is an attempt to criticise our demonstration of the relative effect of weight on deck and weight on the keel on stability. We say attempt, because the writer displays an unacquaintance with the most elementary laws of statics, and the conclusions arrived at from the illustration given are not only misleading, but might also be dangerous. The writer says we introduced the height of the center of gravity in the question, which needlessly complicates the matter; but the fact is the "matter" cannot be explained without introducing the center of gravity, even by aid of a quasi geometrical illustration such as given in FOREST AND STREAM. The statement made by this paper is as follows:

"In a wide, flat boat, at least, the height of the center of gravity need not be considered, and, the real question being the advantage of a certain weight at 4 (Fig. 1), on the weather deck, or stowed as low as practicable inside, the actual conditions are nearly as shown in the following diagram.

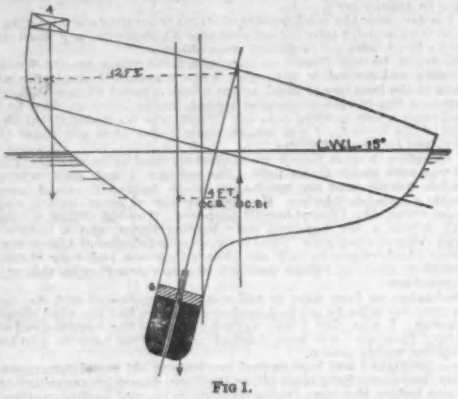

FIG 1.

"While this section is not correct, it represents quite nearly enough that of Vigilant, and the angle of heel shown, 15 degrees, is about that at which such a model will do its fastest sailing. The advantages of live ballast depend so much on the type of boat that we have, in the diagram, attempted to represent as closely as is possible the true section of Vigilant, the position of her lead, the amount of freeboard, and the angle at which she is at her best. The lead keel is shown by the solid black, the center of buoyancy in the upright and inclined positions is indicated approximately, the weight of the crew on deck is shown at 4, and that of the same weight of lead stowed as low as possible by the shaded section at 6.

"In its first position, at 4, this weight is at a distance of about 12ft. from C .B. 1, while in the position 6 it is about 4ft., its righting power being measured in the one case by the lever arm 12 and in the other by the arm 4, or a gain of 3 to 1."

Now as a matter of fact the "lever arm 12 and the other arm 4" no more discloses what the effect of the different positions assigned to the two tons has on the general stability of the vessel than it does the name of the captain's wife. Obviously, as the heeling of the vessel increased the lines drawn through 4 and 6 would approach each other until at last when the vessel became heeled to forty degrees, they would coincide, as shown in Fig. 2, and then the distance from the

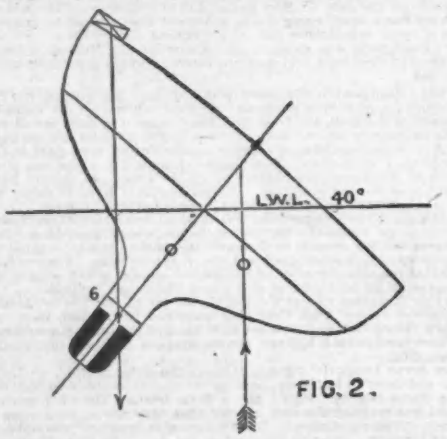

FIG. 2.

vertical line through the center of buoyancy would be the same for both, and the 3 to 1 be thereby extinguished; whereas the actual effect of the weight on the statical stability is exactly the same for either condition of heeling. To again demonstrate what does actually take place by having a crew or equivalent weight put on the deck of a

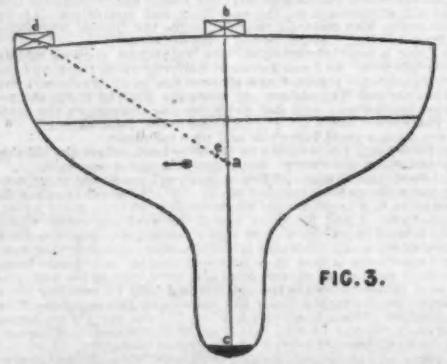

FIG. 3.

yacht, we will choose a somewhat different form of illustration, which more approaches the A B C of the problem. In Fig. 3 the general center of gravity of the vessel and all she contains, including crew, will, it is assumed, be at *a* and also that this is the location of the center of buoyancy, as this will simplify matters. Then, if a weight be placed on the deck at *b* the center of gravity will be raised, and the distance can be determined by the equation

$$\frac{W \times F}{D}$$

where W the weight (at *b*), F the vertical distance it is above the center of gravity, and D the total weight or displacement of the vessel, including the weight at *b*. If the weight is 2 tons and the distance 8ft., and the weight of the vessel 150 tons (including the 2 tons on deck at *b*), we have

$$\frac{2 \times 8}{150} = 0{\cdot}107\text{ft.},$$

the distance the center of gravity is raised. Next, supposing the 2 tons, instead of being placed on deck, is put underneath the keel at *c*, 11ft. below *a*, and increasing the draught by 3in. or 4in., then by the same equation the center of gravity would be lowered 0·147.

But in continuation, we will consider that the weight at *b* has been shifted 12ft. out to *d*; then by this movement the center of gravity will be shifted horizontally in the direction of the arrow 0·16ft., the common result of the two movements (putting the weight at *b* and shifting it to *d*), being that the center of gravity of the vessel is moved in the line *a d*, say, to *e*, and the vessel would heel until the center of buoyancy again came in the vertical line of the center of gravity at *e*. It should be noted that the new position of the center of gravity could be found by the equation by putting in it the distance *a d* instead of F, but this method in the end would be more complicated.

The net result on the stability will be next determined. In Fig. 4

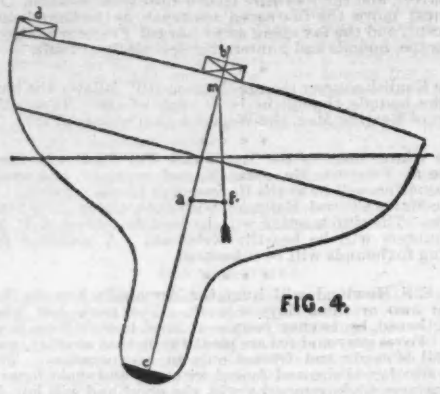

FIG. 4.

it is assumed that the vessel is heeled to 15°, and that her metacentric height is 7ft. As the vessel heels the center of buoyancy at *a* shifts to some point, as at *f*, and the distance *a f* is the length of the righting arm *m* which the weight of the vessel acts, in a downward direction, through *a*, and the equal force of the buoyancy in an upward direction, through *f*.

The intersection *m* is termed the meta center, and in this illustration we have assumed it to be 7ft. above *a* (the center of gravity.) If the metacentric height is 7ft., then the length of the righting arm at an inclination of 15° will be 7ft. × sine angle—1 815ft.

If the center of gravity is raised, by putting 2 tons to *b*, then the metacentric height will be diminished by 0·107ft., or, say, 6·893ft., and the righting arm *a f* will be reduced to 1·785. If, on the other hand, the weight is lowered to *c*, then the metacentric height will be increased to 7·147ft., and the righting arm to 1·851ft.

Finally, if the weight on deck is shifted to *d*, the righting arm of 1·786ft. (for the weight in the position *b*) would be increased to (1·785 × ·16) 1 945ft., or a net gain of ·132ft. of sighting arm; and a net gain of ·094ft., on the righting arm which would exist if the 2 tons had been put on the keel at *c* instead of on deck at *b*.

The advantage, therefore, for the deck position at *b* would be as ·132 to ·094, or, say, as 1 4 to 1.

As to the *Field's* criticisms, the main question is not of the effect of the movable fraction of the ballast on the "general stability" of the yacht at all angles, but only within such a very limited angle as is essential to speed, if not safety, in a shoal wide boat. There is no need of figures to prove to the catboat sailor that the center of gravity is so far to windward that if caught aback, his crew and sandbags will capsize the boat; nor that, once heeled beyond a certain angle to leeward, her crew must swim as certainly as her sandbags will sink.

The case of Vigilant, with so larger proportion of her ballast on the keel and so little on the weather deck, is quite different in degree from that of an open sandbag boat or a sliding seat canoe, but a man with any practical experience of the immense gain in lying out over the water instead of sitting upright on the deck edge, or of edging himself out another half inch on his sliding seat, will be very slow to believe that, even in the case of Vigilant, the benefits of live ballast to windward over the same weight of lead in the keel can be as insignificant as the *Field's* figures assume to prove.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much interested a few weeks ago to see in your paper the representation of an approximate section of the Vigilant, with calculations of the effect on her stability of the weight of her extra large crew carried well to windward on deck, and a comparison of this effect with an equal weight stowed on top of her other ballast. I felt much interest in this, as no doubt did many yachtsmen of the calculating sort, and this interest was increased because I had previously seen an attempt in the *Field* to deal with the same problem. There was a wide difference between the results given in your paper and those shown in the *Field*, and I was impressed with the much greater accuracy and also by the greater simplicity and necessarily greater certainty of your method.

This arose from the fact that, allowing that the midship section shown was approximately a correct one, the factors entering into your calculation were practically known quantities. The center of buoyancy and the two positions treated of for the weight with their relations to the center of buoyancy and with each other could be shown without danger of serious error, and the value of these weights as righting forces, at any defined angle of heel in the vessel, could be very readily and very clearly estimated.

By the *Field* method unknown quantities were introduced, as it appears to me, quite needlessly, the gravity of the vessel, and its common center, and the effort was made to show the relative effectiveness of the movable ballast through its modifying influence on the position of the latter, instead of by a comparison of the moments of the movable ballast in the positions in question, acting on the vessel's center of support (C, B).

Now, it must be evident to a novice even that neither the gravity of the vessel nor the position of its center can be satisfactorily assumed, and that an error in locating it position would seriously affect the result of any computation such as that under consideration, and make of little value any conclusions formed through such assumption.

For the purpose which your article of Nov 25 had in view, that of showing the relative effectiveness of two tons of ballast used in either of two positions at an angle of 15°, it appears to me that your method was simple, easily comprehended and correct, and that its conclusions might be accepted, as it dealt only with practically known quantities. With the *Field* it appears to me the case is otherwise.

I was therefore somewhat surprised in looking over the last number received here of that journal to see that its yachting editor comments unfavorably upon the method you have employed and the conclusions arrived at.

I cannot, however, find that he anywhere points out an error in your statement, though there is a plain inference from his remarks that you have somehow made such; and there is some asperity shown in the remark, "Now, as a matter of fact, the lever arm, 12, and the other arm, 4, no more discloses what the effect of the different positions assigned to the two tons has on the general stability of the vessel than it does the name of the captain's wife." I do not derive from your interesting article that your purpose was to show what the effect would be upon the stability of the Vigilant of two tons of ballast placed near the weather rail if she were inclined 40° or 50°, or at some impracticable sailing angle; but that your purpose was to correct the misleading conclusions of the *Field's* article, and to show how much more effective in a beamy yacht is two tons of ballast placed well to windward than would be any like weight placed near to the keel when such a vessel is sailing at a practicable angle of about 15°. For this purpose, it appears to me, your method is correct, while that of your animadverter, for reasons which have been stated, is correct only to the extent of the accuracy of his assumptions; and it is, moreover, as it appears to me, for your limited and express purpose, about as ill-adapted as is a deep-sea lead to take soundings in a duck pond.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23. BONSTAY.

Alga, cutter, owned by the late Chas. Longfellow, has been sold to R. F. Perkins.

New Yachts.

MR. N. G. HERRESHOFF is now at work on an improved Dilemma for his own use, employing a spare fin and bulb made for the 36-foot Drusilla. Mr. Gielow has an order for a schooner similar to Loyal, the dimensions being: over all 70ft., lwl. 58ft., beam 17ft. 7in., draft 8ft. She will be built of wood. He has also an order for a steam launch for Robert Shoemaker, Jr., of Philadelphia, to be 47ft. 7in. over all, 45ft. 9in. lwl., 7ft. 4in. beam, 2ft. 4in. draft. Several yachts of about 20ft. of the Cape Cat and "knockabout" types, are building about Boston.

Columbia.

THE new steam yacht Columbia, designed and built by the Cramp Shipbuilding Co., for J. H. Ladew, made a trial trip on Dec. 19, running from Larchmont to New London, 80.3 miles, naut., in 4h. 43m. 57s., an average speed of 17.35 knots.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The opening lecture of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was given at the town club house on Dec. 22, the lecturer being Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of Brooklyn, and his subject being Greenland and Eskimo life. Dr. Cook was a member of the first Peary expedition, and also made a second trip last summer in a small schooner to the shores of Greenland, and his remarks were specially directed to such Arctic work as may be safely and comfortably done in any well-appointed yacht. There were present three natives brought last summer from Greenland, a girl, a boy and a dog. The interest of the lecture was greatly increased by a large number of lantern views made from photos made on both expeditions.

At the annual meeting of the Harlem Y. C. on Dec. 21 the following officers were elected: Com., Walter A. Boody; Vice-Com., John Wimmer; Rear-Com., Henry Soch; Fleet Captain, W. Seardafield; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. H. M. Cox; Meas., W. D. S Hyer; Treas., T. C. Allen; Fin. Sec., H. B. McAllister; Rec Sec., P. Macy; Cor. Sec., F. W. Creegan; Stewards, M. L. Gretz and J. C. McCarthy; Board of Directors, D. Ryan, J. F. Lalor, F. J. Fitch, W. Towner, E. M. Griffiths, F. Davis and A. G. Austin.

Mr. Clarence L. Burger, Larchmont Y. C., is still working for the passage of the bill prepared by him last winter for the protection of the distinguishing flags of yacht clubs and steamship companies. The bill passed the House last year but was too late for the Senate.

The annual meeting of Oak Point Y. C. was held on Dec. 19, the following officers being elected: Com., John Corbett; Fleet Captain, R. D. Lenge; Vice-Com., John Lee; Treas., J. W. Wakeling; Rec. Sec., George Gent; Fin. Sec., Nicholas Schmidt; Cor. Sec., R. A. Blank; Steward, Morris Deutsch; Meas., John Fraser; Sergeant, W. Newbeck; Board of Directors, R Freeman, Chairman; O. Stenheimer, J. E. Baxter, C. Durifet, T. Hagarty; Regatta Committee, V. Roz, Chairman; V. Clark, B. Carry.

Natalie, steam yacht, after sailing from Port Jefferson on Dec. 1 in charge of Captain Wm. Kirk, has not yet been reported. The yacht, which had been purchased by strangers, was nominally bound for Philadelphia. Rumor connects her with the Brazilian troubles.

El Chico has been sold to Willard E. Case of Auburn, N. Y., and is now being fitted with a larger cockpit and prepared for shipment, under the direction of Mr. J. Beavor Webb.

In answer to various inquiries about ice yachts, we would call attention to the advertisement of F. Weslaw on another page. Mr Weslaw is prepared to furnish the boats complete or the separate parts.

The Christmas number of the *Yachtsman* has been greatly delayed in the home post office, but arrived with the New Year in New York.

Capt. Haff, who has been in Gen. Paine' employ since 1887, has been re-engaged for this year. Last spring, before Gen. Paine decided to build, he transferred Capt. Haff's services to Rear Com. Rogers for Colonia, and later on engaged Capt. Barr as the sailing master of the new Jubilee.

Mr. Watson has an order for a 10-rater from Messrs. R. G and S. Allen, of Glasgow, to race against Mr. Henry Allen's new Herreshoff 10.

A correspondent asks the address of a builder of the Barnegat sneakbox; possibly some of our readers may be able to aid him.

Canoeing.

THE LOG OF THE FRANKIE.

The '92 Cruise of the Shenandoah C. C.

BY THE COMMODORE.

(*Continued from Page 575*).

WE landed at the spring below the falls a few miles further down (which we easily passed by means of the boat channel around the left hand end) for a drink and a smoke. The "Pig Path" rapid, or fall, was next successfully negotiated, and around the next turn to the right the mill and dam at Bixter's was sighted. There proved to be an open shoot in the dam, over near the mill, but as it was a perpendicular obstruct some 4 or 5ft. high, with no depth below it, the fall coming upon the rocks without sufficient depth for the bows of the canoes to go down below the surface, as is the case at the big shoot at Goode's dam, George and I promptly declined it.

Lacy, however, who was in a reckless mood, and who hadn't had as much experience in shooting dams as he acquired a few minutes later, insisted on taking it, so, as there was no reasoning him out of it, we removed the foot log which barred the top of the shoot and let him go. His canoe made the plunge gallantly, but her bow brought up with a crash among the rocks at the bottom just as we told him it would, and there she hung in the shoot—bow on the rocks below and stern on the dam above. She heeled until he was all but spilled out, while the water rushed in a sheet several inches deep over his decks and around his waist into the cockpit until the canoe was full. He finally, by vigorous shoves with his paddle, managed to free his canoe from the bottom of the chute, when she dropped on over into the swift, race-like channel below, down which she shot like an arrow for some 50yds., finally bringing up high and dry on the rocks at one side of the channel, with her bow and stern projecting out into space like Noah's Ark on Ararat.

There was nothing left for Lacy to do but disembark and lift her down off the rocks, which he did, first unpacking his kitchen ware until he got hold of a bucket, with which he dipped most of the water out of her. He then ran her ashore a short distance below the mill and unpacked her and made a careful investigation to see how much damage she had sustained, and was most agreeably surprised to find that she had escaped with no more serious injuries than a smashed nose, her stout oak stem being smashed into splinters at the bow just above the waterline, where she struck on the rocks.

In the mean time George and I, after finding that Lacy needed no assistance from us, easily prorated our canoes by getting out of them, and after tightly closing the hatches and fastening the aprons, letting them drop easily down over the shoot, which they did safely after being lightened of our weight.

We then went into an early camp by the roadside a hundred yards below the dam, by a clear spring in the bank, where we fixed ourselves quite comfortably for a stay of a night and a forenoon, for it is our intention to stop here until to-morrow afternoon. George and I fished a little at dusk this evening. I took one nice bass, while George didn't get a rise.

Sunday, Aug. 7, 1892.—Morning dawned with a fog so dense that an early start would have been out of the question, even had it been contemplated. I got up ahead of the boys and let them sleep on without disturbing them, and pottered around the camp with divers and sundry little duties until they awoke. I put a new seat on my camp stool, as the old one was broken down, shaved, wrote up my log, etc., until in due time they crawled out of their snug little cabins and we proceeded to prepare and stow away an elegant breakfast of bacon, fried potatoes and onions, fresh bass and hot coffee and biscuits.

We had a lazy, comfortable forenoon of it, idling around in the shade by the side of the beautiful river, whose musical murmur sounded a ceaseless soothing lullaby in our ears. We read, wrote letters, etc., and put out all of our things for a good hot sun bath, including some small washing in which we all took a hand. An occasional day, or even half a day, in camp is a great convenience; in fact, almost a necessity, for things will need attention and overhauling.

We lunched at 1 and by 2 everything was packed and we were again afloat for a short cruise of eight miles to Menifee's. Quite a little crowd collected on the bank to see us off. This is a capital camping place, but being so close to the ferry and ford is rather too public, and I am afraid our tents were an annoyance to more than one driver of skittish horses.

We had a most pleasant afternoon cruise to Menifee's, where we found, as I knew before hand, a fine spring in the reefs that put out from the high, steep bank into the river, affording an excellent camping place. We enjoyed the afternoon run exceedingly, although a heavy rain caught us in the reach below the mouth of Hawksbill Creek, which we rode out dry and comfortable clad in our rubber

capes, or coats, and with hatches closed and waterproof aprons drawn well up under our rubbers.

The river is exceedingly beautiful down in this narrow Page Valley, with the colassol walls of the Massanutton Range towering ever above us close at our left as the river winds in and out along its base. The cruise was so short that we were not tired; the weather was not so offensively hot, owing to the rainstorm, and we arrived at our destination in good time for an early camp.

As Menifee's house stood immediately above us on the river bank, scarce a stone's throw from the canoes, we did not like to squat on his land without permission; so I walked up to the house and asked it. Mr. M. was away from home at the time and his wife seemed a little distrustful of us, evidently not being favorably impressed with my rather disreputable appearance, to say nothing of that of the rest of the party, but did not object to our making camp; so we were soon in position and supper merrily sizzling away, sending up a fragrant and appetizing odor of bacon and coffee from the indispensable and invaluable little camp stove, which I had placed on the rocks alongside of the spring, which I could reach with my cup without moving from my seat.

A large two story farmhouse occupied a commanding position on the side of the mountain spur a short distance away across the river, and we soon observed that our camp was attracting some attention over there, and presently two young men and as many young ladies were observed wending their way down the hill from the house toward the river, when they soon appeared on the bank.

One of the young men hallooed lustily for some one to come and ferry them across, but as no one appeared from the house on the bank above us George good-naturedly pushed off in Mr. Menifee's big wooden scow, which lay stranded near us and poled it across the river, whence he presently returned with the party in question, who made an inspection of the camp and then departed across the river as they came.

A little later Mr. Menifee came riding down the path to the water, hearty and hospitable and glad to see us, in spite of the fact that he had considerable difficulty in getting his horse down among our tented canoes. I went up to the house while the boys were cleaning up the supper utensils, to get Mrs. Menifee to bake us a few dozen biscuits in the morning, and sat on the porch and talked with Mr. M., who, after he had eaten his supper, in which he invited me to join him, which invitation I declined as I had already stowed away one hearty supper, came down to the camp and chatted with us until 10 o'clock.

I dare say the old gentleman has not been up so late for a long time, but the advent of strangers in isolated communities is generally a welcome event, bringing, as it does, new faces and new subjects of interest and conversation, and making a little break in the monotony of the little daily round of events necessarily circumscribed in isolated farm life.

Monday, Aug. 8.—To-day's run was a record breaker, and when we finally dropped wearily ashore at Bunchbottom Ford at 5 o'clock and went into camp after a really terrible day's run of only eighteen miles it was with the decision to abandon the cruise at Riverton and not finish on to Harper's Ferry.

The day was most intensely hot and we suffered severely with the heat, and when we reached Overall's at 1 P. M., thirteen miles below our camp at Menifee's, and stopped for lunch, I was so overcome that we had to lie by for nearly three hours, and the two boys were not much better off.

We got an early start from Menifee's this morning—the old gentleman sitting on the rocks and watching us off—and in ten minutes were threading the mazes of the miles of reefs constituting Bumgardner's and Keyser's Falls. The boat channels saved us an endless amount of trouble in these peculiarly intricate, rough places. We were much disgusted and disappointed, on reaching Goode's dam, to find the famous shoot closed on account of low water, thus depriving us of a most exciting plunge. A portage was easily made, however, and we slipped easily over the 4ft. fall below, at that ugly reef where George broke his paddle last year, by going in close to the bank.

We paddled leisurely by the old Cedar Point camp ground about 11:30, without stopping, although the heat began to make itself felt severely along here, and it would have been the part of wisdom to have laid by in the shade until 4 o'clock instead of pushing on as we did, but we were bent on making Harper's Ferry, and in order to get through this week in time to get back home on Saturday it is necessary to push straight ahead at least twenty miles a day, so on we went.

The cruising is not nearly so good as it was last year, as we had a few inches more water then, which makes all the difference in the world, as the current flows much swifter with a little more water. Last year in the eddies or still reaches of the river, the water moved steadily and swiftly along, while this year there is little or no current in these reaches, in many of them absolutely none, as it was in '88, consequently the cruising is much more tedious, laborious and slow. We had an interesting run through the clustered groups of islands in the bend below Cedar Point, and down the long rapids below, with its massive ledges looming darkly above the surface of the water, and one exciting plunge over the almost perpendicular 6ft. fall at the foot of the rapids.

We were suffering severely for water, and we scanned the rocky bank closely as we shot along down the boat channel, hoping to find a spring, and we hailed with delight a little trickling rill in the face of the massive overhanging cliff a mile above the Golden Rocks, along whose base we were skirting, and a landing was quickly made to slake our thirst from the clear, cold little stream which came out of the face of the rock somewhere above and trickled down the precipice through the moss, and we filled our cups by holding them under the little stream instead of dipping up the water from a pool, as is usual.

We partook of a preparation containing lemon in it, while here, after I had gone to an endless amount of trouble and half unpacked my canoe in the effort to find the necessary lemon, the process ending finally in my losing my temper and pitching hatches and things overboard, much to the amusement of the boys, who snickered covertly around a projecting buttress of the cliff.

This spring is just at the terminus of the gigantic S formed by the river in its sinuous course and extending back up for six miles, which is the totem or emblem of the Shenandoah C. C., and which is embroidered in white on our little red silk pennants which fly from the after decks of the canoes.

After a short rest here and a smoke, during which we fully appreciated the force of the scriptural reference to the shadow of a great rock—for no shade seems as cool—we proceeded, and in an hour had reached Milford or Overalls, where, as before stated, we lunched and laid by for several hours in the scant shade of the 200ft. high iron viaduct which here soars over the gorge through which Overalls Creek finds its way down from the Blue Ridge to the river, for there is no good shade here.

Our short afternoon run was spiritless and dull, as we all felt so used up by the intense heat. The falls and rapids were numerous and interesting, but gave us no trouble, as by this time we are well acquainted with the river and know where to find the best water. Our camping place at Brushbottom Ford was a good one, barring the fact that water was some distance away across the fields and poor. The river murmured past us, broad, swift and beautiful, and the flat, sloping gravel bank upon which our tented canoes reclined was completely overhung by the spreading branches of the great sycamore trees that lined the bank above us. We had a hasty supper of bacon and eggs and hot coffee and turned in early, as we were all completely used up.

Tuesday, Aug. 9.—Profiting by yesterday's uncomfortable experience, we made no forced, all-day cruise to-day, but took things easy, and when evening found us in camp again, we were not nearly so tired and played out as we were the night before. We had a fine fish breakfast this morning, the results of George's catch yesterday (for he keeps his rod strapped to the deck of his canoe and fishes likely places as he goes along). We made an early start and had a comfortable and enjoyable forenoon's cruise, barring the fact that an hour after we started Lacy snagged another hole in the stern of his canoe in shooting a fall, and an unpack and lie-by of an hour to repair damages was thereby rendered necessary. The falls and rapids were easily run and we landed about the middle of the forenoon at old man Foster's little place on the bank of the river for a rest and a cool drink of water.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

AT about 5:15 P. M., on Dec. 7, Woodward T. Norgrave, for many years captain of the Red Dragon C.C., was instantly killed by stepping in front of the Newtown express at Newtown station on the Germantown branch of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad. Capt. Norgrave has had a somewhat remarkable career, having served through the rebellion, enlisting at the age of 16 years, returning honorably discharged. Immediately following his return from the war he served as mate to his father, who was captain of a merchantman, and sailed over a great portion of the navigable globe. He became identified with canoeing in 1876, and was an ardent advocate of the sport; he was known as one of the first to introduce a modern canoe upon the Delaware River and as the oldest canoeist on the river. He was a follower of the "old school" of modern canoeing, being a persistent cruiser and imbibing all the pleasure derived from the sport. Every Saturday he left the club house during cruising weather for his weekly cruise, and in consequence there was not a sequestered spot upon the Delaware River below Trenton that was not familiar to him. In disposition he was kind and generous, always ready to assist a brother sportsman when in trouble and giving his experience when requested. He was a total abstainer, and was always courteous and observing. His craft was the neatest in the club, everything being in perfect order. Being a wood-worker his services were frequently sought. His funeral took place on Sunday, Dec. 10, from his late residence, 1,622 Tioga street. A large representation from the club paid their last respects to their late captain. He leaves a wife and four children. Immediately after the funeral a special meeting of the club was held at the residence of Wm. Hamilton, 2,300 Tioga street, when action was taken upon his death. A committee was appointed to draw up suitable resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the club, to have the same engrossed and presented to his sorrowing family.—F. O. G. (Philadelphia, Dec. 24).

The annual Executive Committee meeting of the Western Canoe Association will be held at the Hotel Pfister, Milwaukee, on January 18, at 2.30 P. M. The Mahnawauk Canoe Club will entertain the visitors at dinner the same evening.

A. C. A. Membership.

CENTRAL DIVISION: H. V. Backus, Rochester, N. Y.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Rifle in California.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Upon my recent return from a few weeks' outing I found considerable stir among our local riflemen. The San Francisco Schuetzen Verein's programme for the International mid-winter Fair shooting festival was just out, a copy of which I herewith inclose.

The general opinion is that it is a very liberal programme, considering that we are so far away from the great shooting centers even of our own country. Upon looking into its details I find that the Verein makes itself liable for cash prizes to the amount of $2,500 together with expenses for markers, secretaries, music, etc., which will amount to probably $1,500 additional. Prizes of silverware, jewelry and other merchandise presented by the large brewing companies, wholesale merchants and friends of the Verein will undoubtedly reach a large aggregate value. One object alone, already donated, I am informed, is valued at over $250. Of course the "Golden Gate" medals will demand in addition to the foregoing the outlay of $2,500 or more.

I do not fully approve of the method of disposing of the kingship of the festival. It savors too much of the commercial spirit. Only a man of considerable means can venture into the contest for this honor with any hope of winning. As a considerable number of our best local shots are men of small means they will practically be debarred from making a serious fight for the king medal. Send some of the valiant Zettlers to make the contest interesting.

The distribution of shooting days could not have been made more unsatisfactory for visitors from abroad. I am informed, however, that a number of days' continuous shooting will be arranged for if the patronage will justify it. Even the Chicago system (Sunday and Monday) was better than that adopted by the local Verein (Sundays and Wednesdays). The latter days were chosen, I am informed, to please local shooters, as of course the chief patrons of the festival will be from our own midst. However, I am in no sense antagonistic to the festival. On the contrary I shall cheerfully drop a few dollars into the treasury of the Verein and hope to drop a few bullets within the charmed 25-ring. It is rumored that quite a delegation is coming from the New York Independent Schuetzen Corps, as well as a number of prominent riflemen from other Eastern organizations. There is one thing quite certain, namely, that the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein has the "will" and the "way" of entertaining visiting riflemen. I can, moreover, assure our Eastern friends that everything in connection with the shoot will be done on the square.

At the monthly medal shoot of the California Schuetzen Club, held on Dec. 3, A. Strecker made the highest score of the year (449 rings, 20 shots, no reentry), thus winning the diamond medal for the year, unless the score is beaten at the "consolation" shoot next Sunday, an event not likely.

Two interesting military matches will be shot in Sacramento, our capital city, next Sunday. Thirty men of Co. C., 1st Regiment, N. G. C., of San Francisco, will shoot a similar team of the Oroville Company of N. G. C., of Oroville, Cal. Also thirty men of Co. B, 1st Regiment, of San Francisco, will, at the same time and place, shoot a similar team of the Marysville Company, N. G. C., of Marysville, Cal. These are some of the crack shooting companies of our State.

The Rifle and Pistol Club of San Francisco held its monthly medal shoot at Shell Mound Park yesterday. The weather conditions were not good at the 200yd. range. Scores, medal shoot for members only, 200yds., standard American target, 10 shots, no reentry:

Dr L O Rodgers	8	8	8	8	10	9	8	10	8	9—86
J Baumgartner	9	9	7	7	6	8	10	10	7	8—81
P Bohr	6	10	1	8	7	10	10	9	4	9—79

Heilberg 78, A. Mocker 78, G. Ungerman 77, F. Gehret 76, A. Gehret 72, A. Heeth 72, F. O. Young 72, Mr. Fay 62.

Scores, all comers, 10 shots, 200yds., standard target, reentry: Dr. Rodgers 88, F. O. Young 81, P. Bohr 78, W. Glinderman 78, Mr. Fay 78, G. Ungerman 76, A. Gehret 75, L. C. Babin 71.

Pistol medal scores, for members only, 50yds., Standard American target, no re-entry, champion class:

F O Young	9	10	10	10	6	9	9	9	10	10—92
Col S I Kellogg	10	9	10	10	7	8	9	9	10	10—91
Capt Klein	8	9	9	9	9	10	8	10	9	9—88
E Hovey	10	8	9	10	8	10	8	10	9	6—88
Mr Daiss	10	10	10	10	7	8	7	8	7	9—86
Dr Rodgers	9	10	7	7	6	10	7	8	9	10—83
H Heeth	5	6	9	7	8	9	10	8	10	8—80

First class:

A Heeth	10	8	10	8	9	9	10	6	10	9—90
F Gehret	9	10	6	9	9	6	6	9	9	8—81

Second class and unclassified:

Baumgartner	10	10	8	6	9	4	10	9	10	7—83
G Ungerman	8	9	7	10	7	8	9	6	7	6—77
P Bohr	9	7	4	8	10	7	8	6	8	9—76
A Gehret	9	4	10	10	5	6	10	7	8	6—75
D Zimmerman	8	8	8	4	9	8	5	5	6	7—68
G Banks	6	6		L C Babin						60

Scores of 50-shot pistol match for championship, open to all comers:

E Hovey	87	88	88—263	F Gehret	85	87	82—254
Col Kelleg	80	87	84—251	Anthony Johnson	73	82	79—234

ROBEL.

Chicago Rifles.

INTERESTING MATCH BETWEEN JUVENILES.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 27.—Yesterday evening it was my fortune to witness a little match which was as closely contested as nervily shot, and as enthusiastically received by the spectators as any I ever attended. Indeed, I have seen many a pigeon or rifle or pistol match involving large sums of money which fairly fell flat on the public as compared to this one. The fact that the contestants were both ten years old boys did not detract from the match, and neither did it detract from the skill and pluck displayed, for the scores were such as many men could not equal. That the boys, one of them on his first appearance in public, should do such work was matter of the greatest surprise, and the large crowd of onlookers applauded them to the echo.

Chicago had for sometime been without a first class target gallery until Mr. L. G. Ingersoll and his sons, Fred. and L. F. Ingersoll, opened their 50 and 75ft. ranges, at 310 State street. With good lights, plenty of room, plenty of perfect weapons and all the proper appliances, this gallery has at once sprung into first rank as the meeting place of the lovers of the small-bore house gun, and bids fair to give the indoor shooting interests of Chicago a much-needed chance to grow. Witness the recent organization of the Chicago Rifle and Pistol Club, with a membership already of a couple of dozen and a prospect of goodly growth.

Tuesday evening the Messrs. Ingersoll announced a little attraction in the shape of an exhibition shoot by Mr. J. E. Long and his ten year old son Clarence, of Lafayette, Ind., and the gallery was well crowded. Master Clarence, stripped down to shirt, medals and knickerbockers, showed to be a short, hearty looking lad, apparently altogether unconcerned and unconscious of the skill he possessed with the rifle. He broke composition balls with the rifle upside down, sidewise, from right or left shoulder, overhead or between his knees, bending over backward or standing on his head, his work being practically without blunder. He then put out a burning match held in his father's fingers, cut a card held in the same way, snuffed a cigar held in his father's lips, and finally cracked a bit of broken ball about the size of a quarter out from between the thumb and finger of the same trustful individual. The boy seemed to have no nerve and no interest in the business at all, and his shooting was swift and confident, though not animated. Mr. Long followed him with an exhibition of angle shots executed by means of a mirror attached to the rifle stock. Both he and Master Clarence used Colt's sliding action guns, specially made and very handsome arms.

When Master Clarence removed his overcoat his bright shirt and medals were gazed on with admiration and awe by Master Alfred Bisson, a ten years old Chicago boy who weighs 55lbs. or so, has a timid look, and has legs about as big as lead pencils. Master Bisson has been shooting at the swinging target and ringing it with surprising regularity. He had also been breaking a good many of the running glass balls on the 75ft. range, three balls at a time being suspended on a diag frame which traveled on a wire the full length of the range—a device common in galleries, and providing shooting quite puzzling enough, as there is not only rise and fall to be provided for in the shot, but also side motion from the wobbling of the frame. It was suggested that the boys shoot a race at these moving balls, and the little fellows quietly agreed.

THE BOYS WERE PLUCKY.

Naturally, under the circumstances, the boys should have been nervous and excited, as it was a novel match and one to be shot under considerable pressure, as the talk in regard to the merits of each boy was very general in the crowd. The boys, however, were plucky as any two shooters who ever faced a score, and if their anxiety affected their shooting, one could not tell where it happened, for the work was really skillful. The weapons were .22 rifles, both Colts, and the range anywhere past the shooting boundary of 35 feet, the shot allowable going and coming, all three balls to be broken off the traveling frame before a new ball was put on, each to shoot at 15 flying balls.

Master Clarence shot first and broke 12 out of his 15. He then went over and played with the swinging lion, though there was a faint smile on his face when he saw that Master Alfred had only broken 11 out of his 15. The performance of the latter, however, was so good and plucky, in being only an amateur and unused to public shooting, that the spectators clamored for another race between the two. The boys were silent, but game, and they went again with the following result:

Master Clarence Long	011111011111100—11
Master Alfred Bisson	111101110101111—12

Great applause met the win of the least of the little fellows, and the surprise was general at the evenness of the gait shot by both. There had been no fluking and no nervousness and no irregular spurts, but both were really doing skillful work. The interest was well nigh excitement as the youngsters stepped up to shoot off their tie, with result as below:

Master Clarence Long	111010111101111—12
Master Alfred Bisson	110110111110011—11

Master Clarence thus won the series, but with one shot difference out of the 45, and one dusted ball not scored by Master Alfred, the event was such a near thing that to lose was no disgrace. This was a real, genuine, out-and-out race, and no faking. I would go a long way to see these boys shoot again, and so would many others.

Master Bisson is a very delicate looking boy, but he seems to be a natural shooter. He is said never to have shot a rifle in his life before last September. In his competition with his more experienced rival he furnished us all an evening highly enjoyable and long to be remembered.

A HARD GAME.

I always like to know where there is a hard shooting game of one sort or another against which I can run outside shooters who are panting for trouble, and I think if any one is looking for that sort of thing in the .22 target rifle line, at 50 or 75ft., he can find what he wants at 310 State street. The two Ingersoll boys, L. F. and Fred, exceptionally quiet and nice young fellows, too, will shoot a team race with any two men for $50 to $500, 100 shots to the man. Probably one of them would shoot any single comer on the same terms. They do some very close work, and dozens of their targets are on the possible line right along. It is a trifle dull in trap lines just now. Will any one be good enough to tread on the tail of the Chicago coat as to smallbore rifle shooting?

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Greenville Rifle Club.

ON Christmas afternoon a bakers' dozen of riflemen made up from the Greenville Club and their friends, assembled in Armbruster's Schuetzen Park for the purpose of participating in sweepstake and pool shooting. The day was the warmest Christmas known to the oldest inhabitant, and the assembled riflemen took advantage of the occasion by putting in a fine afternoon's sport. Capt. Hansen, of the Excelsior Club, was present and assisted in making the shooting interesting. Only four entered the 50-shot sweep, Messrs. Hansen, Chavant, Plaisted and Collins. The match developed a pretty race between three of the four engaged in it. At the finish Plaisted led Chavant one point and Hansen 9 points. Collins brought up the rear with a total of 1,003.

The other shooters not engaged in the 50-shot match filled in the time shooting off 3-shot pools.

All hands kept up the fusilade at the bullseye until the ammunition was exhausted, when an adjournment was taken to the hotel dining hall, where Mrs. Armbruster had prepared a fine turkey lunch with all the necessary fixings. With the clearing away of the lunch came a pleasant hour of social intercourse in which rifle shooting interests and match shooting predominated. It was agreed upon by those present to meet again on New Year's afternoon and shoot off a fifty-shot match, half winners and half losers, handicap rules. The members of the Greenville Club hope to see many of their brother shooters from our local clubs present on that day to participate in the day's sport. Scores:

Plaisted, .38-50-330 lub. Bal.	14	23	23	20	21	23	19	24	24	24—215	
	22	20	23	21	21	24	22	23	20	24—220	
	20	20	21	23	19	22	23	19	23	21—211	
	25	23	14	22	20	21	22	20	23	22—212	
	23	19	23	22	22	21	18	23	23	23—217—1075	
Chavant, .38-55-330 lub. Win.	25	21	16	22	24	25	23	19	23	21—219	
	22	23	23	22	21	24	21	22	21	24—223	
	19	24	15	20	17	22	18	24	18	24—201	
	20	22	16	22	20	23	24	22	24	25—218	
	19	23	21	20	25	21	20	18	23	23—213—1074	
Hansen, .32-40-165 Schalk	18	21	22	25	19	16	24	19	22	24—210	
	21	23	22	17	20	22	24	22	23	17—212	
	19	22	22	19	20	21	25	23	22	23—214	
	25	18	23	25	23	18	22	21	20	23—218	
	23	18	17	19	21	23	22	24	21	24—212—1066	
Collins, .32-20-115 Bal.	24	11	23	18	22	19	21	19	16	22—190	
	19	17	22	21	20	21	21	16	21	20—208	
	21	22	17	20	14	23	23	25	18	25—208	
	17	20	23	21	16	21	20	20	18	19—195	
	17	20	20	24	16	21	18	25	24	13—202—1003	

Pool Shooting.

	First.	Second.	Third.
Hansen	22 25 18—65	.....	.....
Chavant	23 19 25—65	24 19 23—67	22 17 19—58
Plaisted	20 24 24—68	24 24 25—73	22 23 18—63
Collins	16 24 22—62	.....	.....
Robidoux	23 18 23—64	.....	.....
Purkess	24 19 20—63	24 20 20—64	23 24 18—65
Scheeline	19 14 20—53	24 15 22—61	21 21 19—61
Graef	0 10 22—32	.....	.....
Mang	16 20 25—61	.....	.....
Bischof	21 23 18—62	16 10 17—43	.....
Bayer	13 9 15—36	.....	.....
C Boag	22 18 15—55	20 18 16—54	14 23 23—60
J Boag	23 14 19—56	21 15 19—55	.....

THE weekly gallery shoot of the Greenville Club on Dec. 20 brought together nineteen members in competition for the class prizes. Dorrier and Plaisted led the race with scores of 241 each. The scores: Dorrier 241, Plaisted 241, Robidoux 235, Scheeline 234, Collins 234, Purkess 232, O. Boag 231, J. Boag 228, Gothardt 226, Chavant 221, Graef 218, Spahn 215, Hill 215, E. Wuestner 215, Becker 207, Agneau 206, Sauer 191, F. Wuestner 179, Daniels 161.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE weekly gallery shoot of the Zettler Club on Tuesday night of last week did not have its usual attendance, but the few regulars who were on hand succeeded in making good scores. The competition for the champion medal resulted in a tie between President Walther and Henry Holges, each making 245 points. The honors for the high score for the night were divided between Messrs. Busse, Holges and Ross, each having 248. The good work of Holges at the last three meetings puts him in the lead for first position on the prize list; his lead, however, is only such as to stimulate his competitors to renewed exertions, and from now on to the end of the season the race will be decidedly interesting. The scores:

Champion medal, one entry: Walther 245, Holges 245, Ross 243, L. Flach 242, C. Zettler 242, Busse 239, F. F. Schmidt 239, B. Zettler 237, Plaisted 237, Krauss 235, Muller 225, Engel 232.

Best score, five entries: Holges 248, Busse 248, Ross 248, Zimmerman 246, Walther 245, Flach 246, B. Zettler 246, Engel 244, Muller 242, Krauss 242, P. F. Schmidt 240.

Palisade Rifle Club.

THE Palisade Rifle Club of West New York held its first medal prize shoot at Geo. Schlicht's range to-day. The scores are appended. Tickets three shots, two best to count, distance 75ft.:

G Dorr	72	73—145	F Esperer	65	62—127
A Ahles	72	72—144	F Krobatsch	55	01—126
R Glaser	72	70—142	A Ahles	62	57—119
H Rose	70	70—140	W Ahles	61	56—117
O L Aufder Heider	69	69—138	F Miller	59	57—116

Empire Rifle Club Prize Shoot.

THE two days' gallery prize shoot of the Empire Rifle Club was brought to a successful close at a late hour on Monday night—Christmas. The programme put up by the club called for twelve prizes, ranging from $25 down to $1. Tickets three shots each and three tickets for $1, two tickets to count. Many of our expert gallery shooters were on hand and struggled hard for the first position on the prize list. The cheapness of the shooting was an inducement to the contesting shooters to try, try again, and the re-entries were many and often. The closing hour of the shoot found Messrs. Dorrier, Flach and Holges a tie for the first three prizes, each having a total of 146 points out of a possible 150. The scores:

L Flach	72	74—146	C Hutch	71	71—142
M Dorrier	73	73—146	B Zettler	71	71—142
H Holges	73	73—146	C G Zettler	68	72—140
B Zahn	73	73—145	L Buaf	69	71—139
W Rosenbaum	72	73—145	C Boag	65	71—136
F C Ross	73	72—144	C Zettler, Jr	67	69—136

Schlicht Rifle Club.

THE Schlicht Rifle Club held its weekly gallery shoot Dec. 25 on the Schlicht ranges, 10 shots per man, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: Geo. Schlicht 242, G Dorr 237, J Diehl 229, G. Lautenberger 217, E. O. Breileuthine 217, J. Schlicht 216, A. Andrums 215, F. Türck 215. W. Schlicht 214, E. Hurning 213, J Endars 210, S. Graver 209, J. Graver 202, C. Greck 215, C. Schlicht 187, L. Dorr 182, A. Daublins 180, P. Man 174.

RIFLE NOTES.

The fact that the Miller Rifle Club should abandon its advertised Christmas Day prize shoot, without giving the New York shooters previous notice of such action on its part, has created a feeling of dissatisfaction in the minds of those riflemen who went to the trouble of packing their rifles over to Hoboken, only to find that there was no shoot on, that will take a long time to overcome. Clubs, like individuals, to be successful must meet their obligations, or at least give due notice of their inability to do so.

The greeting of the California shooters to the eastern brotherhood will probably result in a delegation of New York riflemen making a visit to the Pacific slope in March. Poor business and the hard times will no doubt tie up many of our experts. There is no donbt that those who do find it possible to make the visit will meet with a royal reception from the California Schuetzen.

During a meeting of the members of the Zettler Club at their weekly gallery shoot on Tuesday night of last week, there was considerable talk upon the subject of individual match shooting, and the outcome was that the proposed match between Messrs. Ross and Dorrier was pushed along the path leading to a final adjustment. While this interesting subject was being ventilated two other members of the club present, Messrs. Busse and Plaisted, locked horns over their respective ability as shooters, and the consequence was that the two were matched to shoot a 100-shot race on Jan. 12 for $50 a side. Busse, winning the choice of ground, named Washington Park, so while the boys are waiting for the two experts to develop their proposed contest, they can fill in the time canvassing the merits of Busse and Plaisted.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

Jan. 4.—Union Gun Club's live bird tournament, at Springfield, N. J.

Jan. 9.—New Jersey vs. Kings county, team shoot, on Al. Heritage's grounds, Marion, N. J.

Jan. 16-18.—Grand live and artificial bird shoot, $1,000 guaranteed, by the Hamilton Gun Club. J. E. Overholt, Sec'y.

Jan. 22.—Open shoot at 25 live birds, $25 entry, on Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J. Entries close Jan. 22.

Feb. 22.—White Plains (N Y.) Gun Club tournament.

Feb. —.—Reading Shooting Association tournament; two days targets, one day live birds, at Three-Mile House, Shillington, Pa.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

ONE of the greatest live bird contests ever shot in this country, one which will be "for blood," with no dropping for place, will take place on the Marion grounds of Al Heritage, next Tuesday. It will be the long talked of contest between teams of twenty men each, representing New Jersey and Kings County, N. Y., arranged by "Uncle Jake" Pentz of the Newark Gun Club. Each man will shoot at 15 live pigeons, under modified Hurlingham rules. The "consideration" will be $10 a man and the price of the birds. The contest will begin at 9.30 A. M This contest should be on to attract an immense crowd of spectators, as it is almost sure to be closely contested. Al Heritage promises to have on hand as good a lot of birds as money will buy, and the handling and retrieving will be carefully attended to. The composition of the teams has not been finally decided upon, but the following names have been submitted by the managers and from this list the teams will be selected: New Jersey team, Samuel Castle, C. M. Hedden, R. H. Breintnall, Ebenezer Francis and Ferd Vanhyhs of Newark. Justus Von Lengerke of Orange, John Riggott of Rockaway, William Sigler of Montclair, Fletcher Walters of Arlington, Charles Smith of Plainfield, James L. Smith of Hackettstown, M. F. Lindsley and Ed. Collins of West Hoboken, A. W. Money and N. G. Money of Oakland, James Van Brackle and George Cubberly of Long Branch, T. W Morfey of Patterson, E. D. Miller of Springfield, Oscar Hesse of and E. M. Cooper of Red Bank. Kings County team: Mort. Van Brunt, Samuel Northridge, A. A. Hegeman, Dr. Van Sile, Fred'k Pfaender, Garry Cropsey, Henry Balzer, D. C. Bennett, James Bennett, D Deacon, George Nostrand, Richard Monsees, Lee Helgins, Richard Pfister, Charles Wingert, C. E. Morris, C. Ferguson, Jr., Charles Plate, L. T. Duryea, J. D. Voorhees, Dr. W. Wynn, Charles Dettlefsen. In the list of New Jersey men appear the names of several men who, in our judgment should not have been included, while on the other hand we were rather surprised to see that the names of Wm. H. Green of Harrison, J. W. Hoffmann of Orange Valley, and Dr. P. J. Zeglio of Warrenville were omitted. Green is, without doubt, one of the most reliable team shots in the State, while Zeglio and Hoffman are far safer than some of the men chosen. Still there is not a really weak shot on the list, and the team will make a good showing. The Kings County team is comprised of fairly good shots, but here too are included the names of some who are without doubt weaker than others who are left off. To reach the Marion grounds, where the contest will be held, take the Pennsylvania railroad to Marion station, where stages and hacks will be in waiting. There will be plenty of lunch on the grounds and the coffee will be kept boiling all day.

PUTNEY, Vt., Dec. 21.—The Putney (Vt.) Rod and Gun Club will open up its season about April 1, and will probably hold an open tournament in May, with big inducements for shooters from other States. Putney is a town of about 1,500 inhabitants, pleasantly situated in southern Vermont, on the Connecticut River, and is quite accessible by rail. Our club numbers about twenty shooters, has fine grounds, pleasantly located near the principal hotel, a good shooting house and a set of expert bluerock traps and pull, and we are out of debt. A club has been organized at Townshend, Vt., about 12 miles from Putney, which will without doubt make a good showing during the season of 1894 if properly managed. One sad event has occurred this fall which cast a gloom over all our club members as well as the rest of the community, the death of Mr. L. L. Crosby, the captain of our club and one of our best shots. While hunting with two companions about a month ago he separated from them, and taking his dog started after partridges alone. A few hours afterward his dog came to the other hunters; and as Mr. Crosby failed to return at nightfall a searching party started out, but at 1 o'clock in the morning were obliged to return with no tidings of the missing man. At daylight fully 125 men started out, and after a short search found his body lying in a small s ream. He had evidently just shot once at a bird, and while attempting to cross the stream had fallen in such a manner as to discharge the remaining barrel, the contents passing through his left leg, between the knee and hip, severing the main artery and inflicting a wound from which he bled to death. This sad accident touched all the members of our club deeply, and his loss will be felt by the whole community.—W. E. AYER, Sec'y.

The Buffalo (N. Y.) *Courier* tells the following good one on genial Jacob Koch, one of the leading shots of the Union Gun Club of that city: "Years ago before Jacob Koch was recognized as champion of the city, he was always on the alert to find out where the leading sportsmen went field shooting, and how many birds they bagged. One day George Stauber and Arthur Combs went out to Eden and killed eight English snipe. Coming home, Arthur suggested that George take them all to his place of business, as Jacob was certain to be there on time. Pretty soon Koch came tripping into the place as light as a feather. He went to the icebox, and his eyes stuck out like onions as he looked at the 8 beauties. 'You didn't kill 16 of 'em, did you George?' 'No, 8.' Jake looked worried, and Stauber knew it was only a matter of a few moments before he would be 'legging it' down to Combs's, so he quietly dispatched a messenger with the birds for Arthur's place, with strict orders to make haste. Combs smelled the mouse, in came Koch a moment later, puffing like a porpoise and never stopping to say good morning until he had his grip fastened on the snob to the icebox door. 'What luck to-day Arthur?' 'Eight beauties kr,' was the response, which seemed to come from the bottom of the Englishman's heart. Jake yanked open the door, and, true enough there they were. 'Well, by thunder,' he roared, fully convinced that 16 snipe had been bagged by the two, and to this day he doesn't know the difference. But time has changed the scene. It is Koch who does the shooting now, and the other fellows like to peek into his ice-box."

ALLEGHENY, Pa., Dec. 22.—The annual meeting of the Eagle Gun Club was held yesterday. Samuel McCartney was elected President; Wm. Yellowly, Vice-President; George Whorrell, Secretary; E. Brown, Treasurer, and Wm. Kline, Captain. The directors are: A. Garloch, E. Zuemer and G. Farrand. The club has been in existence five years and has a membership of 40. It has made remarkable progress during the last two or three years and has held some of the most prominent clay-bird shoots in western Pennsylvania. The club has an excellent bank account and a very large stock of live birds. The club is a member of the State Sportsmen's Association. The first members of the club were Wm. Yellowly, H. Sander, Wm. Schnaebie, E. Spencer, Wm. Parker, E. Parker, G. Whorrell, R. French, R. Hillard and J. Hillard. The first shooting ground of the club was on the bar just ahead of Brunot's Island, and some time ago the club made excellent grounds on Marshall avenue. The club has four principal shoots each year, viz., Decoration Day, July 4, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas Day.

In response to a request from several of the prominent trap shots of this vicinity there has been arranged a contest at 25 live birds, $25 entry, to be shot Jan. 13 on the famous "Old Stone House" grounds of John Erb on Bloomfield avenue, Newark, N. J., beginning at 10 o'clock A. M. This contest will be open to the world, and invitations have been sent to a large number of experts of New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. A first-class lot of birds will be furnished and there will be no favorites played. The rise will be 30yds, and nothing larger than a 12-bore allowed. If the entries do not exceed seven there will be two moneys; eight to fourteen entries, three moneys; fifteen or more entries, four moneys. Hurlingham rules to govern except as to boundary. Entries along with a forfeit of $10 will be received up to Jan. 22 by C. H. Townsend, trap editor FOREST AND STREAM, 318 Broadway, New York.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., Dec. 23.—A shooting match at live birds took place to-day on the grounds of the Perth Amboy Gun Club, between William F. Hartmann, of this city, and Leo B. Campbell, of the Riverside Gun Club of Red Bank. The stake was $100 a side. They shot at 25 birds each, find trap and handle for each other; one barrel and one trap. Considerable money was wagered on Hartman to win, who, on Thanksgiving Day, made clean scores in the four sweepstakes at live birds. Campbell was favored in the betting by a number of the members of the Midway Club. He won by one bird. The pigeons were strong and fast, and many of the kills were warmly applauded. The score was 16 to 15.

The Orange Rod and Gun Club held its first shoot under its new management on Christmas on its grounds on Watching Mountain, West Orange. There were 14 members present, and both live birds and targets were used. In one event at 5 live birds George Fisher killed 5, Samuel Schwab 4 and C. Jacobs 4. Wm. Farnham was scorer. After the shoot the member discussed a Christmas dinner at Dunn's Llewellyn Park Hotel. This club held a meeting on Dec. 19 and reorganized, electing the following officers: President, Chas. C. S. Young; Vice-President, Frank B. Storms; Financial Secretary, Hamilton Miller; Corresponding Secretary, Samuel Schwab; Treasurer, William P. Dunn.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 22.—The annual meeting of the Iroquois Rifle and Gun Club was held yesterday, and the following officers were elected: President, C. D. Duetz; Vice-President, L. G. Graul; Secretary, A. C. L. Hoffmeister; Treasurer, James P. Zoeller; First Shooting Master, A. F. Hoffmeister; Second Shooting Master, Henry Eglesdorf; First Field Captain, August Goldstrom; Second Field Captain W. J. Udick; Rifle Shooting Committee, Aug. F. Hoffmeister, Henry Eglesdorf, William Miller, Aug. Goldstrom; Gun Shooting Committee, W. G. Udick, Aug. Goldstrom; Board of Directors, Aug. F. Hoffmeister, Albert C. L. Hoffmeister, William Miller, Fred. Miller, Aug. Goldstrom

On Elmwood avenue, in Irvington, N. J., where the Myrtle Park Gun Club hold forth the bang of the shotgun was heard nearly all of Christmas Day, although the attendance was light. Although one of the youngest this club is also one of the strongest clubs in the State, and on any other day would have attracted a good list of entries. The sport comprised five events at ten targets each and the results follow: Event No. 1, Smith 10, Young 9, Osborne 8, Momm 7. No. 2, Baldwin 9, Momm 9, Smith 8, Osborne 8. No. 3, Smith 8, Osborne 8, Young 6, Baldwin 6. No. 4, Smith 10, Young 10, Osborne 6, Momm 4. No. 5, Young 9, Smith 8, Baldwin 7, Osborne 7, Momm 5.

Arrangements have been perfected for the organization of the Peconic Gun Club, which will be situated at Jamesport, Suffolk County. The prime movers in the matter are Edward J. Carey and James J. Noonan, who are connected with the Long Island Railroad Company. It is intended to lease and fit out a clubhouse near the shore of Peconic Bay, and, with that end in view, the men above named will shortly go down on the island and select a suitable location. At a meeting held on Dec 18 last. The following officers were elected: President, Edward J. Carey; Vice-president, James J. Noonan; Secretary and treasurer, I. Clark.

The New York *Tribune* of Dec. 26 did a grave injustice to the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, by publishing an item stating that on Christmas Day, when the club held a live bird shoot, two boys were severely injured by stray pellets. There was no shoot on the above grounds on Christmas Day, and moreover, live birds are never shot there, the club devoting its grounds exclusively to target shooting. The two boys in question were shot at Wiedenmayer's Park, on Ramburg place, while trying to flush lazy birds. They were severely stung about the back and shoulders, but their injuries are not thought to be serious.

The Brighton Gun Club, an enterprising organization of East Orange, N. J., held a shoot on its North Park street grounds on Christmas Day, targets being used. The attendance was fair and the shooting was witnessed by a large crowd of spectators. In the main events, at 25 targets each, S. Badgeley broke 20, J. O'Mealey 19. E. Canfield 17, Jos. Gower, Jr. 16, G. Kutcher 14, R. Baldwin 12, J. Ackerman 9. A 10-target shoot, which ended the day's sport, resulted as follows: O'Mealey 7, Badgeley 8, Canfield 8, Gower 6, Baldwin 6, Kutcher 5, Ackerman 4. The scoring was done by Mayne Potter.

Rapidly the months are passing by, and the passing of each one brings us closer to the dates selected for the great big tournament of the Knoxville Gun Club. With $1,000 in solid cash added to the purses during the three target days, and a day's live bird shooting to follow, it ought to be a big shoot. And it surely will be a big one, with at least 100 entries in the target events. This is a very high figure to count upon, but then high prizes will always draw the shooters. You must watch our columns for the programme which we are sure to publish several weeks ahead of our esteemed contemporaries.

There is a rumor afloat that J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo., is desirous of meeting John L. Brewer in one or more matches. While willing to concede to Mr. Elliott credit for being a rattling good marksman, we still incline to the belief that he has no business in a contest with Mr. Brewer if the latter is in anything like his own form, and that on first-class birds Mr. Brewer could defeat him in seven out of ten contests. We have no doubt of Mr. Brewer's willingness to meet the Kansas City man at any number of birds or for any amount of money.

An interesting affair, and one that would attract an immense crowd of spectators, would be a contest with the four leading professionals pitted against four of the best shots of the leading clubs around New York, each man to shoot at 100 first-class birds under American Association rules. It would seem that in the trap-shooting ranks of the Riverton, Westminster, Carteret, Hollywood and Larchmont clubs there could be found four men who could well sustain themselves in a shoot against a quartette chosen from Brewer, Elliott, Budd, Fulford and Clans.

An elaborate programme and one which should attract a big entry list, is that published for the fourth annual shooting tournament of Hamilton (Ont.) Gun Club, on January 16th, 17th and 18th. The great event on the first day will be at 20 live birds, $10 entry, with fourteen moneys, ranging from $200 down to $15. On this day there will be one 15-target and two 20-target events. On the second day there will be two 10 and two 20-target events. On the third day a live bird, miss and out event, at 10 live birds, two 15-target events and one at 20 targets.

The appended list of officers have been elected by the Frankford (Pa.) Gun Club: Edward Beck, President; Benjamin Bourne, Vice-President; David D. Mercer, Secretary; H. Longhead, Treasurer; Elmer Betson, Field Captain; E. Beck, Assistant Field Captain; John E. Crowther and Benjamin Bourne, Trustee. The grounds of this club are on Orthodox street, below Frankford.

The White Plains (N Y.) Gun Club claims Feb. 22 (Washington's Birthday) for a live bird and target tournament, and hops to see a big turnout of New York and New Jersey shooters. Shooting will begin at 9 A. M. and continue until candle-light. The grounds can be reached in forty minutes from the Grand Central Depot in New York city.

The Harrison (N. J.) Gun and Fishing Club held their second shoot for a silver loving cup on Christmas, each member shooting at 15 bluerock targets. J. Crawley, who won the first contest, was again successful in getting the top score, breaking 11; W. Crowley broke 8, O. Sanford 7, W. Coyle 5, J. Rosmer 4, J. Purcell 2, Harry Wardell 0.

At the medal shoot of the Riverside Gun Club at Red Bank, N. J., on Dec. 23 each man shot at 25 targets, Ivins breaking 24, E. Cooper 19, E. Throckmorton 17, J. S. Hoey 16, Little 16, L. Davis 5, Cornwall 14, Hesse 21, John Cooper 21, Chas. Throckmorton 11.

Wm. H. McQuoid of New York and David C. Roe of Middletown, N. Y., shot a match at ten live birds each near Middletown on Christmas Day. McQuoid won by one bird. The stake was $50 a side.

The annual shoot of the Hamilton (Ont.) Gun Club will be held on Jan 16, 17 and 18, and will attract a big attendance. In the live bird contest there are usually from 75 to 100 entries.

The Clyde (N. Y.) Gun Club has elected the following officers: President, James H. Streeter; Vice-President, G. D. Barrett; Secretary-Treasurer, Anson C. Burnett.

The San Antonio (Texas) Gun Club, which shoots twice a week except during the open season, used over 100,000 targets during 1893

Go to Marion next Tuesday and see the great match between the New Jersey and Kings County teams.

Hurry in your entry for the 25-bird sweep to be shot at Erb's Jan. 22.

J. A. R. Elliott expects to attend the Hamilton shoot.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Birds and Targets at Dexter Park.

LOUIS MILLER'S annual Christmas and New Year's shoots are always looked forward to by his patrons with that sort of inward anticipation that is likened to the good boy who sees the first preparations in the family kitchen for the opening of the mince pie season. So when Louis's notices for his Christmas shoot went out some days ago, his patrons said, "Hullo, here comes our annual feast of birds, targets and turkey again." As the days advanced the regulars began their preparations for the anticipated pleasures of Christmas, 1893. Christmas morning opened mild and pleasant, lacking nothing in its April appearance but the song of the amphibious frog. Many of the expectant shooters were on the grounds at an early hour getting the lay of the land in a few preliminary shots at the targets. The day's sport was divided into three divisions. The first was devoted to targets, the second to turkey, and the third to live birds. The programme devoted to targets was divided into four events.

The first, at ten targets, had nine entries. Short and Kneeble, Jr., tied with seven and divided first money.

The second event called for 10 targets, with twelve entries. W. Lovens took first money with nine, Schortemeier second with eight, Short third with seven.

The third event was at fifteen targets, with twelve entries. Fessenden 13, first; Levens 12, second; Kneeble and Schortemeier 11, third; Wright 9, fourth.

The fourth event, at ten targets, had eight entries. Lions, Wright, Fessenden, Schortemeier first, with six, Short second with five.

The second or intermediate stage of the day's sport having arrived, an adjournment was taken to visit Mrs. Miller's department and discuss the turkey question. Having settled this matter to the satisfaction of all, then came the third, last and most interesting part of the shooting programme, the live bird events.

The first was at 5 birds, with eight entries. The birds were A1, and made lively sport for the contestants in their efforts to stop them within the boundary. Schortemeier was the only man to kill his 5 straight. Bowen, Fessenden and Osterhout tied with 4.

The second event, at 5 birds, had eleven entries. Schortemeier, Bowen and Kraft tied for first money with 5 each.

The third event, at 5 birds, with fourteen entries, developed some fine shooting at lively birds. Dr. Little, Kraft, Schortemeier and Lair tied with full scores of 5 kills each.

The fourth and last event of the day called for 3 birds, with six entries. Schortemeier, Lair, Hopkins and Bramwell killed 3 each. Scores:

No. 1, 10 targets:

Levens	1010110110—6	Smyth	0001010000—2
Kneeble, Jr	1110111001—7	Jones	0100100001—3
Short	1100011111—7	Jones, Jr	0000101010—3
Frank	0000100001—2	Schortemeier	1110111011—8
Wright	0111010011—6		

No. 2, 10 targets:

Wright	1000101110—5	Smyth	0010111000—4
Short	0110111110—7	Frank	0110100000—3
Kneeble, Jr	0000001111—4	Jones, Jr	0100000000—2
Schortemeier	1111011110—8	Jones	1000100000—2
Gleer	0101000000—2	Brenner	0000010001—1
Levens	1111111101—9	Bright	0110010001—4

No. 3, 15 targets:

Lyons	001000110010101— 6	Fessenden	1111001111111111—13
Short	000011010011011— 7	Peterson	000001010001000— 3
Levens	101111110111101—12	Jones	100000101000111— 6
Kneeble, Jr	111001011111110—11	Jones, Jr	101011000000010— 5
Wright	101001100101011— 8	Frank	000100100000000— 2
Schortmeier	111110111100101—11	Small	001100C01000000— 3

No. 4, 10 targets:

Wright	1011100011—6	Jones	1000100100—3
Fessenden	1110001011—6	Peterson	0000010000—1
Schortmeier	1000111101—6	Frank	0000000000—0
Short	0010101111—5	Lyons	0100111011—6

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
W Lair	00011—2	21220—4	21111—5	121—3
Kaltenstroth	10110—3	02212—4	20011—3	.....
Wright	20000—1	02102—3	22011—4	.....
L H Schortemeier	22222—5	22222—5	22222—5	222—3
Lyon	23020—3	.....	.....	.....
Bowen	211e2—4	12111—5	20222—4	220—2
Fessenden	21202—4	01221—4	11200—3	.....
Osterhout	21202—4	20121—4	20100—2	.....
Dr VanOrd	.....	21120—4	21011—4	.....
C Glier	.....	20110—3	00211—3	.....
J Kraft	.....	12222—5	12212—5	.....
H Bramwell	.....	11010—3	01112—4	.....
Jones, Jr	.....	10000—1	.....	.....
Dr Little	.....	.....	12111—5	202—2
Hopkin	.....	.....	02112—4	122—3
Keller	.....	.....	01220—3	.....

Phœnix Christmas Day.

PT. DOVER, Ont., Dec. 27.—We inclose herewith scores made by the Phœnix Gun Club on their Christmas Day shoot. Owing to a perfect gale blowing at the time of the shooting, and from right behind the traps, the scores are very good, and better than was expected.

No. 1, 12 bluerocks:

Fick	011001010001—5	Ansley	110100000110— 5
Lawrie	110000111110—7	Watts	000w
Barrett	101100110101—7		

No. 2, 12 bluerocks:

R Skey	010100010111— 6	Barrett	100100010101— 5
E Skey	000011100000— 3	Lawrie	011011010010— 7
H D Williams	100110011001— 6	Fick	111111101101—10
C Scoefield	111110111101—10	Ansley	000011000100— 3

No. 3:

Ansley	0111111111—9	Fick	11010w —3
E Skey	110111111 —8	R Skey	011w —2
Scoefield	110111w —5	Williams	11w —2

A. W. LAWRIE, Secy.

Springfield Christmas Shoot.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Dec. 26.—The Springfield Gun Club celebrated Christmas with a successful shoot at its range. The day was an ideal one for the sport. It was so warm that there was no need for a fire in the club house. Following are the scores:

First, 10 singles: Hughes 9, Barton 5, Bimmel 3, Shell 7, Strong 10, Hutchins 8, Downs 9, Young 9, Tibbets 5, Elder 6, Fleming 6, Lessner 6.

Second, 15 singles: Hughes 11, Strong 12, Shell 9, Bimmel 2, Hutchins 5, Barton 9, Downs 10, Jenkins 0, Young 14, Tibbets 4, Lessner 11, Neff 2.

Third, 10 singles: Shell 6, Strong 9, Hughes 6, Bimmel 4, Barton 5, Williams 7, Young 10, Lessner 8, Fleming 6, Elder 9, Downs 5, Hughes 7.

Fourth, 4 singles and 3 pairs: Hutchins 5, Bimmel 1, Shell 3, Foley 1, Williams 6, Barton 3, Downs 7, Hughes 5, Fleming 5, Tibbetts 6, Strong 10, Lessner 4, Young 7.

Fifth, 15 singles: Foley 4, Hutchins 10, Lessner 12, Strong 12, Shell 7, Tibbetts 9, Downs 12, Young 12, Barton 5, Bimmel 9, Lessner 11, Shell 5.

J. A. REID, Sec'y.

Vernon Gun Club.

THE monthly shoot of the Vernons at Dexter Park on Dec. 29 brought together only eight members in the club event. The Vernons are another of the few clubs who have adopted the old Long Island rules. They shoot at 7 birds, handicap distance. Dr. Little was the only member to kill 7 straight. Osterhout lost his fifth bird on account of his gun being above the elbow. Scores:

Wischerth	1101211—6	Spadone	0211210—5
Dr Little	1112121—7	F Thompson	0e22121—5
Osterhout	1121e21—6	Collet	0200100—2
W H Thompson	1112011—6	Brown	1021021—5

Hall Beats Bogardus.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill, Dec. 28.—G. T. Hall of Loami, Ill., and Capt. A. H. Bogardus shot a pigeon match on the Fair Grounds to-day which was won by the former. He killed 72 birds out of 98, while Bogardus only killed 64. They shot at the circular boundary of their earlier race, 15yds. rise.

Chicago.

TRIALS OF GEORGE HOLDEN

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 23.—Once upon a time, a long while ago, George Holden, of this city, otherwise known as "Husky" Holden, was by some mischance elected secretary of a gun club here. Somehow or other his name got into the grooves of time, possibly through some published list of gun clubs, and since then George has been a man the world will not willingly let die. He can't make the public believe that he is no longer the secretary. To the contrary, though he has long since gone into private life, he still gets all sorts of letters from all sorts of people and all sorts of places, wanting him to do all sorts of things. I have earlier described how a man once wanted him to buy two ring-tailed monkeys because he once was a secretary. This was only one of the trials. Yesterday he hove in sight with care on his brow and bathed in a perspiration induced by wrath and grief. "Now what do you think of this?" he said, as he slammed down a letter with a vicious bang.

The letter came from New Jersey, from a place which we will call Macedonia, because this was a sort of call from Macedonia, and it was signed by one whom we will call —— for short. It read:

N. J., Nov. 11.—Mr. Geo. Holden, Secy. Dear Sir: Enclosed please find one of our posters, which will explain our motto. Will you kindly read this letter to your club members, and see if they would like to help us out. We have just started, and we are trying to get on our feet. Would you, as brother sportsmans, take a ticket to help us out, and place us so we can help ourselves. —— Secy.

The poster was about a yard long, and in very black faced type. It announced that "on Dec. 25, a new double breech-loading gun, valued at $40, would be shot for, the price of ticket for the gun to be $2.50, including 5 live birds." Would Mr. Holden please take a ticket, and get his friends to take some, for the sake of the struggling Jersey Club?

Of course, Mr. Holden did not take any tickets, and he did not answer the letter. He classed it as only one more of the trials incident to his having once been secretary of a gun club, years ago. Yet I hope this may fall under the eye of the writer of the above letter, and that he will know in time that plain begging isn't the way to build up a gun club. Moreover, Chicago is poor this winter. Moreover again, George Holden isn't any secretary, hasn't been for years and doesn't intend to be, doesn't want any ring-tailed monkeys, and isn't in need of helping anybody till after Christmas.

AUDUBON PRIZES.

Audubon Club of Chicago held its last season shoot this week. L. M. Hamline wins first prize for the year's record, Roll Organ second. Mr. McAnley protests second prize on a question of handicap allowed him.

GARFIELD GUN CLUB.

Garfield Gun Club of Chicago, will hold an all-day live bird shoot New Year's Day. There will be plenty of birds and it is hoped plenty of members on hand. E. HOUGH.

Christmas on the Union Grounds.

IT was by no means seasonable weather that was dealt out on Christmas Day; indeed, with the thermometer marking 52° above zero one is likely to imagine himself in the South instead of in a climate where ulsters and eartabs should be in requisition. And even under the shadow of the Springfield Mountains, up in Union county, N. J., where there is usually some semblance of a cooling breeze even during the summer months, there was none during the early hours of Christmas to take the warm edge off the sun's rays. Right below the highest peak of these mountains are situated the grounds of the Union Gun Club, an organization which numbers among its members nearly all the expert target shots of New Jersey. The grounds and house, as well as the practical running of the club's affairs, are in the capable hands of Enoch D. Miller, one of Jersey's most expert marksmen.

On these grounds on Dec. 25 there assembled a representative gathering of trap-shooters, the attraction being a series of open sweeps at live birds and targets, and two team contests between the Union and Maplewood gun clubs. The sport began about 10 A. M., when a fair number of shooters were on hand, but the bulk of them did not report for duty until about noon. Christmas is as a rule one of the poorest days of the year on which to hold a shoot, as nearly every one prefers the comforts of home on that day. But the majority of the Maplewood members are so situated that they are unable to leave business except on legal holidays, hence the selection of this day for this affair. Among those on the grounds were "Uncle Jack" Harrison, of Dover; "Uncle Billy" Sigler, of Montclair; Tom Brantingham, Dan and Scott Terry, of Plainfield; Dr. S. F. Jackson, of Millburn; George Pudney, of Springfield; A. Sickley, of South Orange; Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Lindsley, of West Hoboken; R. H. Breintnall, C. M. Hedden and W. R. Hobart, of Newark; O. L. Yeomans, J. W. Smith, J. Van Iderstine, W. C. Drake, of Orange; E. O. Geoffroy, of Newark; R. Sopher, of Plainfield, and J. W. Hoffman, of German Valley.

The birds supplied by Mr. Miller were a good lot and would have been still better with a little colder air and some wind. The first event on the programme was at 4 birds, $3 entry; No. 2 the same; No. 3 at 5 birds, $5 entry; No. 4 a miss-and-out, $1 entry; No. 5 at 7 birds, $7 entry. The scores of these are here shown:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 5.
Yeomans	1011—3	2102—3	21221—5	.....
Hedden	1312—4	0111—3	11121—5	0111122—6
Siggins	1121—4	2221—4	11212—5	.....
Hoffman	1222—4	0221—3	12210—5	.....
Miller	2121—4	1121—4	10121—4	1111111—7
Lindsley	....	....	.....	2122121—7
Geoffroy	....	....	01121—4	1220121—6
Breintnall	....	....	.....	2211212—7
Sigler	....	....	.....	1111221—7
Wanda	....	....	.....	2002201—4

In No. 4, the miss-and-out event, Drake, Geoffroy and Williamson missed and went out on the second round. Hoffman went out on the fifth round. Miller, Yeomans and Hedden kept on until they had killed 7 each, when they concluded to divide before the price of the birds should exceed the amount in the pot.

At this time was called one of the principal events of the day, the second of the series af live bird contests between teams representing the Union and Maplewood gun clubs. In the first contest of this series the Maplewoods were victorious. The teams comprised five men each, and each man shot at 10 live birds, under American Shooting Association rules. This time the Unions braced themselves for hard work, and by careful work on the part of Lindsley and Miller, both of whom ran straight scores, they won the match. The result is as below:

Union.		Maplewood.	
Sigler	0111112122— 9	Geoffroy	2022211021— 8
Hoffman	1212221200— 8	Yeomans	2221120201— 8
Breintnall	2001221110— 7	Meeker	0211122121— 9
Lindsley	2222222222—10	Siggins	0110011212— 7
Miller	1112112111—10—44	Hedden	0101221221— 8—40

The final live bird event of the day was a $1 miss and out. Yeomans left the lists on his second round, Lindsley on his fifth and Miller and Sigler divided on five kills each.

The live bird traps were now removed, screens adjusted, target traps put in place, and in a remarkably short time Keystone targets instead of live birds were engrossing the attention of the shooters. Event No. 8, $1 entry, was at 10 targets, four moneys, and the scores were:

Fisher	1100101011—6	Yeomans	1111110111—9
Geoffroy	1111101111—9	Hedden	0111111110—8
Hoffman	1010111110—7	Sopher	1111100011—7
Breintnall	0010100011—4	Terry	0010111011—6
Drake	1011110110—7	Lindsley	1100001001—4
Sickley	1111010111—8	Sigler	1011111111—9
Van Iderstine	0011000101—4	Miller	1011110110—7
W Smith	1010011001—5	Brantingham	0010011111—6
Siggins	1100000001—3		

Then came another team race, the second of a series of targets between the Unions and Maplewoods, the first shoot of the series having resulted in a tie. There were nine men on a team, each man shot at 25 targets under rapid firing rules, and here are the scores:

Maplewood.	
Van Iderstine	0010011010110111111101101—16
Siggins	1100100111111001111111011—18
Dr Fisher	0010000111000011111010111—15
Yeomans	0111111101100011111011111—19
Sickley	1111110111111011010111111—21
Geoffroy	0101111110111110011010111—18
Hedden	0111000111101011011001111—16
Drake	0111101101111101111111011—22
War Smith	1111101111111111111110111—23—165
Union.	
Breintnall	1101111111110101111101001—19
D Terry	1111001111101011111101110—19
Lindsley	1111000100100100011111010—13
Sigler	1111101111011111101011011—20
Bryant	0111001111011111010111100110—16
Scott	1111101101011111000010010—15
Brantingham	0011100000101010111111000—12
Hoffman	1101111111111011111101111—22
Miller	1111111111011101011111111—23—168

From this until dark was devoted to sweepstake shooting, the results being as follows, all events being at 10 targets, $1 entry.

No. 10: Yeomans 10, Smith 8, Geoffroy 8, Hedden 8, Hoffman 8, Scott 8, Miller 7, Sigler 7, Terry 5, Lindsley 4.

No. 11: Hoffman 10, Sickley 9, Miller 9, Smith 8, Sopher 8, Geoffroy 7, Sigler 7, Yeomans 7, Scott 6, Hedden 5, Lindsley 4, Fisher 5.

No. 12: Yeomans 9, Scott 8, Geoffroy 8, Hoffman 8, Miller 8, Sopher 7, Fisher 7, Sigler 6, Smith 5.

No. 13: Yeomans 9, Geoffroy 8, Hoffman 8, Miller 8, Scott 8, Fisher 7, Sopher 7, Lindsley 6, Sigler 6, Smith 5, Jefferson 4.

No. 14: Smith 9, Yeomans 8, Miller 7, Hoffman 7, Fisher 7, Lindsley 5, Geoffroy 4. C. H. TOWNSEND.

LIVE BIRD CONTESTS OF 1893.

BELOW will be found a table giving the date, place, winner's and loser's scores of all the important contests at live pigeons shot during 1893. The table does not include the results of any of the open sweepstakes shot during the year, covering only individual and team contests:

Date.	Place.	Winner's Score.		Loser's Score.		Shot at.
Jan.						
2.	Harrison, N. J.	A. Cottrell	21	O. Sandford	20	25
2.	Red Bank, N. J.	E. Throckmorton	18	James Cooper	18	25
3.	Frankford, Pa.	A. J. Rust	41	H. E. Buckwalter	34	50
4.	Plainfield, N. J.	Chas. Smith	36	W. S. Pierson	33	50
4.	Burnside, Ill.	W. S. Duer	44	J. Ruble	43	50
5.	Burnside, Ill.	P. Stone	42	W. S. Duer	36	50
—.	Kansas City, Mo.	F. J. Smith	45	M. F. Myers	44	50
9.	Morristown, N. J.	R. Foote	24	J. Leonard	23	25
9.	Burnside, Ill.	C. Antoine	17	F. B. Bissell	15	25
18.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	E. M. Cundall	88	A. H. King	87	100
19.	Pattenburg, N. J.	Mason / Stryker	44	Case / Milburn	40	50
25.	Frenchtown, N. J.	Case / Milburn	43	Mason / Stryker	33	50
25.	Newark, N. J.	H. P. Toler	81	L. V. Tooin	76	100
26.	Newark, N. J.	A. Willey	44	H. Gasper	28	50
Feb.						
6.	Chicago, Ill.	G. Work	107	T. S. Dando	89	125
6.	Chicago, Ill.	A. C. Money	41	B. V. Jackson	30	50
7.	Chicago, Ill.	A. C. Money	43	C. E. Felton	35	50
9.	Plainfield, N. J.	H. Gasper	37	W. S. Pierson	33	48
10.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	N. Johnson	88	E. McWhorter	86	100
10.	Larchmont, NY.	G. Work	88	E. D. Fulford	87	100
11.	Burnside, Ill.	Heikes / McDonald	36	Bingham / Beak	32	40
15.	Burnside, Ill.	A. C. Anson	76	G. Hoffman	71	100
15.	Fort Dodge, Ia.	C. A. Bryant. / A. J. Reynolds	40	E. R. Green / E. L. King	34	50
16.	Larchmont, NY.	E. D. Fulford	92	L. S. Thompson	90	100
17.	Carteret, N. J.	E. D. Fulford	89	G. Work	81	100
18.	Larchmont, NY.	E. D. Fulford	86	W. B. Smith	83	100
19.	Butte, Mont.	J. F. Cowan	22	F. Conly	19	25
20.	Paterson, N. J.	T. W. Morfey	19	T. C. Wright	15	25
22.	Burnside, Ill.	W. Mussey	86	A. C. Anson	78	100
22.	Utica, N. Y.	E. D. Fulford	98	J. L. Brewer	93	100
23.	Utica, N. Y.	H. L. Gates	44	Annie Oakley	41	50
23.	Utica, N. Y.	J. L. Brewer	79	T. W. Peacock	79	83
24.	Utica, N. Y.	J. L. Brewer	45	T. W. Peacock	35	50
28.	Newark, N. J.	H. Gasper	45	A. Willey	42	50
March.						
1.	Newark, N. J.	T. W. Morfey	45	F. Goodale	38	50
9.	Burnside, Ill.	Clark	20	Dennis	19	25
9.	Burnside, Ill.	W. T. Wells	22	W. L. Wells	18	25
10.	Burnside, Ill.	Kleinman. / Deadeye	43	Reeves / Willard	36	50
14.	Newburg, N. Y.	Higginson	82	Kissam	62	100
22.	Marion, N. J.	J. Ryan	21	R. Fleischman	19	25
25.	Wilkesbarre, Pa.	H. E. Buckwalter	41	T. Eley	40	50
25.	New York, N Y.	J. L. Brewer	49	N. Apgar	46	50
27.	Newark, N. J.	R. Schrafft	19	B. Schilling	18	22
30.	Utica, N. Y.	M. Mayhew	83	A. S. Hunter	71	100
April.						
1.	Burnside, Ill.	E. Bingham	83	G. Kleinman	81	100
3.	Carteret, N. J.	F. Hoey / G. Work	46	F. G. Moore / J. S. Williams	45	50
				L. M. Thompson / J. S. Williams	42	50
6.	Carteret, N. J.	J. L. Brewer	87	G. Work	86	100
6.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	H. Williams	18	J. Frank	14	25
7.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	J. L. Brewer	96	T. W. Peacock	87	100
7.	Burnside, Ill.	W Mussy	18	Kaufman	14	25
10.	Larchmont, NY.	F. G. Moore	180	G. Work	154	200
10.	Carlisle, Pa.	C. E. Humer	24	C. R. Ertter	23	30
10.	Red Bank, N. J.	P. Daly, Jr.	41	E. H. Garrison	34	50
24.	Coney Isl'd, N.Y.	R. T. Clayton	44	C. E. Morris	38	50
26.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	J. Martin	34	F. Danner	31	50
May.						
11.	Oskaloosa, Ia.	C. W. Budd	80	Geo. Rexroat	70	100
26.	Omaha, Neb.	F. L. Parmelee	98	J. A. R. Elliott	91	100
30.	Pelhamville, NY.	J. J. Loonie	20	P. F. McKeon	18	25
June.						
1.	Newark, N. J.	G. Raynor	23	J. Erb	21	25
4.	Norfolk, Va.	N. Apgar	72	W. Hurst	54	82
18.	Portland, Ore.	H. Beal	46	M. A. Millard	45	50
July.						
14.	Coney Isl'd, N.Y.	C. E. Morris	23	B. F. Langcake	22	25
14.	Coney Isl'd, N.Y.	C. E. Morris	22	B. F. Langcake	22	25
14.	Coney Isl'd, N.Y.	C. E. Morris	24	B. F. Langcake	21	25
17.	San Diego, Cal.	M. Chick	92	A. W. Wiley	88	100
25.	Davenport, Ia.	T. Laflin	43	H. Clifford	41	50
25.	Davenport, Ia.	G. Somerson	17	H. Clifford	14	24
27.	Coney Isl'd, N.Y.	B. F. Langcake	41	J. B. Collins	38	50
31.	Fanwood, N. J.	A. W. Money. / M. F. Lindsley	90	J. Rothaker / C. Smith	87	100
—.	Indianapolis, Ind.	J. A. Martin	18	Kercheval	18	25
21.	Marion, N. J.	J. W. Hoffman	36	W. S. Canon	32	50
—.	Paterson, N. J.	T. W. Morfey	32	F. Post	30	35
Sept.						
7.	Coney I'd, N.Y.	C. E. Morris	91	R. Dwyer	80	
		C. Ferguson, Jr.	91			100
23.	Jerseyville, Ill.	C. Spencer	48	A. Harris	47	50
23.	Jerseyville, Ill.	M. Collenberger	89	A. Harris	82	100
30.	Rutherford, N.J.	C. F. Lenone	80	J. Mehl, Jr.	74	100
Oct.						
12.	South River, NJ.	E. Hill	90	N. Apgar	89	100
18.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	J. J. Edgerton	94	G. W. Forbell	18	
				J. Young	16	
				W. Selover	15	25
14.	Chicago, Ill.	G. T. Hall	72	Capt. Bogardus	70	100
17.	Burnside, Ill.	Annie Oakley	24	W. S. Canon	22	25
17.	Burnside, Ill.	R. J. Steveas	36	J. M. Franks	25	50
		Brickner		Silberborn		
24.	Pelhamville, N.Y.	T. Picken	38	W. Picken	32	50
27.	Paterson, N. J.	J. A. R. Elliott	96	F. P. Class	96	100
27.	" (tie shoot)	J. A. R. Elliott	24	F. P. Class	23	25
Nov.						
2.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	J. F. Shepherd	19	J. W. Coulson	13	25
7.	Fanwood, N. J.	C. Smith	25	J. Rothaker	22	50
7.	Newark, N. J.	J. A. R. Elliott	33	M. F. Lindsley	21	25
11.	Larchmont, N.Y.	"Walsrode"	89			100
				A. C. Money	74	95
11.	Carteret, N. J.	A. C. Money. / F. G. Moore.	45	L. S. Thompson / J. S. Williams.	44	
				F. Hoey / G. Work	43	50
11.	Morristown, N.J.	F. P. Class	98	J. A. R. Elliott	90	100
16.	Pine Brook, N.J.	S. Castle	18	E. Pierre	16	25
17.	Paterson, N. J.	F. P. Class	99	J. A. R. Elliott	95	100
18.	Morristown, N.J.	J. A. R. Elliott	92	F. P. Class	89	100
Dec.						
7.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Jones	15	Coulson	13	25
7.	Pine Brook, N.J.	S. Castle. / C. M. Hedden.	21	R. Karhart / E. Pierre	18	25
8.	Paterson, N. J.	J. A. R. Elliott	98	F. P. Class	91	100
9.	Union Hill, N. J.	M. F. Lindsley / J. A. R. Elliott	43	J. Berkery / C. Woolmington	41	50
21.	Newark, N. J.	J. A. R. Elliott	198	F. P. Class	182	200

On the Old Stone House Ground.

A holiday without a live bird shoot on John Erb's Newark grounds would be a sorry holiday indeed. Christmas like each and every holiday for the past twenty years, brought a choice shooting coterie to the grounds to practice on a hard-flying lot of birds. There were only five in the party but still there were trapped 220 birds during the afternoon, each man taking part in four events at 10 birds each, $5 entry, and one 4-bird event, $3 entry. The results:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Elliott	1222112121	1110111211	0111121121	1212102111	1221—41
Castles	2110111221	2111212211	1111211121	1101121112	1111—42
Hollis	1211121121	1112111111	0211211121	1221111210	1111—42
Cannon	2220122222	1212221210	0210220101	2221011220	0222—34
Johns	0100021202	2102101220	0021121002	0121001001	2000—26

Club Team Shoot at Paterson.

THE popular shooting grounds at Willard's Park, Paterson, were visited by a big crowd of sportsmen on Thursday, Dec. 28, and they were treated to an exhibition of good shooting at good birds. The attraction was the contest for club teams of three men each, at 15 live birds per man, $30 entry, Hurlingham rules to govern excepting boundary which was 50yds. For this there were five teams entered, the New Utrecht Gun Club team having failed to materialize. The small number of entries was undoubtedly due to the weather, which was decidedly unpleasant up to noon. During the morning flakes of snow alternated with a drizzling rain and soon the ground was in a disagreeable condition. After 1 o'clock the weather was better. Had the morning been clear the list of entries would probably have reached 8 or 10.

The teams that entered were the Climax Gun Club of Fanwood, Cosmopolitan Gun Club of Plainfield, Union Gun Club of Springfield and the Newark Gun Club (two teams). Their composition was as follows:

Climax: Chas. Smith, Plainfield; E. D. Miller, Springfield; Neaf Apgar, Evona.

Newark No. 1: C. M. Hedden and Samuel Castle of Newark; W. H. Green, Harrison.

Newark No. 2: M. F. Lindsley and Ed. Collins of West Hoboken; Dr. P. J. Zeglio, Warrenville.

Cosmopolitan: John Rothaker, Germantown; A. W. Money, Oakland; T. W. Morfey, Paterson.

Union: J. L. Smith, Hackettstown; N. G. Money, Oakland; J. W. Hoffman, Orange Valley.

Previous to the big shoot, a couple of sweepstakes were shot at 7 live birds each, $5 entry, three moneys. The results:

No. 1:			
Castle	1011111—6	J L Smith	1111111—7
N G Money	1111111—7	Hoffman	1100111—5
Hedden	1011111—6	Zeglio	1110111—6
A W Money	1111111—7	C Smith	1011111—6
Hollis	1111111—7	Rothaker	1100111—5
Morfey	1111111—7		
No. 2:			
N G Money	1011121—6	Rothaker	1012122—5
Lindsley	2222201—6	Collins	2122121—7
Morfey	2121021—7	Miller	0111110—6
A W Money	2211221—7	J L Smith	2112201—5
D Terry	1112211—7	Apgar	1121111—
Castle	1111120—6	Hoffman	1113111—7
C Smith	2112100—4	Zeglio	1221021—5

In the above events the birds were rather an indifferent lot. In the team contest which followed they may be summed up as a good lot, many being as good as ever left a trap. Lead-carriers they were in earnest, as is shown by the score, which records twelve dead out of bounds, and every one loaded down with shot. The Newark team went into the struggle with the firm determination of securing first and second moneys, but the fates willed otherwise, C. M. Hedden, of team No. 1, being badly out of form and killing only 10 out of his 15. Mr. Hedden is one of the most reliable men in the State as a rule, but like others, this was his day off. E. D. Miller proved his skill as well as the fact that his old Parker gun and his load of American wood powder are still reliable by killing 15 straight. Contrary to expectations, of some the Climax team won first place without having to struggle very hard. The two Newark teams and the Cosmopolitans tied for second and third moneys and shot off at 3 birds each. The Cosmopolitans lost one bird out of the 9 and were out in the cold, each of the Newark teams killing straight and dividing. Al Heritage, of Jersey City, was referee, "Uncle Jake" Pentz scorer. The scores are here shown:

Climax Gun Club.		Ties.
C Smith	1111101222221121—14	....
Miller	1112211111111122—15	....
Apgar	2221111222221122—13—42	....
Newark Team No. 1.		
Hedden	1121012221201020—10	212
Castle	2112121211e1211—14	113
Green	2112112011121220—13—37	121—9
Newark Team No. 2.		
Lindsley	2220102222222—12	221
Zeglio	2221112101221112—13	221
Collins	2222022202221220—12—37	221—9
Cosmopolitan Gun Club.		
Rothaker	121e2212212e223—12	122
A W Money	22121e2022221211—12	221
Morfey	1022222212211210—12—37	220—8
Union Gun Club.		
J L Smith	2112112e2122200—11	....
N G Money	1e0221101222021—11	....
Hoffman	0112212212201012—12—34	....

The Maplewood's Dinner Shoot.

UP along the line of the D. L. & W. Railroad, a few miles above South Orange, is the picturesque but rather sleepy little village of Maplewood, peopled for the most part by prosperous business men from New York and thrifty attaches of the many manufactories of the neighborhood. Here, nestling back in a heavy wood, a thousand yards more or less from the depot, are the well appointed grounds of the Maplewood Gun Club, one of the oldest and largest organizations in the State. Although its shooting is done in the village, the majority of the members hail from the Oranges. There are a number of Newarkers on the roll, including such cracks as W. R. Hobart, Ferd. Van Dyke, R. H. Breintnall and C. M. Hedden; Enoch D. Miller of Springfield is also a member.

The club had shoots every Saturday afternoon throughout the year, and on the fourth Saturday of each month is held a contest at 50 targets per man for a silver loving cup. Once a year also, usually a week or so before the close, the club members get together on the grounds and hold a shoot for a New Year's supper, the members present being formed into two teams, each man shooting at 15 targets and the losing team having the pleasure of paying for a banquet for both teams and such other club members as may be near the board.

On Saturday, Dec. 23, the last shoot of this kind was held, and it was an enjoyable affair, although only a dozen members were present. The shoot was held in the afternoon and the club was blessed with fine weather conditions, although it had been stormy up to noon and became so again in the evening. The teams, which were captained respectively by Enoch D. Miller and J. Warren Smith, comprised six men each, and each man shot at fifteen Keystone targets, under the rapid-firing system. The shooting was by no means of the expert order, only one "straight" being recorded, that of O. L. Yeomans. The contest was close, however, and it was only on a margin of four breaks that the Miller team was "elected" to pay for the dinner, which was to have been discussed on Dec. 29 at the South Orange Hotel. In previous years New Year's eve has been the time for disposing of the feed, but as the Maplewood members always attend the New Year's Day "annual" of the South Side Gun Club in Newark it was deemed advisable to alter the date as above for fear of their suffering a reaction and losing their nerves in the hot company sure to be met on the South Side grounds. The scores of the team shoot are here given:

Capt Miller	1110101110001101—10	Capt Smith	1111111011001—12
Drake	1110110110111110—11	Sickley	1001010100011111— 9
Siggins	1000111111111101—11	Yeomans	1111111111111111—15
Quad	1111111110101111—13	Fisher	0100000011111011— 7
Parry	1111110000101011—10	VanIdestine	0101100110111111—11
Reeves	0100000000010011— 4—59	Wick Smith	1111010100011111—10—63

The following scores were made in a series of 10-target shoots, $ entry, which preceded the team shoot:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Drake	1111001101— 7	.....	1010011111— 7	.....
Sickley	1101111111— 9	0111111111— 9	.....	1111111111—10
Mill	1110111111— 9	1110111111— 9	1101111101— 8	1111101111— 8
Smith	1111101111— 8	1111111011— 9	1111110111— 9	0110110111— 7
Siggins	1111111111—10	1110110111— 8	.....	0111111111— 9
Van Iderstine	1111111111—10	.....	0110111001— 6	0011100001— 5
Fisher	0111101100— 6	1101001101— 6	.....	0011111111— 8
Jefferson	.....	0101111110— 7	1110100111— 7	1100110010— 6
Reeves	.....	.....	1101011101— 7	0111011011— 7
Yeomans	.....	.....	1111111111—10	1011111110— 8
Parry	.....	.....	1101111111— 9	0000101111— 5
Quad	.....	.....	.....	1000011110— 5

In Event No. 2 the ties on 9 were shot off in 5-target strings. On the first string Miller and Smith got 4 each and Sickley 2. On the next round Smith smashed 5 and took the pot, Miller scoring only 3.

MORRGAN.

Somerville Gun Club.

SOMERVILLE, N. J., Dec. 26.—The Somerville Gun Club held a shoot on Christmas afternoon, at which the following scores were made. Having only about 100 live birds, the members contented themselves with shooting small sweeps at four birds each, with the exception of the last one, which was at three birds; entrance $4, two moneys:

	No.1	No.2	No 3	No.4		No.1	No.2	No.3	No.4
Cramer	0221	1121	1121	000	Bishop	1222	1121	2011	...
Anderson	0002	....	0011	...	Cortelyou	2001	....	....	....
W D Dilts	2211	1221	1102	211	E R Voorhees	1200	2202	0210	112
Rockafellow	1011	1201	0211	121	H H Hall	....	1201	1110	100
Larne	0011	0101	1111	...					

E. P. DICKEY, Sec'y.

Colt Hammerless Gun Club.

Hartford, Conn., Dec 26.—Inclosed find scores made by the Colt Hammerless Gun Club on Christmas Day, when everybody had a pleasant time, and nobody dropped a fortune in cash. The principal event was for a 23-lb. turkey, at 20 singles each, which was won by F. N. Manross on a clean score. The turkey was presented by Mr. John Milrose. A number of team shoots between picked teams were shot, and the scores follow, as do those of the sweepstake events.

No. 1, 10 singles, M. F. Cook 10, O. B. Treat 9, E. O. Goodwin 9, A. H. Pitkins 7, M. White 6, A. H. Sexton 7.

No. 2, 15 singles, Cook 15, Treat 13, Coodwin 11, Sexton 8, Bailey 5, White 10.

No. 3, 10 singles, Cook 8, Treat 9, S. Hills 5, Goodwin 6, Pitkins 6.

Team contests, No. 4, 10 birds, entry 25 cents:

Cook (capt)......1010111101—7	Goodwin (capt)..1011101011— 7
Treat............1111110111—9	Viberts..........1111111111—10
Sexton...........1110011101—7	Hills.............0000111001— 4
Pitkin...........1100110011—6	White.............1011100111— 7
Alger............1011110111—8—37	Bailey............1001000000— 2—30

No. 5, same:

Cook (captain)...1101110011—7	Goodwin (capt.).1011011001— 6
Treat............1111111011—9	Viberts...........1110011110— 7
Sexton...........1011100011—6	Hills..............1001100110— 5
Pitkin...........0000100101—3	White.............1111110110— 8
Alger............1111111011—9	Collins...........1010010000— 3
Manross..........0111101110—8—42	Hotchkiss.........1111111111—10—39

No. 6, same:

Viberts (capt.)..1111111111—10	Hotchkiss (capt)0111111111— 9
Treat............0111111111— 9	Manross...........1111111101— 9
Alger............1101110111— 8	Cook..............1100101011— 6
Goodwin..........0010111010— 5	Pitkin............0111101011— 7
White............0001111110— 5	Sexton............1110110100— 6
Hills............0110111101— 7—44	Bailey............1010110100— 5—42

No. 7, same:

Viberts (capt.)..1011111111— 9	Hotchkiss(capt).1111101111— 9
Treat............1111011011— 8	Manross...........1111101111— 9
Goodwin..........0111011111— 8	Cook..............1111011111— 9
Alger............1110110111— 8	Pitkin............0101011101— 6
White............0010001111— 5	Sexton............1010010001— 4
Hills............1110111111— 9—47	Bailey............0000010001— 2—39

No. 8, same:

Cook (captain)..1111111111—10	Goodwin (capt.).1110111011— 8
Viberts..........1101101010— 6	Treat.............1101011111— 8
Manross..........1111111011— 9	Hills.............0101100011— 5
Hotchkiss........1111111111—10	Alger.............1111111111—10
Pitkin...........1011011111— 8	White.............1110110001— 6
Sexton...........0010000110— 3—46	Bailey............1011000101— 5—42

No. 9, same:

Goodwin (capt.).1111010110— 7	Cook (captain)..1111111111—10
Treat............1011111111— 9	Viberts...........1011111111— 9
Hills............1100000010— 3	Manross...........1111111111—10
Alger............1111110111— 9	Hotchkiss.........1101011111— 8
White............1000001111— 5	Pitkin............0101001011— 5
Bailey...........0000001111— 4—37	Sexton............1101111011— 8—50

No. 10, 20 birds:

G Manross.11111111111111111111—20	A Parsons.00010111011001000111—10
M E White.10101101110011110111—14	Climax....11111111111011001111—17
O B Treat..11101111110111111111—18	J Melrose..11111110011101111111—17
CWViberts11111110101111111101—17	Williamson11111111100111111011—17
John Alger 01110010111011111111—15	A Willey..11011110110101010101—13
J H Pitkin.11001111111111100111—16	F C Fowler11110010110111111000—13
M F Cork..11111110111111001111—17	LLecreiner00011111010010010001— 9
C Hotch'iss11110101011111110110—15	U M C.....01011110111101111111—16
E Sexton..11100111111011110101—15	

No. 11, 15 birds, entrance 50 cents: M. F. Cook 11, J. H. Pitkin 11, F. Manross 15, C. Sexton 11, Allen Willey 12, C. Williamson 13.

No. 12, 15 birds, entrance 50 cents: Fowler 9, Willey 13, Williamson Pitkin 11.

No. 13, 15 birds, entrance 50 cents: Fowler 13, Pitkin 13, Willey 13, Williamson 11, Sexton 13, Lecregnier 9.

No. 14: Willey 13, Fowler 9, Pitkin 12, Sexton 10.

Shooting at Flemington.

Flemington, N. J., Dec. 25.—Inclosed find scores made to-day at the Christmas shoot of the Flemington Gun Club, also of a practice shoot at live birds made on Friday, Dec. 22. The shooting to-day was at bluerocks, three traps, unknown angles, American Association rules. Each event was at ten singles each man. The day was warm, but the wind blew in all directions, which made the targets fly in all shapes, which accounts for the low scores. The live birds were the best we have ever seen trapped; of the whole number not one needed the flag and there were no incomers. Hurlingham rules, 28yds. rise, all shooting 12-gauge guns. Scores follow:

Event No. 1, at 10 singles, J. Chamberlin 8, D. Boss 7, G. E. Reading 6, Green 6, Moore 4.

	No. 1.	No. 4.	No. 8.
Green	1101100110—6	0110010101—5	0010000111—4
D Boss	1101011100—7	1111001000—5	1001100100—4
Cass	1000110111—6	0100101011—5	1111001110—7
Lott	0011100011—5	1110011000—5	1110111111—9
Hyde	1011010001—5	1010100010—4	1101111011—8
Chamberlin	0011010100—4	1111010111—8	1111101111—9
Reading	0111001000—4	1101111111—9	0110010101—5
Moore	0010101000—3	0111100011—6	1111110111—9
Shrope	....	0010011010—4	1001111110—8
A W Boss	....	0000100000—1	....
Sweeney	....	....	0100000000—1
W Green	....	....	0001000010—2
Riley	....	....	1010011000—4

Practice shoot at live birds Dec. 22, Hensler 8, Larne 6, J. Boss 5, Shaffer 3, out of 10 each; Lott 4 out of 5; D. Boss 2 out of 3. Rex.

West Shore Gun Club.

Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 24.—At the regular shoot of the West Shore Gun Club, held last Saturday, Dec. 23, the following scores were made. Bluerock targets were used, known traps, unknown angles. The targets are thrown low and hard, the shooter stands facing the south, many of the targets go directly east or west. The background is dark, and the record of 45 out of 50 tells the story better than I can:

C H Mowry........01111010111101011101110011010110101100100111101101—32
D M Lefever......00011011101111000110111111110010100011110110001111—31
A G Courtney.....01101001101111101111100000110101101000010100110111—28
C Lathrop........10100000010111111110001101011101011100111101000110—28
J Boyd...........11000100100000000101101010101101101110011101011000—23
F Lefever.............................1111101111010110001011111—18
J M Herman............................0111110011111000110111011—17
J Duncan..............................0000110100101010011011111—13

Ironsides.

Lakeview Rod and Gun Club.

Lakeview, Mass., Dec. 26.—I send you herewith scores of the Christmas Day shoot of the Lakeview Rod and Gun Club. Guests were present from the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, Worcester Gun Club, Millbury Gun Club and Atlantic Shooting Association, of Lynn. Hot coffee, biscuits and cigars were distributed during the intervals o shooting. The day was perfect, and it was altogether one of the most successful shoots ever held by the club. The "silver trophy," a large pitcher with wreath and crossed guns, and engraved with hunting scenes, given by Mr. J. R. Bigelow, of the W. & S. R. R., was won by N. A. Parker with five close contests in a team of 15 men. The club silver cup, valued at $22.50, will be decided at the next shoot. N. A. Parker is now first and C. M. Williamson a good second.

Events No. 1, 5 and 7 were at 5 singles, No. 3 at 3 pairs, No. 6 at 20 singles, No. 4 at 10 singles, all unknown angles, from five traps.

	No. 1.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 4.
S Randall	10110—3	00 w	1010110011— 6	01110—3
G S McLellan	00110—2	10 00 10—2	0101011100— 5	11100—3
N A Parker	00110—2	00 w	1011111111— 9	11100—3
J S Mascroft	11110—4	10 11 10—4	0111111111— 9	00111—3
A N Hoyle	11111—5	10 10 11—4	1011111111— 9	11111—5
F Bucklin	00011—2	00 w	1001010110— 5	.....
H W Colvin	....	11 10 00—3	1001001100— 4	11111—5
H H Gabeler	....	10 00 10—2	1111010111— 8	10001—2
W R Robinson	....	00 10 10—2	0110010110— 5	00101—2
A W Walls	....	10 10 00—2	1111111111—10	00011—2
M Buck	....	....	1101011111— 8	01010—2
C H Goodell	....	....	0101100111— 6	01110—3
B Buck	....	....	0010100011— 4	00001—1
W R Brown	....	....	....	01101—3

No. 6, silver cup race at 20 singles:

NWParker.11100101111011010011—13	F Buck....0011000001w
Dr Gabeler.01110111111100100000—11	A W Walls.1001110101w
H W Colvin01010101000101101011—10	S Randall..11110011111111110101—16
A N Hoyle.10111101011010100010—11	G McLellan11001000111011111011—13
M Buck....00110110111110111001—13	CHGoodell 00011011001000100101— 8
J Mascroft.11111111011101010110—15	W R Brown1101110001w

No. 7: Calvin 4, Gabeler 4, McLellan 2, Buck 4, Randall 3, Mascroft 4, Hoyle 4, Parker 4. On the shoot-off Buck won first money.

No. 8, at 6 singles: Mascroft 5, Hoyle 3, Gabeler 5, Colvin 3, McLellan 2, Randall 3, Buck 3. H. B. L.

Meadville Gun Club.

Meadville, Pa., Dec. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our gun club held a special shoot on Christmas, and I send you a report of the result. It has been some little time since they held their last regular shoot for the season, and the boys are somewhat out of practice. The day was very fine, but the shoot commenced so late in the day that it was almost dark before they got through; this will account for the rather indifferent scores of the sweepstakes. We have a strong club here, and some fine shots, but owing to the fact of it being Christmas the members were not all present:

C J Kelso.........................0000101111110110110110101—15
A L Carskadden....................0111101101101101011111110—18
C Stein...........................0100010010011111010111000—12
F H Neal..........................0110000100010100011110101—11
H J Leberman......................1111100110010101010110101—15
J McFadden........................0101011001010001000111101—12
A Belton..........................0001110000100110111011011—13
R A Hays..........................0011000111110010111011110—15
A F See...........................0111111011011010001111101—17
H Haman...........................0100101000111111111010111—17
C A Miller........................0000100111010100100011100—10
C M Yates.........................1111111111001101111111110—21
H S Robinson......................0001000000101100000101101— 8
F Miller..........................0100001111010011111111111—17
H A Johnson.......................1110110101110111011011110—18
D P Ryan..........................0100010000010010001010010— 7
C J Worst.........................0010111110001011111111111—18
F Ehrgott.........................0101010110110110110111111—16
V Decker..........................0000110010100111111110100—13
F W Smith.........................0111100011111111111111111—20
F H Hotchkiss.....................1111110111111001111110101—20
S C Clark.........................0111011100110110111111111—19
R C Adams.........................0000001111011101011001001—12
P L Laffer........................0000101101101001101001001—11
D W Cochran.......................1101010100010001111000010—11
D S Barrackman....................1100101001100100101100001—11

Sweep No. 1, money $25, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.:	Sweep No. 2, money $20, 40, 30 20 and 10 per cent.:
F W Smith..........010100—2	F Miller..............01111—4
V Decker...........110100—3	A M Gundaker.........11111—5
C J Kelso..........101110—4	R A Hays..............11111—5
A M Gundaker.......101111—5	F L Hotchkiss.........01110—3
H J Leberman.......110101—4	A Bolton..............11101—4
D H Barrackman.....001000—1	C J Kelso.............10010—2
H Haman............110010—3	A L Carskadden........11001—3
F H Neal...........111111—6	F H Neal..............01000—1
S C Clark..........101011—4	F W Smith.............11101—4
H A Johnson........111111—6	C Stein...............00000—0
C Stein............111110—5	F Ehrgott.............11100—3
R A Hays...........111100 5	D L Barrackman........10010—2
F Ehrgott..........011101—4	
F H Hotchkiss......011010—3	
F Miller...........111110—5	

First divided between F. H. Neal and H. A. Johnson; second divided between A. M. Gundaker and C. Stein; third shot off and won by R. A. Hayes; fourth, F. H. Hotchkiss.

First divided between A. M. Gundaker and R. A. Hays; second shot off and won by F. W. Smith; third off and won by F. H. Hotchkiss; fourth shot off and won by C. J. Kelso.

A. W. Smith, Umpire.

West Shore Gun Club.

Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 26—I inclose herewith scores made at yesterday's shoot of the West Shore Gun Club. This was a practice shoot and Harvey McMurchy distinguished himself by breaking 42 out of 50, a high score for these grounds, which is considered one of the most difficult in the country, bluerock targets being used and these being thrown at very hard angles. The turnout was good, and as the weather was pleasant everybody had a "Merry Christmas." Ten dollars is offered to any one getting 50 straight during the year—visitors or any one. Scores:

H McMurchy......11111111111111111111111110100111011111111001111100111—42
C Dugard........10111011011101111111011101111111111011010100100100—34
W E Nookway....11111111111011011001100111000111111011000111101001—34
G C Luther......11010111110101111111110111001000100111011101010101—33
H Jones.........11100111110110111110110111000011110111000110010101—32
D M Lefever.....10000001100101100111111111101011111110111011011000—31
McCarthy........00100110111010111100110100101000101100111101011000—26
C Lathrop.......11010110101100010111000101111111101100011000111101—30
D Graves........01001100101100101101000001001111100110110101001100—24
J Glennon.......01000100000000000000000001101010100001010110101—14
J Barber........0000100010001011000001011[illegible]10110000—14
M C Smith.....................0110011011101111101111111—19
E D Hudson....................1111111111111011101101011—21
George Maher..................1101101111101000011110110—16
Dick King.....................1111100111001110100111111—18
J Montgomery..........................11111111111111101101—18
Nate Ayers............................10101010110110110011—12
Forsythe..............................11110001111000000111—11
Captain...............................10101000001000100000— 5
W Williams............................01001100110001001000— 7

Fallstaff.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

On Tuesday of last week twelve members of the Hell Gate Club assembled in Miller's Dexter Park grounds for their regular monthly shoot at targets. The weather was fair and cold, and was rather a handicap upon some of the members whose circulation was a little clogged from Christmas indulgences the day previous.

Col. Voss, however, whose physical condition is generally normal, did not seem to be affected in the least, and he gave his clubmates a lively race for high score for the club medal. Eugene Doenick and J. P. Dannefelser made a hard struggle to down the colonel, but the pace was too hot for them.

Through an error in dates on the part of the Nassau Gun Club, its members were also called out to shoot the regular club events, and in order not to disappoint the members of the Nassau Club, who were present, the Hell Gate Club decided to restrict its shoot to the club event of 20 targets, and combine with the Nassau members and devote the balance of the day to live bird shooting.

Mine host Miller had his coops stocked with a lot of good birds, and when the live bird sweeps were opened the shooters found it decidedly difficult to stop them within the boundary lines. In the first event Col. Selover, of the Nassaus, finished his score with one kill to his credit, and Lindner, of the Hell Gate Club, finished his score with five clean goose eggs.

In the second sweep Young, of the Nassau Club, retired on his fourth bird, having killed only one out of the four.

In the third sweep Edgerton, of the Nassaus, got mixed up with the hard birds and finished his score with one kill in five shot at. Jim Bennett, of the Nassaus, shot in good form, and brought down every bird in expert style. The scores:

Club shoot, 20 targets per man:

Webber....10000010001001111100— 8	Kiefer......01111110000100111 10—11
Frostel....00000001000000011011— 5	J H Voss..10100010000110101100— 8
Forester..10010000010010110001— 7	Woefel....00100000000001000010— 3
H W Voss.11111001100111111011—15	Dannef'ls'r01110011011101100111—13
Linder.....00100100010000000111— 7	Daniels....11100110110000000110— 8
Sehm.......00010101001000002110— 6	Doeinck...11110111001011010110—13

First sweepstake, 5 live birds:

Edgerton..................10111—4	Voss......................00110—2
Van Wicklen...............21001—3	Trostel...................22220—4
Helgans...................22222—5	Forester..................01210—3
Doeinck...................12111—5	Lindner...................00000—0
Bennett...................22111—5	Webber....................01112—4
Selover...................10000—1	

No. 3, 5 live pigeons:

Edgerton..................10120—3	Bennett...................11211—5
Helgans...................22022—4	J Young...................01000—1

No. 3, same:

Edgerton..................00100—1	Bennett...................21121—5
J Young...................20111—4	Selover...................11212—5
Helgans...................12220—4	

Nassau Gun Club.

Eleven members of the Nassau Club assembled at Dexter Park on Dec. 28 to participate in the regular monthly shoot. The club shoots under the American Association rules, 10 birds per man. The weather was warm and pleasant and the birds of good quality. Only one member, R. Phister, succeeded in making a clean score of 10 kills in the club event. Helgans, Forbell, Boehm and Bennett tied with 9 each. Following the club event came a sweepstake at 5 birds, with nine entries. Helgans and Phister tied for first money, each with a clean score. Van Dreel won in the shoot-off for second money. The scores:

Helgans..............2122112[illegible]— 9	Levens..............0221222220— 8
Magee................0202210021— 6	Bennett.............1011111111— 9
Forbell..............2220121112— 9	Selover.............1001012110— 6
Van Dreel............0010222210— 6	J B Kay.............0101101112— 7
Boehm................2211201121— 9	T T Edgerton........2001011221— 7
Phister..............2122112211—10	

Sweep at 5 birds:

Edgerton..................12011—4	Selover...................11210—4
Helgans...................12111—5	Bennett...................11122—5
Phister...................11112—5	Forbell...................12021—4
Brennan...................01210—3	Von Dreel.................12021—4
Kay.......................02112—4	

Trap at Athens.

Athens, Pa., Dec. 27.—Following are the scores made at a live bird shoot held on the Driving Park at this place on the 26th. The shoot was to have taken place on Christmas Day, but owing to the birds not being delivered it was postponed till next day, and owing to the sudden change in weather some of the shooters failed to appear. Those who took part were Von Wolfradt, Kramer, Davies and Segar, of Athens, and W. K. Park, of Wilkesbarre, who was spending holidays in this place. The match was at 15 live birds each, 28yds. rise, both barrels. All contestants used American wood powder in both barrels. The birds were an extra lot of strong flyers, being fresh caught, and not a bird refused to fly. The day was cold and a strong wind helped the birds to get over the boundary. Following are the scores:

Von Wolfradt..120120222112022—12	Kramer..........002012020211002—8
Park..........22101111220221●—12	Segar...........002200210202001—7
Davis.........022●12221201022—11	

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

C. H. D., Brooklyn.—We have no address of sneakbox builders at present, but may obtain one from one of our readers.

P. G. McR., Lagos.—An ice yacht running before the wind, with no wave making and practically no friction to stop her, will gain in speed with each impulse of the wind until the tendency is to travel faster than the wind itself, thus creating a back pressure on the fore side of the sail, and retarding her speed to that of the wind. In running to leeward in an ice yacht the boom is never squared off, as in a sailing vessel, but the sheet is kept well in; the yacht is sailed close until she reaches her maximum speed, and then is headed off for her course, running until her momentum is partly lost, when she is again hauled on the wind.

J. H. H., Schuylers Lake, N. Y.—I have a 12-gauge Parker double-barreled gun that had become bright from constant use, and I desire to either "blue" or "brown" the barrels. Please give me some reliable formula for doing so. Ans. Take 1oz. muriate tincture of steel, 1oz. spirits of wine, ¼oz. muriate of mercury, ¼oz. strong nitric acid, ⅛oz. bluestone, 1qt. water. Mix well and allow to stand thirty days. Remove oil or grease from barrels by means of lime and lay mixture on lightly with a sponge every ten hours. It should be scratched off with a steel wire brush night and morning until the barrels are dark enough. Then remove acid by means of boiling water, rubbing barrels till nearly cool. If the barrels are laminated steel, use less water in the preparation. (From "Hints and Points for Sportsmen.")

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